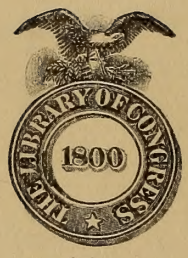

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(Continued on page 8)

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Faire is not content to let her sister, Constance, corner the fame of the family. Recently she played opposite Georges Carpentier in "The Wonder Man," and now she is appearing in a new Selznick picture, under the guiding hand of Ralph Ince

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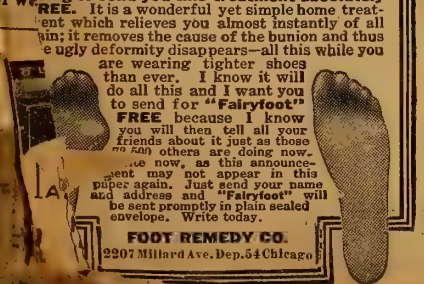

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—"Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

Astor.—"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

Belasco.—"One," with Frances Starr, Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

Belmont.—"French Leave." Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in a frail little farce of life behind the lines during the war.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late world war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Prince and the Pauper," with William Faversham. New adaptation of that interesting Mark Twain fantasy of boyhood in merrie England of the old days. Well staged by Rollo Peters and acted with considerable spirit, particularly by Mr. Faversham.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century.—"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment: a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Garrick.—"Heartbreak House." The world premiere of George Bernard Shaw's newest dramatic comment upon world affairs. Talky possibly, but flashing with brilliant wit and decidedly interesting. Very well presented by the Theater Guild.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Liberty.—"The Half Moon." A pleasant and clean musical comedy of the old pre-shimmie school. Nice cast numbering the always amusing Joseph Cawthorne, Ivy Sawyer, May Thompson, Joseph Santley and Oscar Shaw.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Nora Bayes—"Three Live Ghosts." Delightful comedy of three soldiers, reported killed in Flanders, who return home to find surprising problems awaiting them. Adapted by Frederic S. Isham from his own novel. Splendidly played by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Stewart Wilson, Cyril Chadwick and Charles Dalton.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now in its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Brevities." Another typical Winter Garden revue, sans satire but plus girls. Bert Williams furnishes most of the real fun, altho George LeMaire and others are also present.

ON TOUR

"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

"The Guest of Honor," with William Hodge. A typical sugar-coated Hodge vehicle, in which virtue is shriekingly triumphant. Nowhere near life, but pleasant bunkum.

"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree, James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

"The Poor Little Ritz Girl." A musical play enjoying a long run. Andrew Tombes heads the cast.

"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto-tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's bibulous aid.

"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

"George White Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of the revue.

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES
listed in order of release
(November 1, 1920, to March 1, 1921)

George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"

Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"

Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"

Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"

Continued from first column

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton

Dorothy Dalton in
"In Men's Eyes"

Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer's Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Money Mad"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

*Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"

A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want"

*A Thomas H. Ince Production

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

AFTER PHOTO © MISHKIN

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TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY—
N TO WRITE A STORY! It's see; now simple

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MIRIAM COOPER

Miriam prefers playing under the direction of her husband, Raoul Walsh, to starring. She refused a splendid contract that she might remain under his wing, and is appearing in the pictures he is producing for Mayflower

Photograph by Evans, I. A ©

ANN FORREST

Success came to Ann, but had this not been the case, she would have fought for it, for she belongs to the Vikings, and she coveted success. At present she is playing in "The Faith Healer" for Famous Players

LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's see; now simple

Photograph by Geisler & Andrews, N. Y.

JUSTINE JOHNSTON

Justine is another of the fair who have deserted the footlights for stardom on the Screen. Her next Realart offering will be "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," the stage success

Photograph © by Abbe

LOUISE GLAUM

Louise Glaum has brought a new vampire to the Screen, and we find her understandable, quite a human being. Perhaps that is why her new Screen siren has become so popular

DOROTHY DICKSON

Dorothy first flirted with fame while tripping the light fantastic along the gay White Way, to the nightly delight of the cabaret habitués. Now she's harkening to the directorial call at the Famous Players studios, where she's appearing in "Paying the Piper," the new Fitzmaurice production

Photograph by Abbe

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda's fair tresses made her one of the most sought-after leading women. Then Realart laid stardom at her feet, and Wanda has been reigning over her fan subjects ever since

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MARJORIE DAW

Marjorie has several claims to prominence. In the first place, her nursery rhyme name, and in the second, the fact that she is a protégée of Geraldine Farrar's . . . not to mention her chararterizations in the Marshall Neilan productions, most recent among them, "Dinty"

The Lily Maid of the Shadows

Posed by Lillian Gish
in "Way Down East"

TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY
LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's see; how simp...

The New Cinema Year

By

Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE influence of the moving picture is gradually dawning on the minds of both producers and audience. The influence has always been there, but its recognition is urgent and imperative. Any constructive program of pictures for the coming year, therefore, must take into consideration two things: what the nation wants in its pictures, and what it should have.

There has been a distinct change in the quality of picture demanded during the past two or three years. Owing to better production and better theaters, the average in intelligence of the audience has steadily risen. Yet there are still some producers who persistently insult that intelligence, who cater to the lowest rather than the best in human nature, and whose influence, from a national standpoint, is distinctly bad. So hungry is the world just now for laughter and distraction that these pictures are accepted. But there is humor that is not cruel, comedy that is not vulgar, and love that is not vicious or abnormal.

The moving picture is the greatest single agent for good or evil in the country. It reaches audiences greater than the united church or the united press. Its influence on public morale is unbounded, and on private morality enormous. In the present disturbed after-war conditions it can, without obvious propaganda, be a national stabilizer. It can and should give us love, clean melodrama and high adventure. But it must also show the fallacy of evil, and the value of happiness, normality and decency.

This is not only what the people should have, but is what they want. The producers who realize this will find that virtue is a highly valuable commercial asset.

But there is something further. The need of the average human being today is for something greater than himself. Call it faith. Call it spirituality. Call it what you will. The re-action from the hatred of war is love. From the violent deaths of war, a desire to believe in that thing we had so generally disregarded, the human soul. "The Miracle Man" was but an expression of a vast longing for faith.

The coming year must recognize that need and meet it.

Coffee Pots and Crowns

A friend of Betty Blythe's in speaking of her, said, "It would have been a tragic thing if Betty had not succeeded. Her ambition was so tremendous, so overwhelming. She worked so hard. She was so determined to reach the top"

BETTY BLYTHE asked me to do the impossible!

Betty asked me to visualize her as living in one room on delicatessen food and cooking her coffee over a gas-jet.

It just could not be done—for, at the time, Betty was being fitted to the beads that comprise one of the numerous costumes which she is wearing as the Queen of Sheba in the Fox production of that name. And Betty is the very reincarnation of the beauty—pagan, exotic, colorful—that we have all imagined was the pride and exclusive possession of those historic court beauties; Cleopatra, Sheba, Marie Antoinette, Helen!

And yet she describes her magnificent gold tissue costumes, her robes of silver chiffon, pearls, pale blue encrusted with precious stones, of black and jet, and purple and gold, of crimson and white—in fact, too many costumes to enumerate successfully here, as "Cute as pie"—and she speaks of the days when she cooked aforesaid coffee over a gas-jet and thought $25 a week a fortune, with an equanimity which stamps her as that most wonderful of all creations: an American girl who has realized her ambitions and hasn't forgotten the struggle.

Betty's ambitions were of the soul-absorbing kind. She didn't care where she lived, what she ate, what she wore, providing she had money enough to pay for her studies. Every penny she could spare from the weekly stipend, gained from her very small beginnings on the stage, was spent in lessons, vocal lessons, Shakespearian lessons—she could go without food, could Betty—but not without study.

Knowing Betty, I can understand the statement of a friend of hers, who lived with her during the coffee gas-jet era:

"It would have been a tragic

Photograph (left) by C. H. Monroe

see; how simp--

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

thing," said she, "if Betty had not succeeded. Her ambition was so tremendous, so overwhelming. She worked so hard. She was so determined to reach the top."

In the beginning, Betty wanted to be a Shakespearian actress. One day when she had reached one of the milestones in her allotted path, New York, she was returning home from her Shakespearian lesson. It had been an inspiring lesson and Betty was traveling on clouds. The necessity of getting home intruded itself into her dreams and she walked up to a policeman.

"Tell me, my good man," she said, her dark eyes agleam, "doth yon bus stop at yon corner?"

The policeman blinked, then swore, then nodded yes,—

"Sure, Miss, and the next time ye better bring a guardian with you."

In those days Betty was as thin as her pocket-book. They (three aspiring girls who boarded and struggled together) used to pin ruffles under her waists to give her the desired curves—today, but that comes later.

One of the girls—they were living at the Chicago Fine Arts Club at the time—bought a bit of pink silk lingerie for two dollars and fifty cents. Betty nearly fainted at such unheard of extravagance.

"I dont care if I never have another," protested her friend, "I've got to have the feel of silk just this once"—and Betty can remember thinking at the time that she couldn't have been quite decent to want silk so badly.

Yet all three of the room-mates participated in the prolongation of that silk garment's existence. They used to take turns washing it out in their basin every night, for one of them had read that Kayser silk wore twice

(*Continued on page* 100)

Photograph (above) by C. H. Monroe

Betty Blythe cannot stand women who do nothing, women who chatter, whose main object in life is to loll away the hours like the lazy butterfly. "They bore me horribly . . . we have nothing in common," she says. "I can understand men better, men who accomplish things." Top, a new portrait, and left, as the Queen of Sheba

The Unretouched Portraiture

Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

Photograph by C. H. Monroe, L. A.

Antonio Moreno's pet hobby is an orphanage, of which he and Tommy Meighan are the official fathers and Mary Pickford the official mother. Above, a close-up of the Moreno eyes; left, portraying a Spanish rôle

AN interview usually is a taken-while-you-eat chromo of a person. It is made by appointment, preferably at luncheon. The lighting is mellow. The subject invariably is posed. As a rule, the proof is slightly retouched.

I know, because I have interviewed.

The process is thus defined in order to define what this *vue intime* is not. This is not a demi-tasse flashlight. It is a composite of many contacts. If it is not entirely life-like, the flaw is in the focusing, not in the timing or printing. There has been no attempt to retouch.

The subject of my portraiture is Señor Antonio Garrido Monteaguo Moreno. No better proof of my intimacy is needed than that I can spell his entire name correctly and even pronounce it with the right xylophonic cadence. I have seen Tony nearly every day for a year. I long ago took the liberty of calling him by nickname. He invariably addresses me with profane endearment. Tony is one of my best friends. I make this explanation in case anyone accuses me of breach of confidence in reproducing his faults along with his excellencies. I wouldn't be his friend if I didn't like his faults.

The theme of his individuality, to which all lineaments are relative, is his nationality. He is a Spaniard, an inalienable Spaniard. Like the vast majority of his countrymen, he is intensely patriotic. The patriotism of Spaniards, as Havelock Ellis will tell you, puts to shame that of most Americans. They not only love their country dutifully; they love it passionately, inalienably, unto death.

All Spaniards, no matter what their station or business, have access at all times to Tony. They come in delegations. Not infrequently their greeting is touching—deeply touching. I have urged upon Tony the need for a barrier against imposition, not only upon his pocket but his time.

"I know, I know," he exclaimed frantically one day when attacked by a clan of prolific countrymen, who had camped on his "set" all day and requisitioned everything from signed portraits to boxes of cigars. "I know. But what can I do, I *ask* you? I cant turn them away. That wouldn't be right. I am not above my own people."—An argument which left me mute.

But money never causes Tony any great agitation. He has the Spaniard's typical contempt for it. He once remarked to me with all earnestness, just after he had dispatched a larger check than he could well afford just then to the Los Angeles Orphans' Asylum:

"I tell you, I'd give away everything above my living expenses if I was sure I could work right up until the time I die."

This orphanage happens to be his pet hobby.

By H. R. H.

Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

A camera study of Antonio. His best rôle is that of host. He likes to entertain at dinner and has the finesse of the European for the details of gallantry. Affectation is impossible to him. He must feel the part or he is out of the picture

He and Tommy Meighan are the official fathers; Mary Pickford the official mother. Tommy and he were the honor guests at the annual entertainment presented by the children. Always impressionable, Tony was completely captivated by the amateur performance.

"I never was more affected by a professional show," he declared. "I give you my word, those kiddies are wonderful. To see how tickled they were when Tommy and I applauded, —I tell you, it did my heart good."

A few days later I heard him talking over the telephone to Sister Cecelia, the mother superior of the home. Did she get his check? How were the children? Yes, yes, he would be over soon. Would Sister Cecelia be his next leading lady? No? Well, that was too bad. She should be in pictures. He hung up, laughing.

"I like to kid Sister Cecelia. She always is scolding me for not going to church. I told her that she and the kiddies did me more good, and she said I was very bad."

If he is positive in his likes, he is just as positive in his dislikes. Tony knows no medium. He is either an enthusiastic supporter or an enthusiastic antagonist. His pet abomination is conceit. He doesn't comprehend it. His own humble origin is omnipresent with him. Once I took occasion to observe that he needed a vacation. His work in serials permitted no intervals for recreation, such as afforded with feature productions. I argued that he was working too hard.

"You make me laugh," he replied with crushing contempt. "Work too hard,—my word! Say, do you know that there are boys working as bookkeepers and salesmen and reporters for fifty dollars a week who never have a day off? Yes, and a lot of them have more brains than I have—than you, too."

I remonstrated that there were several stars with less brains than we who worked less and earned more.

"No, no, brother,"—his characteristic negation—"I have no kick coming."

Tony's arguments, like fire, are not to be played with. It is much better to let them run their course. His explosions are terrific in temperature but nothing in duration. Again—typically Spanish.

An incident occurred only recently. An advertising solicitor for a cheap magazine persisted in foisting a hundred dollar ad upon him. It was one of those glum days, when Tony's entire outlook is pessimistic and suspicious. The solicitor infuriated him with veiled threats of blacklisting.

(*Continued on page* 106)

The Twain Meet—

Photograph (above) by Freulich

When Kipling said "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," the silversheet had not discovered Lon Chaney. In Lon Chaney, who first came into prominence thru his characterization of the deformity in "The Miracle Man," the twain are apparently one . . . In Universal's "Outside the Law" Mr. Chaney can slip from a portrayal of the tough from the dark streets of the city to the Oriental, almond-eyed, inscrutable, with apparently no difficulty. His characterizations number among the finest which the screen has reflected

Dorothy Gish

as Sketched by

CERLINE BOLL

Reconsidering Pearl

She calls her admirers "customers," and has written, in addition to her biography, "Just Me," several poems, among them, one on baseball, about which she admits she knows nothing. Left and below, two new portraits. In the latter she is wearing one of the gowns she brought back from France

Photograph (above) by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SCREEN personalities—illusions.

Interviews—

Not disillusions, necessarily, but experiences calling for a reconstruction of that person as a type.

The seasoned and experienced interviewer never sets forth upon a quest without mental shock-absorbers. You never can tell. Sometimes the vampire is found rocking the cradle while the becurled ingénue, philosophizes thru shallow tea-talk and scented cigaret smoke.

Seeing Pearl White, if only for a comparatively short time in her dressing-room, causes you to reconsider her. On the screen, until recently, she has defied death in "The Perils of Pauline" and other thrillers, apparently immune to fear. And while she has always been attractively clothed in these serials and has looked quite as intelligent as it would seem humanly possible for anyone to look while they perform some feat, you would not expect her to be just as she is.

She had not yet reached the studios when I arrived, altho the Press Department told me that she was expected any moment—that she had telephoned she would be a few minutes late.

They were quite right. In a few minutes some dignitary announced that she had arrived and I was hurried studiowards. As we reached a huge fireproof door, someone moved from before it, announcing:

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

"Miss White is right inside. I've been standing here so she couldn't get away."

"Temperamental or irresponsible," I thought and girded myself with courage anew.

We passed thru the doorway and in the passage stood a girl, not very large and cloaked in dark blue with a fuzzy wool checked collar and a big blue and white straw hat.

It was Pearl.

She looked up from beneath the broad hat brim:

"If you'll come up to my room and there are two chairs not occupied by clothes, being either packed or unpacked, we can talk there," she offered and I followed.

We accosted William Fox, president of the company, and he smiled in greeting.

Miss White looked at him blankly.

I marveled.

Then—

"Oh, I remember you," quoth Pearl. "You're Mr. Fox. Of course."

And Mr. Fox laughed—then Pearl laughed and we continued our way thru a log cabin and then a conservatory until we reached the end of the studios and her room.

Her maid had preceeded us.

Something in rapid French took place between them and I recovered from my first shock as I ensconced myself on the chintz-covered lounge. You wouldn't expect her to know French. Of course, there is no good reason why she shouldn't, but then it isn't necessary in jumping chasms and climbing perilous precipices and most people are not versed in varied and unnecessary things.

Pearl attached a small electric heater, toasted her feet and invited me to do the same.

She removed con[illegible]er hat and said [illegible]rew it on angot a [illegible]er chair.

is run I'm the only I said, [illegible]n in New money a[illegible] wearing a [illegible] hat," she [illegible]nced run-

(96)

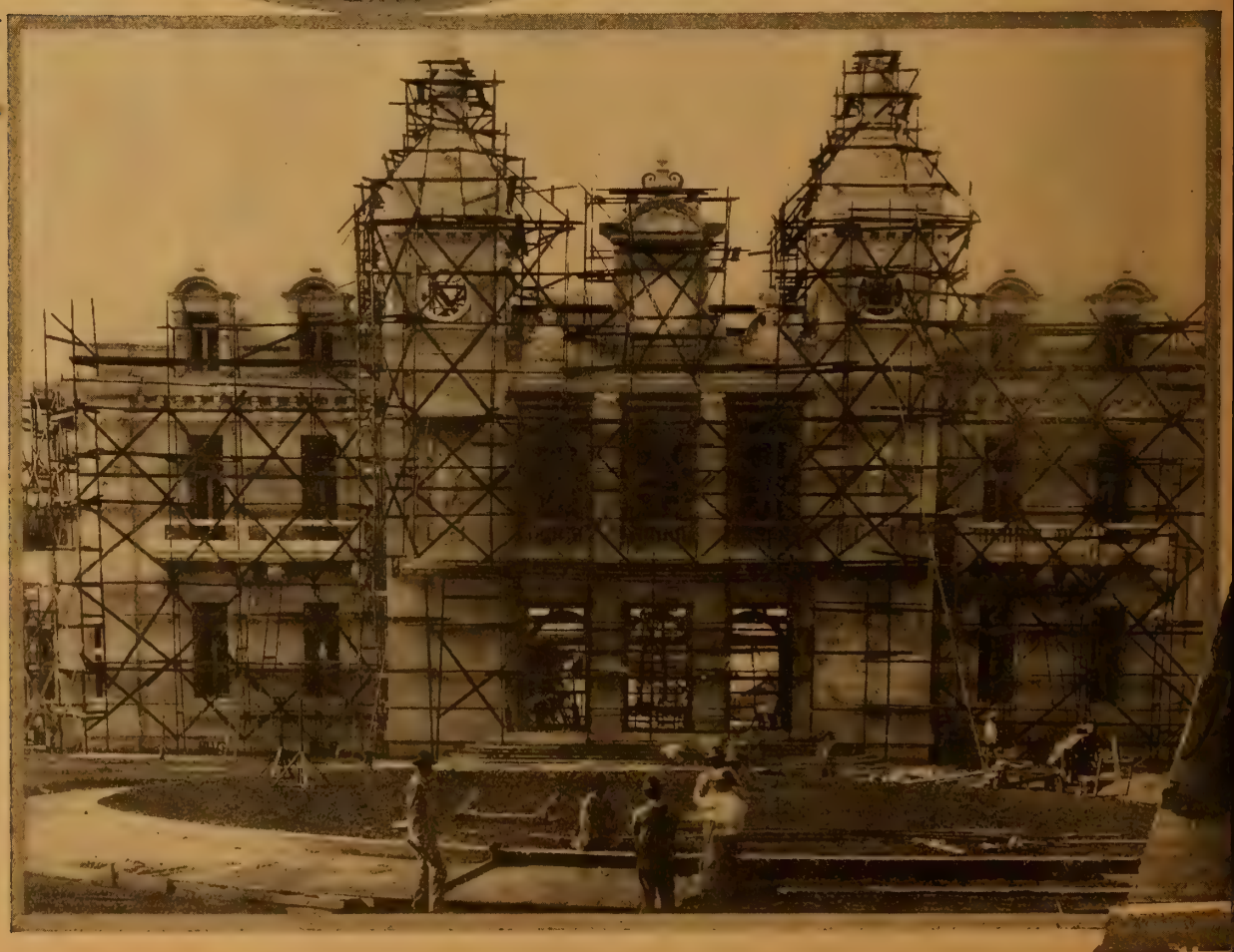
With a keen appreciation of the situation, she told me that only her father and herself knew when she was born, because the town had burned down and all records had been destroyed. "Father has probably forgotten anyway," she vouchsafed, "so they'll have me everything from sweet sixteen to forty so long as I remain on the screen"

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

The New Monte Carlo

Photograph (left) by
Underwood & Underwood

The new Monte Carlo . . . the Casino particularly . . . is being erected in California for the forthcoming Universal - Erich von Stroheim production, "Foolish Wives." The picture at the left is an actual photograph of the Casino at Monte Carlo, while the picture below shows the reproduction which is being erected for the production, correct to the minutest detail, at a stupendous cost. Realism, thy name is the cinema



The Old Hokum Bucket

By MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

Illustrated by
G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

When two ardent swains lean forward to kiss the fair flapper hovering between them, she ducks, and they kiss each other, whereupon you chuckle merrily, even as you have chuckled at this same hit before

THE redoubtable hero was being lashed to a log which was routed straight for the glittering teeth of the old saw in the equally old mill. The cameraman was lining up the set preparatory to spooling the incident for posterity. The director was giving instructions to the young lady who was to do the rescue act in the *nickcarter* of time.

"When I blow the little old whistle, Edie," he told her, "you hurry from this side, and take the center of action as you start to turn off the power, see? Then we'll come in for a close-up of Bill. Take your position, and we'll run thru it."

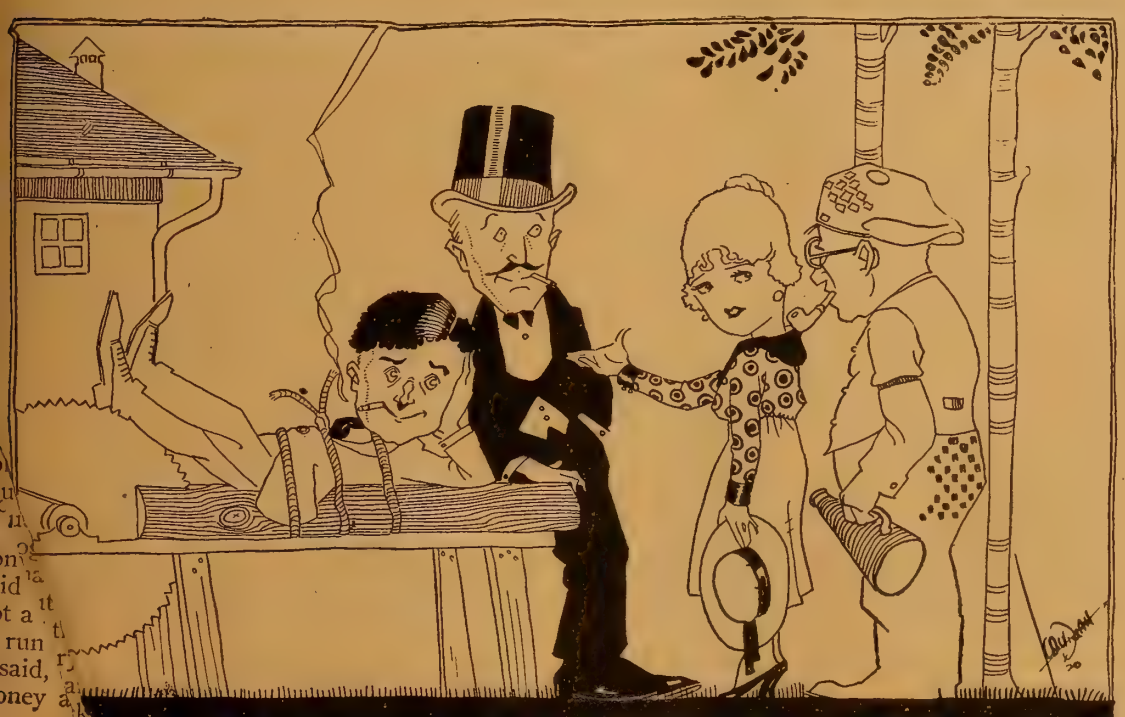
"You dont mean to tell me that you expect this ten-twenty-thirty stuff to thrill your audience, do you?"

The director grinned appreciatively. "It always has!" he said. And the discussion was at an end. That settled it.

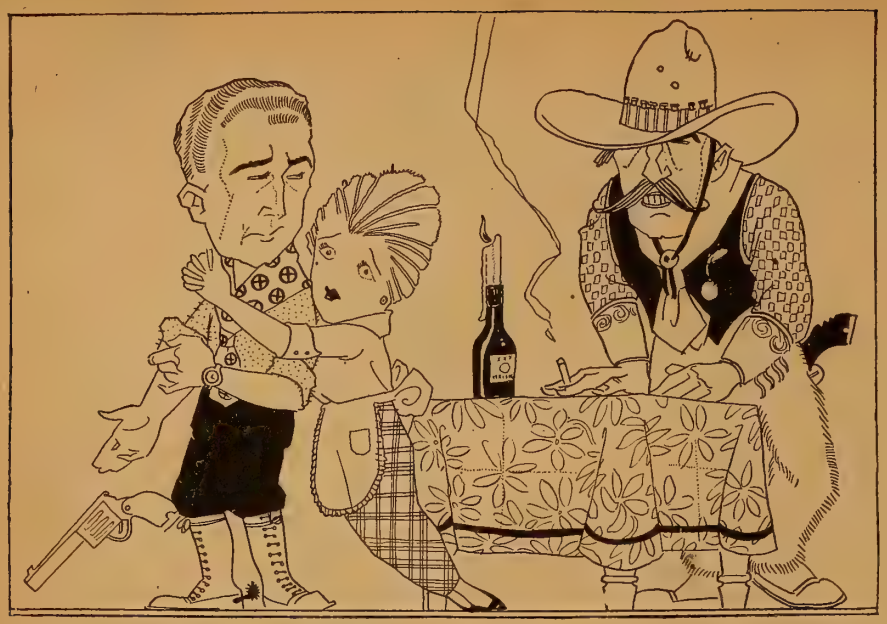
The scene described above was being taken for a Vitagraph serial; the Bill was William Duncan, and the Edie was Edith Johnson. Scenes just as timeworn and hackneyed and trite are being photographed every day in the cinematic year by every company in the cinematic world. Perhaps, the elements of the thing are a trifle refined in the case of some of the higher class companies, but the spirit of the work is the same all over. And the uproariously funny part of the entire affair is that you will swallow your chewing-gum and grip your seat just as hard each time you witness such heroics as you did the last time you saw the same thing. That's the explanation of hokum.

Hokum is, to be frank, sure-fire stuff: situations that have been used time after time with gratifying results; climaxes that have been employed upon occasions innumerable, always with the same thrill-winning effects; "gags" that have found their way into the realms of comedy, to be repeated regularly with unfailingly hilarious returns. Hokum is the essence of success. It is that ingredient which causes the harried critic to nod with Homer, and lifts the matinée girl into the seventh heaven of palpitant bliss and chocolate caramels; the ingredient that draws a laugh during the making of a melodrama, and draws record-breaking crowds at the first showing in Baton Rouge, La. Hokum is to the screen what sawdust is to the circus. Without it, no picture would seem quite the same. And it is the varying degrees of skill and artistry with which it is employed that finally indicates the worth of the picture.

Just as you



The redoubtable hero was being lashed to a log which was routed straight for the glittering teeth of the old saw in the equally old mill



Think of the thrill you get when the flannel-shirted hero covers the villain with his gun, only to cast it aside scornfully with the remark, "I'm going to break you with my naked hands"

will find that the very best people have measles, so will you discover that the best pictures have hokum. How will you know a bit of hokum when you see it? Examples of it are as numerous as campaign speeches in October.

Perhaps in no other branch of the flicker industry is hokum more prevalent than in the canning of comic strips. The giggle grabbers of the silent stage have a bulging bag of tricks that they employ unceasingly in the traffic of comedy manufacture. Mack Sennett, Columbus of the Custard Pie, originated the pastry-propelling school of slapstick. Slapstick itself, with tumbles and falls, its farcical alarms and excursions, is almost entirely composed of hokum. When two ardent swains lean forward to kiss the fair flapper hovering between them, she ducks, and they kiss each other, whereupon you chuckle merrily, even as you have chuckled merrily at this same bit before. When the incomparable Charruls, after an argument with a larger man, twists his body expectantly inward as he passes his opponent, to avoid a possible kick, you roar with glee. When Doug MacLean hurls a tomato at a "buddy" in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" and the "buddy" ducks, allowing the juicy fruit to spread itself over the passing General's features, you double up in mirth. Because you like hokum.

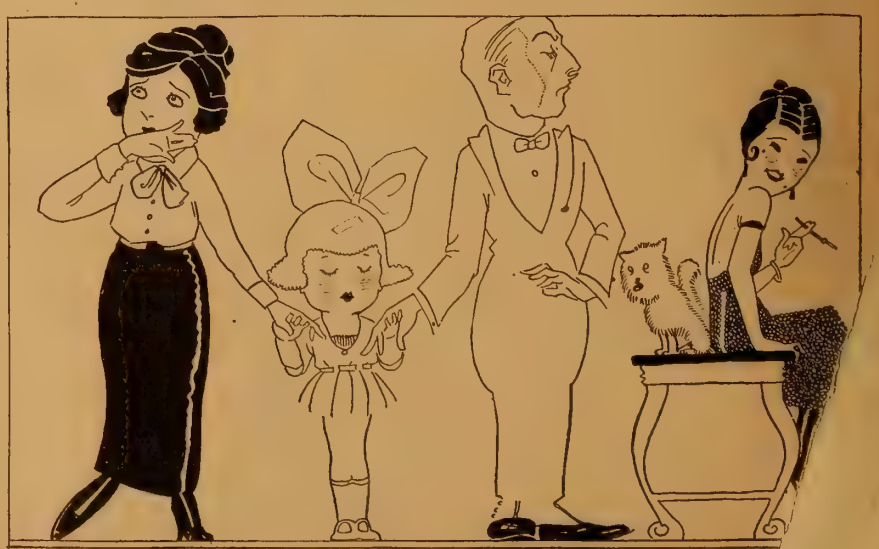
The suitor who follows his prize to her room, only to have the door slammed in his face; the two pantaloons of the prize-ring, who persist in mauling the referee whenever he dares to intervene; the matter of entangling one's hands in flypaper, and enmeshing first the one foot and then the other, in repeated attempts to rid oneself of the sticky stuff; the boastful clown, confronted by his alleged victim, feigning alarm and running away; the inevitable comedy cops, —these are all properties of comedy that may be positively labeled as hokum. They are guaranteed guffaw-getters: they have made generations gurgle with glee.

Think of the thrill you get when the flannel-shirted hero covers the villain with his gun, only to cast it aside scornfully with the remark: "I'm going to break you with my naked hands!" And then think how often you've been treated to that thrill. Consider the overworked dawn, with the slow iris-in of the glowing sun coming up over the cactus-covered landscape. Hark back to the legions of photoplays that have written finish after a luminous sunset that served to silhouette the lovers triumphant, locked in a fifty-foot embrace. Before you suggest that possibly hokum is a thing of the past, —a thing belonging to the halcyon days of split reels and One Minute Please, to Change Pictures,—go to see J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Green Flame" which has secret panels and mustachioed villains and a final scene in which Warren declares to the world (and the rest of the cast) "I am Gherrick Ghent of the U. S. Secret Service!"

You are fairly wallowing in hokum when you are wrapped up in the unwinding of a typically Western filmelo. How often have you seen Bill Hart talking solemnly to his horse, or rolling his eyes heavenward and holding converse, in extremely lengthy subtitles, with the Almighty? How often have you seen him tossing off a bracer with one hand, while he rolls a cigaret with the other, to light it a moment later from a match snapped into action by a dexterous fingernail? How often have you seen him hold the crowd at bay with a pair of six-shooters, leap thru a second-story window and land gracefully on his waiting pony below? Would that we all might receive a dollar for every time we had seen these thing repeated! Behold hokum.

It is a repetition of stunts, action, or situations that have proved successful thruout the years, and will, therefore, continue to be used whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself. Nothing succeeds like success. That is the excuse for hokum's existence. It is the rubberstamp that guarantees a thrill or a tear or a laugh. Society dramas abound in it, detective plays reek with it, and comedies are made up of it, for the most part.

(*Continued on page* 104)



At the conclusion of reel-the-last, a blonde bundle of precocity invariably affords the reconciliation by joining mamma's and daddy's hands, which likewise invariably inspires the scenario-writer to produce that old favorite, dusted up for winter wear, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Black Beauty

By
NORMAN BRUCE

YOU'VE heard of horse-sense, of course? Perhaps it was because my grandfather, Sir Britan, won the Derby, and Edward, Prince of Wales, made a thousand pounds from his wagers in consequence, or, perhaps, I got it from my mother, who was only Squire Grey's phaeton horse—at any rate, I think I may say without bridling, that there are few horses that have any more horse-sense than I have. I'm getting grey now, and my tail isn't what it used to be, but in my day, fifteen years ago, I would have brought a tidy sum. Heigh-ho! Well, it's the way of the world for colts to become horses, and racers to drag carts; even beautiful girls become women. I saw a grey hair in my mistress' dark locks when she came to bring me my apple and lump of sugar this morning.

There weren't any grey hairs, tho, that day, long ago, when Mr. Jack Beckett came a-riding up the lane to Birtwick Hall. Farmer Grey's land runs besides Squire Gordon's, and it happened that I was standing close by the fence, feeling my oats a little, because my mother had just been telling me of my grandfather's triumphs and warning me not to have much to do with the other colts with plow blood in their veins. As soon as I laid my eyes on the stranger man with his varnished boots, so glossy you could see yourself in them, and his fancy, black mustache which he must have curried very carefully, I didn't like the smell of him—tobacco, spirits, Russia leather, scented soap and pomade. There was altogether too much smell, and you can always tell when one man . . .

said it I must keep to the road. As soon as he had turned got a the main highway, he jumped off his horse—a very run ry grey, and laughed aloud. I looked down the said, and saw several other horses coming at a smart money aking up a great cloud of dust. On the leader rode a little, wizen man that made me think, somehow of a rat. His hair was that color, and he squeaked when he tumbled off his roan beside his master.

"Egad, but 'twas a close shave!"—You will probably understand man-talk, tho, even after all these years of acquaintance with the race, I must confess, I think it a very dull language. I may as well explain right here that the rat-man was named the Derby Ghost. I found out afterward from a racer, that he had been a jockey, but had been put off the turf for conduct unbecoming a sportsman—doctoring a rival horse, I believe.

"What a cur you are!" sneered the gentleman, flicking the dust from his beautiful boots with a fine linen handkerchief, "why did you throw my saddle-bags to the bailiffs? There's more of value in them than the amount of their dirty bills! I've a notion to give you a horse-whipping!"

"T'ell you 'ave!" squeaked the short man, with an ugly look, "a fat lot you'd whip *me!* Slippery Jack! You may look the gentleman, but I knows yer, and dont yer forget it! S'pose I peached to the fine folks you're comin' to see what manner o' business 'ad been keeping you in Lunnon?"

"I was only joking," said my gentleman, smiling with beautiful white teeth beneath his beautiful black mustach. "Come, come, Derby, we'll soon be rolling in money and able to ride without fear of bailiffs and debtor's jails. There'll be several fortunes staying at Birtwick Hall for the hunt, and my aunt, Lady Wynwaring, is always good for a hundred pounds, if worst comes to worst. All I have to do is whisper in her diamond decorated ear the fact that my mother, the barmaid, was her only sister, and she remembers how she loves me! Eh, Derby?"

And both men laughed and turned up the lane to Birtwick Hall, while the two bailiffs stood on the public road

The Hall was full of young people, having a good time in a young way, which means a great deal of kicking up of heels and racing about and noise

and shook their fists and spoke strange words of rage.

Now let me tell you about the Gordons who lived in Birtwick Hall. There was the Squire, a bushy man with a loud voice but soft eyes, and Mrs. Gordon, who was always ailing. George, the son, was twenty and a thorobred. Then there was thirteen-year-old Jessie, still in the colt class, with long legs, but the prettiest laugh I ever heard, and a youngster or two besides. The Birtwick Hall pasture ran close beside ours and sometimes we colts used to gossip over the fence, so I knew that Harry Bloomfield, the Vicar's son, was already entered in the race for Jessie Gordon's hand. Harry was the kind of boy that horses like, which is a pretty fair test, let me tell you. We dont trust everybody who pats our noses and feeds us sugar plums by any means.

Now as to what happened on that afternoon when Mr. Jack Beckett, of London and other less savory places, came to Birtwick Hall, I shall tell you what I heard from Contrary Mary, one of the Gordon greys, who heard it from the groom, who got it from the butler himself.

Mr. Jack was welcomed pleasantly, for the sake of his aunt and uncle who were guests for the hunt. Lord Wynwaring had almost as much of a pedigree as I have myself, but his wife was a very common woman, who put on great airs of fine ladyship to cover it up. Still you cant make a cart horse into a racer by tying ribbons on its tail.

The Hall was full of young people having a good time in a young way, which means a great deal of kicking up of heels, and racing about and noise. Now my fine gentleman from London was ten years too old and twenty years too wise to care for hide-and-go-seek, but he looked at Jessie once and he looked twice, and he kept on looking. Contrary Mary said the groom said the butler said that Jessie noticed it, young as she was, and seemed frightened. And when Harry claimed a kiss as a forfeit and she ran away from him, tossing her brown curls in coquetry, straight into Beckett's arms, she turned quite pale.

"You're quite right to run away from the young jackanapes, Miss Jessie," says Mr. Jack Beckett, with his dazzling smile, "but debts must be paid, and, as a friend of the family, I'll just take the kiss myself!"

"Harry!" Contrary Mary says the groom said the butler said. Miss Jessie screamed, "Oh, Harry!"

Into the room ran Master Harry to find her struggling to get away from the handsome gentleman with the varnished boots. He was no more than four hands high then, but he doubled up his fists and came at Beckett, and there would have been trouble for certain if Mr. George hadn't taken Beckett away to the smoking-room.

"But, remember! I'll have that payment yet," he whispers to Jessie as he goes, and Miss Jessie seems very sober, and wont play any longer, no matter how Harry begs.

"I wish," she told him, with trembling lips, "I wish that man had never come here! Oh, Harry, I'm frightened! Promise you wont let anythin dreadful happen, Harry

"I'll take care of yo said Master Harry, st ing very straight, rather cut off my hand than have an make you cry, Jess

BLACK BEAUTY

Fictionized by permission from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by William Courtney; edited by Lillian and George Randolph Chester, and based on the story by Anna Sewell. Directed by David Smith. All star cast. The cast:

Black Beauty	Himself
Jessie Gordon	Jean Paige
Harry Bloomfield	James Morrison
Jack Beckett	George Webb
Derby Ghost	Bobby Mack
Squire Gordon	John Steppling
Lady Wynwaring	Adele Farrington
John Manly	Charles Morrison
Mrs. Gordon	Mollie McConnell
George Gordon	Colin Kenny
Flora Gordon	Georgia French
Lord Wynwaring	Leslie T. Peacocks
Vicar Bloomfield	Robert Boldor
Mrs. Bloomfield	Margaret Mann
Farmer Grey	George Pierce
Fat Bailiff	James Donnelly

Man-talk is very strange, sometimes. Anyone with horse-sense would not say such a thing.

As to what happened the next day, which I saw with my own eyes, you will have to piece it out for yourself. All I know is what Contrary Mary said the groom said the butler told him. And, unfortunately, butlers dont see everything, tho they see more than people suppose. At any rate, it's fairly certain that the money I saw and the money that Squire Gordon gave Lord Wynwaring that evening for the subscription fund for the new chapel were the same. Eight hundred pounds, so they said, and given to my Lord in the presence of everyone gathered about the great chimney of the hall before the candles were brought.

"An' I seen Mr. Beckett's eyes looking at the bills as if he cud a' eat 'em an' his fingers twitchin' as if he was already counting 'em," so the butler told the groom, "and when the next morning, me ludship come down to breakfast, lookin' pale and worried, and told 'em the money was gone from under his pillow in the night, I looked at Mr. Jack. But his face told nothing. He had me pour him two cups o' cawfee, whilest the rest ate nothing, tho there was as pretty a rasher o' bacon as you'd wish to see."

I was passing the time of day with the Gordon colts when Varnished Boots came across the pasture, humming a song about ladies' eyes. He was after his grey, and somewhere he had borrowed hunting clothes. If his horse had had any birth or breeding, she'd have flung him off her back before she'd have taken a rotter and a cad to the hunt with gentlefolk, but she came to him meek as milk. As he was leading her away. Mr. George Gordon came striding across the pasture.

"I want to speak to you, Beckett," he said, like the crack of a whip. "I saw you coming out of your uncle's room at midnight last night."

Mr. Jack kept on smiling, all except his eyes. "Surely, Gordon," he said, softly, "you must be mistaken." But even a horse could see he was startled.

"I'm not mistaken," said George, grimly, "and I shall denounce you publicly as a thief, unless you promise me to restore what you stole, at once."

I thought there was going to be trouble. It smelled that way, but, as they two stood glaring at each other, the sound of the hunting horns came floating across the field.

"We can finish our little conversation after the hunt," said George, "but you've only got a reprieve. When the fox is run down, I shall do what I said, unless you restore the money and get out."

There are some things you know without seeing them. For instance, I can always tell when it's going to storm, even tho the sun is shining. I know when I'm going to win a race by the feel of the air. You dont have to be told when it's spring. I had a queerish sensation now, when I watched the two men go away in the still, frosty morning air. If something unpleasant didn't happen, my name was Boob, instead of Black Beauty.

It seems that women have the same gift of foreseeing things that they dont know. I heard later that Mrs. Gordon and Jessie said good-bye to George that morning, with tears in their eyes, altho he had ridden on a dozen hunts before. They clung to him, and kissed him again and again, and after he and the others had ridden away, they pretended to be very cheerful, and laughed a good deal and took Lady Wynwaring, who

It seems that women have the same gift of foreseeing things that horses have. I heard later that Mrs. Gordon and Jessie said good-bye to George that morning with tears in their eyes, altho he had ridden on a dozen hunts before

otograph by
rlotte Fairchild

was at least a hundred pounds too heavy, to ride out to inspect the kennels.

Farmer Grey's pasture is a good many acres long. I knew that at the far end was a place where the hunting party would pass, because I had seen the beaters going that way many times. A steep bank came down to a brook with a stony bed—nasty place for a fall. I'm no coward, but I should hate to have to leap it myself.

Sure enough, as I waited, I heard a rustling in the bushes and out ran a frantic red creature with quivering tail. It ran silently with its sharp nose to the ground, and I felt sorry for it. Any decent horse hates to run down a fox. After a few moments the whole party was plunging over the bank and across the brook with a great laughter and splashing. The last over were George Gordon and Mr. Jack Beckett, and in the spring George's mount stumbled to her knees, and Beckett's grey plunged full upon her.

Even before Mr. Jack had freed himself and dragged his grey, kicking and plunging—I knew there was bad blood in that animal—from the others, I could see that George was limp and still, and his horse done for, with a broken foreleg, and screaming horribly. Then I knew what I had smelled in the air that morning. It had been death.

Beckett ran to the fallen man, felt of his heart and got up, very slowly. "What a stroke of fortune!" he whistled thru his beautiful shiny teeth, "by Jove, how lucky for me!"

Then he did a strange thing. He reached into his pocket, took out a packet of money and put it into George's waistcoat. Sometimes, when I see men and how they behave, I'm proud that I'm a horse.

Of course, there was a great deal of excitement and grieving over George's death, and even the stables did their share. The carriage horses wore black rosettes on their collars, and the colts reported that Mrs Gordon was prostrated, and that Miss Jessie went around with a face like paper. But they didn't know then what I found out three years later, after I'd been bought by the Squire and come to live in the Birtwick stables.

In that three years everyone had grown up. I was very handsome. I know it, because I was told so, so often. The visitors to the Hall admired my glossy black coat and the way I carried my head, and even the stable boys brushed my long mane and said I was "a pippin." Miss Jessie, now grown to be a tall young lady, used to come out to my paddock to talk to me, and on the evening of her first dance, she stole out in the dusk to show me her party gown.

"Am I pretty, Black Beauty?" she asked, wistfully, making me a courtesy. "Will I be a great success?"

"Pretty as a field of buttercups!" I whinnied, "but what I dont understand is why a girl in a white silk dress with rosebuds all over it and silver slippers should have sad eyes. Tell me, Miss Jessie! Tell me and perhaps I can help."

By Pegasus, but these humans are dull! When we tell them that we love them and want to be friends they say, "Just look! He's actually trying to ask for a lump of sugar!" When we try to make them understand our hearts, they think we want an apple. When we reprove them for their stupidity, they say we have had too many oats, and when we offer to help them they say, as Miss Jessie said, rubbing her cheek against my nose, "I almost believe you are trying to speak to me!"

Trying to speak! And then they speak of human intelligence! Well, I was standing in my stall, listening to the far-away music of violins from the house and trying to decide whether Miss Jessie was still mourning for her brother, or what was the reason for the look of sadness in her brown eyes, a look that had been there for three years, when there was the sound of hoofs on the cobbles outside and a man rode into the stables. The light was dim, but I saw that he was the little rat-man, Derby Ghost, still riding the miserable roan who looked so broken down and winded that I knew she had had to flee from many creditors and bailiffs since I saw her last.

"I want to speak with the young missus!" said the Derby Ghost to the groom who came out of the shadows, rubbing his eyes, "fetch 'er 'ere, will yer, or shall I go to find her?"

He was dirtier than ever, and rattier. He smelled of cheap rum, bad to-

Beckett stood at the door of the private parlor where he had the minister waiting, while Harry pleaded with Jessie, whose eyes told her suffering while her gallant, lying tongue denied her heart

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bacco, and low pubs, but there was authority in his eye, and after protests and much cursing the groom disappeared. Presently, with a rustle of skirts and a breeze of the fragrance women wear, which makes even a horse think of violet meadows, Miss Jessie stood in the stable door, gazing with wide, frightened eyes at the Derby Ghost.

"You come," she said, breathlessly, "from —*him?*"

I knew well enough whom she meant and so did the winking, smirking Ghost, but, for all that, he made her say the name, "Mr. Jack Beckett."

"That's 'oo I comes from, m'lady," he squeaked, "bein' as my marster has been forbid the plyce, as you knows. He 'ad to send me. I was to say, miss, as how my marster sent you 'is love on this night and reminded you of a certain promise . . . "

Miss Jessie gave a little gasp. Then I saw her head go up haughtily. "You may tell Jack Beckett," she said, and her voice was like an iron horseshoe on flint, "that I was a child when the promise was made and that I am a woman now. Tell him that I cannot believe that he would wish me to give him the letter of my word when I cannot give him—anything else. Tell him that I ask, very earnestly, ask him to free me."

The Derby Ghost laughed. If I had been free of my halter, I would have trampled him under my hoofs without hesitation for the look he gave my beautiful lady.

"I 'ave brought you 'is answer, miss," he smirked, ducking over his greasy hat, "you are to write out on a piece of pyper that you are going to marry Jack Beckett on your eighteenth birthday and give it to me, or tomorrow morning my marster'll be free of *his* promise!"

My lovely young lady stood trembling, with a face like a rose for wrath of him, then whiter than a daisy's petals. "He would kill my mother with shame, and bow my father's head to the dust, or he would marry a girl who hates and despises him!" she raged, always in an undertone, "very well, I will sign his dirty paper! And I will pray every night that I may die before my eighteenth birthday!"

The Derby Ghost rode away into the night with his paper, and Miss Jessie went back to the ball-room to laugh and dance, and look into Harry Bloomfield's ardent young eyes, and I was alone, I, Black Beauty, who could do nothing, tho well I knew now that Miss Jessie's promise and the placing of the stolen money in her dead brother's pockets had close connection.

"Well," thought I, "two years is a long while. Perhaps, Mr. Varnished Boots will drink himself to death before then. And if I get the chance for one good clean kick, I'll spoil his smile!"

Little I guessed the changes that two years would bring. But I must not run away with my story. For one of the two years, nothing happened. Miss Jessie was the belle of the countryside, and the stable was alw[illegible] full of her suitors' horses, each one boasting of his master's chances [illegible] win the Beauty of Birtwick Hall, as the young blades [illegible]lled her when they toasted her. But I noticed that the [illegible]unts were always changing, as their riders chanced their [illegible] and were gently refused.

There was a wedding next day at the Hall, but with a different bridegroom. Ten years ago, that was; but my mistress and her husband are still lovers. I saw them at the dance last night, standing in a French window, while she pretended to pat her hair so that they could steal a kiss

"What does she want?" asked, indignantly, one of the horses — Lord Something or Other's. "Is she after a Duke? Will nothing less than royalty suit her? Why my master is a Knight of the Order of the Garter!"

"Perhaps," suggested the old nag that young Harry Bloomfield rode, "perhaps she prefers love to a title! My master is a Knight of the Order of the Clean Heart. You have a fine gold-mounted harness, my friend, but I venture I'll be here in this stable long after you leave its doors the last time."

Then came the night of the Wynwaring ball, and since one of the greys was sick, I was chosen to take his place

(*Continued on page* 113)

[illegible]otograph by
[illegible]rlotte Fairchild

What's What In Scenarios

Photograph (above) by Underwood & Underwood

For this reason, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has entered into an arrangement with John Emerson and Anita Loos, foremost of professional photoplay authors, for the publication of a series of articles on scenario writing. These articles will cover the photoplay writing field from every angle, from plot construction to continuity writing, and from copyright laws to the burning question of how to market the completed script.

Readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who desire personal advice will be answered by mail by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos, provided they will write their questions on the coupon which appears below or a similar one of their own making and mail it with a *self-addressed and stamped return envelope* to Emerson-Loos Productions, care of MOTION PICTURE MAGA-

John Emerson gained his experience in play-construction on the spoken stage, where for twenty years he was an actor, playwright and producer for Frohman. Left, a new portrait of Mr. Emerson, and below, Miss Loos and he at work on the film of one of their stories

INTRODUCTION

THE acute shortage in screen stories, which has developed during the last twelve months, has set thousands of untrained writers to work in every part of the country. Despite the acknowledged fact that nearly all the standard plays and novels have been already filmed and that the future of the photoplay necessarily depends upon the development of new screen authors, the scripts of the amateurs are rejected and the demand remains unfilled. Yet producers believe that these amateurs, if versed in the fundamentals of play-building, could produce the material for which there is such crying need.

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The Human Note

By GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

WHEN Lucile MacVey, a feminine Lochinvar, "came out of the West," she had one idea in her head and one idea for her work, (which happened, then, to be elocution). The *human* idea.

She stopped elocuting and joined the film ranks at Vitagraph and became Mrs. Sidney Drew, everywhere known as Polly Drew, and the time ripened for her to put her beliefs (they were never *theories*—nothing so nebulous, so wan, so unformulated for her) into execution.

"I knew the great high-class, low-class, middle-class people," she summed it up; "I knew 'em because I was *of* 'em. Knowing them and what makes them laugh and what makes them cry, I induced Sidney Drew to go in for domestic comedy. I explained the man who fixes the furnace and the man who fixes the gas-jet and the man who chops the wood, and he couldn't see it at all. 'It's all right, but it isn't *comedy*' he told me; 'Ah, but it's *humanity*' I came back at him. And so, believing in me, he gave me my way and it became our way—with a universally recognized result."

Now, with Sidney Drew, gone, Polly Drew has the same idea—the human note.

Since his death she has kept [illegible] tryst, first by her comedies, [illegible] alone and with a heavy ca[illegible] of bitter-sweet associations [illegible] make the going hard, by her [illegible] continuity and titling of "A[illegible] Gay Old Dog" and by her [illegible] direction and continuity of "Cousin Kate" [illegible]one with [illegible] Alice Joyce f[illegible] graph Com[illegible] pects to go [illegible]North tryst. [illegible]or an

I aske[illegible]rience. the othe[illegible]at she apartmen[illegible]ilities 40's. Sh[illegible]atest marcelled [illegible]of dinner given in [illegible] social circles. [illegible] tion the marcel [illegible] it is not a casual [illegible] rence for Polly She once told m[illegible] she had been "happ unmanicured"—and explains it. She is a[illegible] son of incessant pla[illegible] activity and, perfo[illegible]ves details, grindstones[illegible]ion- soul, must go. . .[illegible]abil- do, wi[illegible]is "We[illegible]as- [illegible]ty I said[illegible]ced in th[illegible]by pect[illegible]waits u n[illegible]move center, [illegible]ding of a[illegible]e ous appl[illegible] ly;' the[illegible] (C[illegible] on[illegible]

Mrs. Sidney Drew is going to adapt for the screen, direct, and play the leading woman rôle in four well-known Broadway successes. To quote her, "They are to be the stuff . . . strong stuff of every-day—poetry and prose—idea and ideal—life, love and all of it—*human!*" Top, Mrs. Drew directing Alice Joyce in "Cousin Kate," and left, a new camera study

By
)HN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

E, No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. y one question may be asked at a time and ust relate to photoplay writing, as, for ex- e: "Is my story salable?" "Is my plot atically sound?" "Has my idea been used ?" "Is my plot properly constructed?" Where can I get a list of the addresses of io editors?" If the question does not re- any particular story, it should be written our coupon and mailed in. If it is desired Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos answer a tion regarding a particular plot, the idea uld be sent with the coupon in a typewritten opsis not over three hundred words in length tories which go beyond this in length cannot read. *There is no charge for this service.* coupon and the story will be returned in stamped envelope, but because of the occa- l slip-ups in the mails, authors must send tories at their own risk and are requested eep a copy.

he MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE believes t in opening this department, it has retained or its readers the highest authorities on the photoplay. Anita Loos, tho still in her twenties, is the real dean of the new school of scenario writing, since she has been a professional scenarist longer than any other writer in the field. She egan her career at the age of fourteen when she story, "The New York Hat," to D. d a few months later, when that recognized this precocious young- took her place as staff scenarist udios. Since then she has pro- stream of successful photoplays. n gained his experience in play- n the spoken stage, where for years he was an actor, playwright, and

Photogr Und

Anita Loos, tho still in her twenties, is the real dean of the new school of scenario writing, since she has been a professional scenarist longer than any other writer in the field. Above, a camera study of Miss Loos, and left, Mr. Emerson directing a scene with Constance Talmadge and Conway Tearle

a producer for Frohman. Seven years ago he foresaw the amazing development of the motion picture and left Broadway to study scenario writing on the "Griffith lot" in Hollywood. Soon afterwards he became director for Douglas Fairbanks, and it was at this time that he met Miss Loos, already widely known for her satirical stories.

Together they produced the photoplays which made Douglas Fairbanks famous—"His Picture in the Papers," "The Americano," "Reaching for the

(Continued on page 114)

ntest Resumé

look forward to the wonders that will revealed in the Fame and Fortune ntest of 1921, it is interesting to take backward glance at the contest which sed.

overies of the 1920 Fame and Fortune re many, because among the gold medal- medalists, honorable mentions, and final there are a number of young women— r three young men—who seem to have reen possibilities.

discovery stands out above all others, and lered the real and distinct find of the con- recent developments have proved beyond that in Corliss Palmer of Macon, Ga., we ound a girl with super-qualifications. She North unheralded, without an atom of drama- training, without an iota of theatrical or motion picture experience, and without the least thought in her mind of accomplishing anything definite, other than having a pleasant trip to the great metropolis.

Corliss Palmer, of Macon, Ga., came North without an atom of dramatic training, or an iota of theatrical or motion picture experience. To her great surprise, it was found that she possessed greater beauty and screen possibilities than the thousands who had entered the contest and she was accordingly made the winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

She felt that among the tens of thousands of beauties from over the country who came, bringing with them all kinds of artistic photographs and exquisite gowns, testimonials and letters of recommendation, that she would have no chance whatever—but she did want the trip.

The judges—Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster—were not con-

(*Continued on page* 103)

Miss Palmer, in her first picture, "Ramon, the Sailmaker," proves herself an emotional actress of ability. Left, she is seen as the pleasure-loving society girl; top, abducted and deserted by Ramon, she waits for the next move of Fate; center, the happy ending of the picture

© Mack Sennett Comedies

By
TAMAR LANE

THE ANSWER

IT wasn't written by one of the world's greatest authors.
It hadn't been a great New York stage success.
And the producer was far from being noted for high class films.
There was no one of any note in the cast.
The director was not yet recognized by the New York press.
And strange to say, it didn't cost $500,000 to produce.
Yet "Over the Hill" with a simple, beautiful thought behind it goes down as one of the screen's greatest productions.

ANOTHER MOVIE SCANDAL

Electric sign outside of a Broadway theater: "Behold My Wife. This week: With Elliott Dexter."

E. V. Durling, editor of the Brain Exchange, says that movie plots are like women. Dress, paint and pad them up and even the old ones will get by.
And the better dressed they are, the more they cost.

Is it possible for a girl to be beautiful, a good actress and work for the Fox Company at the same time. Take a peep at Estelle Taylor and settle it for yourself.

IF RECENT DEVELOPMENTS CONTINUE

Hollywood, January 15th, 1922. The tremendous purses being offered by fight promoters are demoralizing the film industry here. Already, George Walsh, Douglas Fairbanks and William Duncan have deserted the screen and signed to fight for purses of a million or so as a starter. It takes over two months to make a film, but a boxing match only lasts a few minutes and you dont need a make-up. Charlie Chaplin is holding out for a half-interest in the Southern Pacific Railway to cover training expenses.

THEY DO IT IN THE MOVIES

In "The Cradle of Courage" a couple of characters go up to a telephone pay station, and not only do they get the number they ask for, but they get the operator without dropping a coin in the box. It cost me a quarter the other day to discover the 'phone wasn't working.

Have you noticed the similarity in the technique of William Faversham and William S. Hart?

Saw a film the other day wherein the hero and heroine did not fall in love. They were married before the story started.

Did you know that there were blue-eyed colored folks? Neither did I. Griffith knows all about it tho. He has a couple of them in "The Idol Dancer."

What's the matter with Nazimova? A year ago she was one of the five foremost stars on the screen. Now look at her.

OLD WIVES FOR NEW

"Virtuous Wives."
"Idle Wives."
"Blind Wives."
"Foolish Wives."
Has anybody anything good to tell a single young man about wives?

MOVIE MYSTERY

The meaning of Lionel Barrymore's villainous-looking mustache.

A pessimist is an individual who can view Mary Pickford on the screen and then come out of the theater not feeling that it's a good old world after all.

Discovered at last! A star who actually admits without blushing that she was *not* discovered and brought to the screen by Griffith—Zena Keefe. We gravely suspect this of being a piece of publicity.

Not only is Harold Lloyd giving Chaplin a lot of worr but now along comes Johnny Hines, a mile a minut Watch him.

CINDERELLA O' THE CINEMA

Agnes Ayres as she appears in the Cinderella episode of the next Cecil B. de Mille offering, "Forbidden Fruits"

Rôles and Results

Photograph by
Charlotte Fairchilds

Sylvia Breamer reminds you of a passion-flower, with her dark and slumberous eyes, equally dark and slumberous hair, a vivid and also scarlet mouth and a low-pitched, accented voice

IT may have an Elinor-Glynnic flavor to say that Sylvia Breamer reminds us of a passion flower, but if a person will have dark and slumberous eyes, equally dark and slumberous hair, a vivid and also scarlet mouth and a low-pitched, accented voice, that person will have to stand for Elinor-Glynnic similies.

However, as an antidote to the impression the above may leave, Sylvia believes, in spiritism. Elinor G. may, too, but she certainly leans to the earth-earthy in her delineations as set forth in her Best Sellers. I asked Sylvia whether or not, her recently completed picture "Athalie" (the title of which is to be changed, by the way, as titles have a habit of being) had anything to do with her faith in the rap-tap of the world beyond. She said, "No, I've always believed in spiritism, I think, altho I never talked it, nor, really, lived it. I'm not in the least occult myself. Nor am I mediumistic. But I believe, because I've seen remarkable demonstrations and also because the part of my mind that is most *logical* O. K.'s the belief."

She went on to tell me of an experience her young brother went thru when in a trance. "I thought he was going to die," she said, "and I was terrified. One feels differently about one's own. It makes it all seem so strange and vital. I was with my brother and he directed all of his talk to me. He kept saying, 'Sylvia, this is George—this is George' and I couldn't, at first, recall who 'George' might be. Then I remembered that 'George' was an old and very dear friend of my father's, who had killed himself about a fortnight after my father's death. I said, 'Yes—yes, I know' and then my brother, speaking as tho he were this George, went on to say all manner of strange things—that he was unhappy because he had done what he had done—that he wanted to get back—that he longed to explain—all in that vein. It was most uncanny. When my brother came out of the trance, I asked him whether he had not been acting just the least bit in the world for my benefit. 'Dont be silly, Sylvia,' he said, 'I dont remember a thing'—and no amount of prompting or suggestion could recall to him what had occurred. I should like to have the time to go into the subject exhaustively," she concluded.

It is being guilty of repetition *plus* to note that Miss Breamer is native Australian—with a father who was a commander in the British navy and a mother who, in relation to Sylvia, stands forth pre-eminently as objecting to Sylvia's stage career. So strenuously did she object, indeed, that Sylvia, in her fifteenth year, was consigned to a woolly Australian waste, there to gambol with the baby kangaroos and other Australian ruralities. But the

By JANET REID

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

footlights penetrated the fastnesses with their ever-calling, ever-beckoning charm—and once, in the dark of night (or it should have been for the sake of story values) Miss Breamer appeared in the home fold and announced that *she was going on the stage*—further controversy would be superfluous. Shortly thereafter her father died—and Miss Breamer had, forsooth, to gratify herself both professionally as well as personally.

She came to this country in support of Grace George in Shaw's "Major Barbara"—and after that I refuse to repeat further. This last has been for the twofold purpose of lest we forget and also to emphasize the determination which characterizes Sylvia, despite her aforementioned floral appearance and her spiritualistic tendencies. She is determined and also decisive.

"I believe in remaining with the same director for a period of six months or a year," said Miss Breamer. "A director cannot know an actress in one picture . . . A musician must know his instrument to get the best results; a director, too, must be sure of his instrument"

She is now under contract to Sidney Franklin, with, I believe, two more pictures to go.

"He is a wonderful director to work with," Miss Breamer told me, over tea and muffins; "sympathetic, bringing out by suggestion rather than coercion the very best latent in a person. I feel that I have really grown under his supervision and it has been a joy as well as an experience."

"Do you believe in remaining with one director?" I asked.

"For a period of six months or a year," Miss Breamer said, "a director cannot know an actress in one picture. Therefore, he cannot make the very best of her, nor obtain the very best results. Up until quite recently I inclined to the belief that to stay with one director indefinitely was the best thing—and save for the danger of getting into a rut, I still think so. But a rut is a vital danger.

"It always seems to me somewhat as tho a director were a musician evolving from what should be highly sensitized instruments their finest harmonies. A musi-

(*Continued on page* 97)

Ray, Inc.

The trials and tribulations of the producer now besiege Charles Ray . . . When you have your own company, it makes a difference about stories, supporting players and the other details. However, the results are what count, and his next production, "Nineteen and Phyliss," is said to justify his endeavors. "Whiskers," pictured at the left, is one of the most important members of the Ray forces

All photographs by Hoover Art Company

The Jucklins

By
GLADYS HALL

BILL HAWES had spent his life in an atmosphere of misunderstanding and dislike. His father had hated him because he had been a silent child, much given to book learning and solitary rambles and musing at meals. Also because he had never been able to laugh at the coarse humor his paternal parent now and then delighted in.

His mother had disliked him because she had never wanted him, and she made it an invariable habit to dislike that which she didn't want. Of course, after one has had eight children and buried four of 'em, a ninth is not a spirit of potential joy. It meant stretching the tendons of thin finance to a most painful point.

Early in life, Bill Hawes determined to "do something" in the world, of an uplifting character. For a while he was vague as to the exactitude of his mission. But he felt it to be exalted even in its nebulous and embryonic state. Then, after some particular display of resentment and misunderstanding at home, it came to him that he would be to the young of the next generation what no older person had ever been, had ever wanted to be, to *him*. He would be a light and a leader. He would blaze tangled trails for them and clear up morasses of thought and all the troublous, befogged emotions which are the pain and the prerogative of the rawly young.

He evolved into a schoolmaster. A country schoolmaster. A fighting schoolmaster.

The slim-jim little pedant of the small Alabama community grew into a raw-boned, belligerent-muscled, belligerent-minded young man who, after graduating with somewhat darkly brilliant laurels from the Teacher's College in his own vicinity, took to himself a school in North Carolina and began his High Exalted Mission.

Now and then the H. E. M. flagged and fogged, as H. E. M.'s have a disconcerting habit of doing. Now and then the Younger Generation resolved itself (or themselves) into very thick-skulled grubby little boys with not a shred of yearning for a higher life nor a scrap of desire for idealistic enlightenment. Now and then, when some particular small fist rose repeatedly and a whinish reiterative voice drawled, "Whaddyou mean, teachchewer?" he felt the desire his father had felt (and yielded to) to plain everyday *lambaste* the youngster—but something restrained him. Always *something* restrained him. He came to the conclusion that the "something" was the thin pitiful spirit of his own boyhood pangs rising to confront him, to lay a staying hand on the freshets of his ireful impatience. He always managed to achieve a smile, a rally and, in time, he won the adoration of the school, the boys and the parents thereof.

Bill Hawes did some adoring on his own account.

When he first obtained his school, he inquired for a place to live. That had been a part of his dream—the place where he would live. He had never had any family life and he was starved in his domestic desires as he had been in his mental ideals.

"Go to th' Jucklins," he was told, "schoolmasters always stay up to Jucklins. They're great 'uns, are the Jucklins."

Bill found the Jucklins great 'uns, and apparently the town schoolmaster was a part of their family life, almost, indeed, a tradition.

"We consider it our tome to education," Guinea Jucklin told him, the first night he came, "we'd have the schoolmaster here if one of *us* had to sleep in the hay-loft. Besides, we'd stick it now under any conditions. You see, my brother and I expect to marry off very soon, and, of course, that will leave all the room in the world. We expect to marry well, so there'll be no occasion for any one of us to stick to the parent nest."

Told by moonlight, it didn't very much matter what Guinea Jucklin said, still,

Now and then, when some small fist rose repeatedly and a whinish voice drawled out, "Whaddyou mean, teach-chewer?" he felt the desire his father had felt—and yielded to—but something always restrained him

even so, and on that first night Bill Hawes was conscious of some dulled regret because she spoke of marriage.

She was so darned young, so sweet—golly, yes, so sweet! She hadn't a business to be talking that way—of "marrying off—of marrying well . . ."

She was so straight and strong, too. There was something *warm* emanating from her, electrical and heady. She—she was like wine and witchery. Bill sighed prodigiously. So, just so, had he imagined a woman would one day talk to him. Not what she said—there was always a rift in every lute—but the *way* she said it—confidential and low-like. Soft—golly . . . !

"Who's—who's Alf goin' ter marry?"

He didn't care a whoop whom Alf Jucklin married, but he *did* care whom Alf Jucklin's sister married. Still one had to be delicate—one had to lead up.

Guinea was obliging.

"Why, you see," she said, "the Lundsfords are our next-door neighbors. They've always been—for generations an' generations" (Guinea had an amazing habit of dispensing with eternities with a flip of her fingers and a shrug of her facile shoulders) "we've intermarried quite often. They're terribly rich, altho that, of course, wouldn't influence a *Jucklin* . . ."

Guinea paused and, in that pause, Bill Hawes was left to deduce and did so deduce that a Jucklin stood for all the desirable attributes, trails, etc., of the human race, and that to attain a Jucklin was to reach about the zenith of matrimonial achievement. The Lundsfords were rich, *conceded,* but the Jucklins . . .

"Alf's in love with Milly Lundsford," the loquacious Guinea resumed, satisfied by Bill's impressed expression that the relative status of affairs was thoroly understood; "but he's the least bit, just the least bit fearful of Milly. Milly's rather a flirt. She went North to school and it got her into light habits. She'll get over it. I tell Alf not to worry, to give her free rein, but Alf's the worrying kind and he gets awfully down. Do you know"—Guinea hunched nearer to Bill Hawes (never, no never, she felt, had she had so flattering an audience, spellbound the schoolmaster was, really) "do you know—I'm sometimes afraid there's a tragedy ahead for Alf. He's so sort of grim, and so queer about Milly. Now me—I'm supposed to be in love with Chyd Lundsford—he's a medical student and *expert* on *tonsils,* he says, but I dont feel the same way Alf does about Milly. If Chyd said the things to me Milly says to Alf, I'd tell him to go ahead and have his little fling—he has to marry me in the end—it's written in the stars, Daddy tells me, so I suppose what's written is written, and I dont bother with what happens in between. That's how *I* feel."

THE JUCKLINS

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount production of the scenario by Frank Condon; based on the book by Opie Reed; directed by George Melford. The cast:

Guinea Jucklin	Mabel Juliene Scott
Bill Hawes	Monte Blue
Millie Lundsford	Ruth Renick
Lim Jucklin	Charles Ogle
Susan Jucklin	Fannie Midgely
Alf Jucklin	Zell Covington
General Lundsford	Winter Hall
Chyd Lundsford	J. M. Dumont
Dr. Etheredge	Clarence Burton
Sheriff Parker	Guy Oliver
Attorney Conkwright	Robert Brower
Scott Aimes	Jack Herbert
Bill Aimes	Jack Hull
Jim Aimes	William Scott
Johnny Aimes	Frank Weatherwax
Dan Stuart	William Boyd
Station Agent	Jack Byron
School Teacher	Charles Wildish
Old Negro Josh	Uncle George Curry

Bill ventured solemnly, "Perhaps you've never really been in love, Miss Guinea."

"Call me 'Guinea' and dont talk like an awful spoof," the girl said, restlessly, *"it's written."*

It was reported of Bill Hawes about town the following week that he had kept three boys in after school for having expressed an unusual aptitude for astronomy. "All I said to him," one of the scholars reported, "was *'it's written,'* an' he went off into an awful gumflumption."

It became increasingly known of Bill Hawes that he was a "fighting schoolmaster." He fought the school board for reforms they had never heard of and he had only dreamed of. He fought the Aimes boys, who were the bad influence in the neighborhood, and when the Aimes boys attacked Alf Jucklin one day, Bill came to the rescue, and the battle that ensued became part of the history of the town, almost of the State. That night the wooden school building was found burned to the ground and, with Bill Hawes leading the belligerent investigation, there was no considerable difficulty in discovering that the Aimes boys had done the dastardly deed.

They were sent to the State penitentiary. The day they left, Bill Hawes asked leave to see them. He was with them for a very long while. When he came out, his face was white but his mouth was out of shape with an odd smile. It was rumored about that the Aimes boys had gone away with traces of tears on their faces, and that the older and rougher one of them had kist his mother goodbye. Bill Hawes had nothing to report. It would have been absurd to tell the folk of Caroltown that he had told the Aimes boys a fairy story of a little lost dream.

Besides, he was immensely busy. He had a *new* fight on. He had to fight the Local Board of Directors for speedy execution of the new and vastly modern school building. They showed every symptom of being content with the Town Hall, where the *modus operandi* of education was temporarily put into execution. It wasn't easy for the sages of Caroltown to "do" all the improvements demanded by their progressive young schoolmaster. But, in the end, he got them, every one of 'em.

He laid a deal of the credit to Guinea Jucklin. She backed him every time, in every project, in every argument. How her eyes shone when he sketched his plan for this or that—his dream for this arrangement or that lay-out! How her tones vibrated when one time he overheard her, telling of his beliefs to Chyd Lundsford, home from medical college on a brief vacation. That was the one time during the term he had seen little of Guinea. It wasn't her fault. She wanted him to come with them everytime they walked, even so far as the corner drug-store, but to accompany Guinea *and* the man she intended to marry was more than Bill could stand for. He was unable to perceive in the stars any hieroglyphics even remotely resembling Guinea Jucklin and Chyd Lundsford.

He had a sneaking suspicion, too, that Mrs. Jucklin was with him. Once she said that the Lundsfords and Jucklins had done enough of intermarryin' and that Alf and Milly were enough for the present generation. She said, further, that she couldn't see Guinea interested in a man forever cuttin' inter folks. It was all very fine and good, but book learnin' was more to her way of thinkin'. Still, father wanted it and Guinea seemed to offer no set objections, and there you were! Bill yielded to temptation and told her all the ills, the bad blood, the lessening of powers, apt to attend much intermarriage, but mother Jucklin had long been under the absolute dominion of father Jucklin and there was little power in persuasive argument.

Still, once the school

His mother was crouched on the floor against Guinea's knees. "He was my baby," she moaned, "dont you remember . . . I held him like this . . . and he laughed up at me . . . my baby"

matters were fought out and the wheels of learning turning smoothly again, Bill had time to sense that the air of the Jucklin and Lundsford homes was not all it ought to be.

Alf was morose to an extent unwarranted in so young a lad. Milly Lundsford was hilariously light-hearted and gay. In and about the village it drifted to Bill's hearing that Dan Stuart was paying considerable attention to Milly Lundsford and that despite her rumored engagement to the Jucklin boy, she didn't seem to be averse to it.

Bill knew that Dan Stuart was a seasoned young man. He had been to the larger cities and was *of* them. He bore taints upon his person and in his presence. His mind had been befouled and he had lost the freshness Milly had a right to. Bill was sorry for the contact, be it ever so slight. He made this remark once to Alf and was startled to see the bad blood rise and spread over Alf's face and throat, troubled to see the pulses hammer in the boy's throat and temples. "It isn't as bad as all that, Alf," the schoolmaster said, with reassurance, "girls will be girls and Dan's a courtier apt to turn the head of an older woman than your Milly . . . "

Alf swore, which was not habitual with a Jucklin.

"*My* girl wont 'be girls,' " he quoted back, "and she is 'my Milly' and that's the whole of it."

It became common property in and about Caroltown that there was trouble between Alf Jucklin and Dan Stuart.

And so it was no surprise when, one day in the late fall, Alf Jucklin dragged Dan's body to Dr. Etheredge's office and told him he had killed the dirty beast. "He made a nasty remark about Mill," was his only explanation; "he deserved to die."

He walked straight from the doctor's to the sheriff's office and gave himself up to the Law.

He was tried and convicted. Conkwrite, the lawyer for the defense, asked for a new trial. At the new trial, Bill Hawes did everything he could with his testimony to save the white-faced imperturbable lad in the prisoner's box. He had so obviously been taunted, cheated, driven by the leash of his strong fanatic passion into the shot he had fired. Dan Stuart had been so notoriously, so odoriferously objectionable. There were so many wounded mothers, so many hurt girls to testify to that. Nevertheless, there was every evidence . . . a deliberate shot . . . threats preceding . . . Alf Jucklin was sentenced to life imprisonment.

At home his mother was crouched on the floor against Guinea's knees. "He was my baby," she kept moaning, "dont you remember, Guinea, dont you *remember*—I held him—like this—and he laughed up at me—never a mean thing—never a low thought—my baby, you know . . . "

"I know, dear, I know, dear," Guinea kept crooning to the old grief at her knees; and did not think it necessary to remind her mother that she was younger than Alf, and could not possibly recall him as a tiny babe.

The Jucklins moved away from Caroltown.

"Of course," General Lundsford told the elder Jucklin, after the trial was over and Alf safely ensconced in his lifer's cell; "of course, marriage between Guinea and Chyd would be—well, frankly, old friend, impossible—now. You see that—we'll call it impracticable . . . "

"Of course—*old friend*," was the elder Jucklin's reply, and could take no pleasure in the wincing of his "old friend's face.

The Jucklins moved away. Moved quietly away. They sold their place to Bill. He bought it on slow terms, and more because they wanted him to have it than because he really could afford it.

The night before the Jucklins went, he and Guinea sat among the Jucklin chattels on the porch. She didn't speak much, so he talked. He talked about himself, because he thought he would be a negative sort of subject and a sort of sedative, for the grim pain, he knew, was tormenting her.

Bill worked the Jucklin farm and studied law. And dreamed. And then he made his discovery of mica on the farm

To torment her . . . unutterable crime!

He told her he was going to give up school teaching and go in for the study of law with Lawyer Conkwright. After all, to be able to apply the law, to apply the law *rightly,* he stressed the point and she was grateful, was the great thing. What could be greater?

And Guinea agreed with him. She put her hand into his, too, and he knew that she needed comforting, who had given so much to her aged father and mother. He did not venture to suppose that her heart, even in its hurt, sang a little minor-keyed song at his strongly sensitive touch.

And then they went away.

Bill worked the Jucklin farm and studied law. And dreamed. He dreamed in the fields by day, sitting behind the horses, ploughing.

He dreamed that he saw Guinea coming out of the kitchen-door, walking down the kitchen garden, gathering the greens for supper. He dreamed he saw Guinea peering at him, great-eyed and dusty from the hay-loft where she had been wont to read the summer afternoons away. He dreamed, sometimes, that he saw Guinea walking straight toward him, into his arms, his heart, his life . . .

And then he made his discovery. He discovered mica on the Jucklin farm.

He sold the mine for a stupendous figure. Half of the price paid, he gave to Lim Jucklin, besides what he owed him on the original purchase price of the place. The other half he invested, took a room in the village and went in thoroly for his study of Law. He still dreamed.

He had nearly completed his studies when he met Dr. Etheredge one day and fell into talk with him. The doctor took him home to supper, and in the course of the evening confessed to him that he had lied in court . . . "Dan Stuart did not die of a gun-shot," he said, *"he died before ever he was struck*—of heart trouble. I lied."

"Why?"

Bill's monosyllable was poignant, not so much with grief for Alf as with grief for Guinea, hurt there, in the dark. How he recalled her, every tense young line . . . wounded . . . her pride, he remembered, had been like the pinions of some splendid bird of flight trailing in the dust . . .

"Why?"

"Money."

"You dog!"

"I know—dont, Hawes. God, I've suffered. I—I was in *horrible* stress—at the time. There was something else. I—I wanted Milly Lundsford. Always have. Stuart was out of the way. Alf—Alf Jucklin remained. You see . . . "

"No. What do you intend to do?"

"Will you help me?"

"I'll help *them,* if that's what you mean. God in heaven, how you've shattered them—young lives—an old mother—you low . . . !"

The doctor shuddered. How futile he looked—inadequate . . .

Bill refrained from further talk. He might so cow the creature that he would end himself and so his confession—the confession that would mean a new trial for Alf Jucklin—liberation . . . That would mean for mother Jucklin her baby again—for Guinea a new lease of the high altitudes—the sunlight—the blowing of the fine winds—her heritages—might even mean Chyd Lundsford—what of it? What of *anything,* so long as she be happy, at peace, content . . . ?

And then her voice broke, so deeply soft it was, and Bill dropped on his knees and touched her, and he didn't know, nor care, what the stars said

The new trial was held. Alf Jucklin was freed on the testimony of Dr. Etheredge.

The day he obtained his release, Milly Lundsford was awaiting him in the outer room. But the best of it was that she had *been* awaiting him since the day before the trial, and that he carried next to his heart the little notes she had been sending him daily since his imprisonment. Little white-winged notes that told him what his trouble had meant to her—what it had taught her—of womanhood and service—of her own heart and whither her heart lay. His broken young face seemed to heal as she took him in her arms, much as his mother would do, and crooned over him, and kist him.

That evening Bill Hawes rode to the Jucklin's temporary abode. He begged them to come back to their old home, still awaiting them. They couldn't resist. "We're fine folks now, you know," father Jucklin reminded him, "with all the money we've got salted away, but I guess we're better off in the old place at that—with the schoolmaster to board with us, as allus, what say, mother?"

Mother said yes. She was weaving the tender patchwork of her younger years, soon to be relived, now that the storm was past.

A week later the Jucklins came back. Alf and Milly were there—the old General had forgiven his daughter. He had not yet come to the point of daring to approach

(*Continued on page* 119)

Along the Starry Way

II.—Twin Cities of Joy

THIS is a story, dear reader, in which I'm supposed to be breezy. As there's probably no breezier breeze that blows than that which breezes at Venice and Ocean Park, California, I oughtenter have a hard time to be breezy. However, if you want a salty, fresh breeze, you'll have to go to Venice and Ocean Park for it, because I'm a gentleman, even if I am a writer, or rather, even if I do kid myself into believing I'm one. (That's better, isn't it?) Now, will you kindly go on with the story? Camera! Action!

"Yow! Ooola, yippie wow! Youla yippi bow! We're havin' an awful row. Oola yippi yow!" Chief Red Feather, whose association with civilization has made him hate women and soap, was giving his Carlisle College yell at his bow-and-arrow concession on the pier at Venice.

In the chief's audience was about the choicest collection of movie talent ever gathered for even the most stupendous production. There was dainty Coleen Moore, handsome Pat O'Malley, piquant Priscilla Dean, dashing Thomas Meighan, smiling Tommy Forman, (I'm almost run out of adjectives), radiant Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren and David Butler.

Priscilla, with eyes tightly closed, was shooting at a big buffalo. (It was just a painted one.) The chief was leaning over; endeavoring to extract one of the darts from the left shank of the animal. Zip, sped Priscilla's arrow, and the chief retired to his boudoir. We retreated in disorderly haste.

"Over the Falls" next intrigued (that's a good word, isn't it?) our attention. The lady barker modestly announced, "Everybody goes over the falls. Everybody rides." Not to be outdone, (as they say in the novels), by anybody, we decided to go over, inquiring first if the barrel we were to use was properly upholstered and padded. We were taken aback when she told us we didn't

Top, Priscilla Dean determines to return home by aeroplane, and left, a view of the beach at Ocean Park, where the film favorites disport themselves

By
MILES
HAMMOND

use a barrel; but our courage failed us not —teedle te dum! "Lead on!" we men roared, and the women lead. Dark and devious was the passage. The floor reeled and so did we. A skeleton shook; so did we. A tin can rattled seemingly on ten thousand rocks; so did our teeth.

Finally, to make a short story long, we reached the "elevator." A smiling attendant (they always smile in storie) invited us to enter, and he stepped out. The door slammed shut. Suddenly, the seat flattened out and we shot down a steep incline at a dizzy Barney Oldfield speed, our feet, like periscopes, perpendicularly preceded our heads. We bumped into the cushioned wall and the girls began to collect

Above, Mary MacLaren and Pat O'Malley try the Virginia reel; center, Venice at night, when the film stars on the various amusements are as numerous as the stars in the heavens, and below, Pat O'Malley takes Coleen Moore for a ride on the "Dipper"

themselves, along with their extra attachments. After we had gathered up 10,000 or so hairpins, we proceeded to view the trained fleas in a nearby concession.

The fleas may have been called "trained," but they were most unmannerly to say the least. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the concessionnaire, "these fleas are extremely unique, for they bear the great honor of being full of hops, which is a big distinction in these arid times." This was too much and we withdrew to watch the ostriches in a nearby stall being plucked along with the rest of the tourists. For fear the birds would attempt to eat the grapes on Coleen Moore's hat, we men piloted the girls toward a concession which depicted the feminine charms of "Zu Zu, the Arabian Hoochi Koochi Queen"; but we got no farther than the barker's

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The Marsh Flower

A camera study of Mae Marsh, who is once more at work before the camera, much to the joy of all the fans, and, she declares, a greater joy to herself

EVEN California skies sometimes behave like spoiled children,—just when you want them to show off their prettiest and let the world behold their charms, clouds arise and they become dull and uninteresting.

It was this kind of sky that was casting its somber spell over Hollywood and playing havoc with motion pictures the morning I had my interview with Mae Marsh. However, the famous little star remained serene and unconcerned, letting her director, John G. Adolfi, do the worrying over silent cameras and loss of precious hours.

Mae Marsh is a name known everywhere that pictures are shown and this means in almost every nook and corner of this old world of ours. Typifying, as she does, all that is sweet and wholesome, dainty and feminine, Mae has won her laurels thru consistent and hard work, and she is today one of the best beloved of all the film stars.

After a year's absence she is once more at work before the camera, much to the joy of all fans and, she declares, even a greater joy to herself.

This day, Miss Marsh was dressed in a funny little calico dress with a gay "tam" bobbing about on her unruly reddish brown hair.

Sitting on the steps of the "country store," the pivotal point of the straggling street, she was childishly digging the toes of her sturdy shoes in the dust, while the remainder of the company lounged about, waiting for the sun to steal thru the grey clouds.

The keynote of the new Mae-Marsh thoughts was sounded when, throwing back her head and gazing into the cheerless heavens, she remarked:

"Mary Ann loves sunshine, she wont be happy today," and all thru our chat the name of Mary sounded like a sweet refrain, for this wee daughter is not only the center but the circumference of her fond mother's life. Husband, career, family,—all important factors, are overshadowed by the glorious experience of her motherhood.

"The nurses at the hospital tacked on the name of Ann," Mae explained. "You know, she was christened Mary Marsh Arms, but it is odd how Ann suits her, so I find myself calling her Mary Ann much of the time. See the freckles?" and she held out both bare arms for my inspection, "there are millions of them, for I have lived out of doors with Mary since we came to California. She's sixteen months old now, quite a big girl, and has attained the dignity of the overall age, and will you believe it, she loves *mud*. She follows the gardener about while he sprinkles the lawns and selects every little mudhole for her special playhouse," and mamma Mae, chuckled indulgently.

Tho Mae Marsh was born in the little town of Madrid, New Mexico, and began her motion picture career in New York, it is in Los Angeles that she has spent most of her life, and she declares, she is happy to be back again,— this time with her husband and the precious Mary.

To make her stay seem more permanent, she and "Hubby," have recently purchased a beautiful place in the picturesque hills of Flintridge, on the outskirts of Pasadena. The house, an imposing white colonial, commands an inspiring view of the lovely La Canada valley with its endless vineyards and orchards, while the rugged mountains beyond form an appropriate back curtain.

"It's such fun to have a real honest-to-goodness home of our very own," sighed Mae, contentedly, "and we had a regular lark furnishing it just to suit our tastes. Such

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

a joke on me—when I was a little girl attending a convent in San Francisco we were given prunes at nearly every meal and I used to vow that *my* children should never be afflicted with them. Well, here we have six acres of prune trees and they are loaded with fruit which Mary adores!

"I learned to cook and sew and all the rest of the domestic virtues while I was still a small kiddie. Mother always said she would not feel she had fulfilled her duties to her daughters until they were good housewives. It is a great responsibility to have a house these days," she added, impressively. "I had to buy a vacuum cleaner this week and goodness knows, what it will be next week," and she dug her heels into the dust with extra vim. satisfactorily?" I asked.

"Career and domesticity,—do they work out *"Perfectly!"* And there was no mistaking the emphasis. "You see, I married just the right man and he understands my work. I met Louis when I first went East to make 'Polly of the Circus,' he was doing publicity for Goldwyn. Now, he is devoting his time exclusively to writing, and tho our work is different it is in complete harmony. In the evenings he reads aloud to me what he has written during the day, while I go thru the scenes I made at the studio. We talk over everything and each supplies the other with helpful ideas."

A shout from the cameraman brought us back to the present, for the sun had burst forth, flooding the little set with its brilliance.

"Quick, let's get to work," called Director Adolfi, and the next moment Mae was enacting a pathetic little scene.

She was in the midst of her new Robertson-Cole picture, "The Little 'Fraid Lady," adapted from Marjorie Benton Cooke's story, "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods," and in the words of the star, it affords her a "perfectly darling part."

This "girl of a thousand faces" has a well-suited rôle in "The Little 'Fraid Lady," her new Robertson-Cole picture. She possesses far above the average ability to express her emotions in her face

Enthusiastically, she went on, "There is everything in it,—tender pathos, wholesome humor, and the girl is so deliciously human all the way thru that I have become deeply attached to her. This is because I seem actually to live her life."

I did not doubt this, as I recalled how completely she merges herself into her screen characters, bringing a wistful and poignant appeal, pecul-

(*Continued on page* 101)

The Pirate Fair

Herewith are three new pictures of Viola Dana as she appears in her new Metro production, "The Off-Shore Pirate," on which she is now busily at work

All in favor of the Navy, say "Aye" . . .

The "Ayes" have it . . .

Left and right, Theodore Roberts in "Something to Think About," and below, a camera study

The Admirable Optimist

Photograph by Northland Studio

By SUE ROBERTS

THE Hollywood film colony has many members who possess more than the average good things of this world: beautiful homes, high-powered motors, handsome clothes, . . . fame. Yet happy-go-lucky, ambitious as they are, the average can find something to complain about. They pooh-pooh pictures as inartistic . . . or they think they are being given a raw deal of some kind: poor story, poor direction, poor lighting.

Not so Theodore Roberts. He appreciates pictures . . . and what they have brought him. He admires them as a medium for his art.

"Why, bless you, I *love* pictures," he said when I asked him his opinion, and later . . . "I love Hollywood . . . and the Lasky studio. I've been here seven years now. I dont have any worries of production, I have a lovely home, a vacation every now and then, when I can shoot duck and go fishing . . . Why shouldn't I love pictures? Many people ask me why I dont go in the directing end of it. Why *should* I? I dont want the responsibility. Besides, a director can never be in as close touch with his audience as an actor. I like to feel that *Theodore Roberts* means something to the people . . . that it isn't just an empty name."

But one who knows Theodore Roberts only thru his many and varied appearances on the screen can not imagine the boundless, all-enveloping aura of benevolence and good cheer which he creates wherever he goes. He has always a sympathetic ear for the misfortunes of others, and a ready word of encouragement. He is "Daddy" Roberts to everybody in California, as vital a part of filmland as the sun is to California.

Theodore Roberts' love of California is a natural one, for he was born here, in San Francisco. He never saw snow falling until he was twenty years old, the occasion being his first trip East. He remembers Los Angeles when it was nothing more than a cow path, and he is not ancient of years either.

"Sixty years old," he calls himself.

"Come, be honest," I pleaded; "you're not that old."

"Well," he said, "I'm fifty-nine, if you *must* have the truth, but sixty's so much easier to say."

Tall, vigorous, with clean-cut features, and a complexion thru which the healthy red corpuscles pulsate; a fascinating age, that.

Fifty-nine would seem to be also the age of discretion, for Roberts has learned how to be happy, contented; how to get the most out of each day . . . For instance:

"Dont ask me which part I like best," he said. "I enjoy doing each one."

He believes that the screen has taught the actor a true pantomime . . . and that it is far ahead of the stage in

Photograph (above) by Northland Studio

Several days later he visited Roberts and exhibited a black eye and other bruises.

"See what you've done to me?" said his friend, fingering his black eye. "I made up as an Italian and got work digging a sewer on Broadway . . . but all the other workmen were Irish!"

Daddy Roberts munched on his omnipresent cigar in its well-worn cigar-holder. As a raconteur, he is at his best.

"The other evening," he continued, "Mrs. Roberts and I were at the Orpheum—we have the same seats each week thruout the year—when I noticed a man seated nearby staring at me. Presently he leaned over and said smilingly, 'It's a more comfortable seat than the crate, isn't it?'"

The man was alluding to the episode in "Male and Female," where Mr. Roberts was adrift at sea, alone on a crate, except for a frightened chicken (fowl).

Taking that picture was a wet experience, according to Mr. Roberts, for the crate was slippery and the waves dashed over him every little while; also the waves were cold, whereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Roberts had just dried himself on the beach, when Mr. de Mille decided to film some more

(*Continued on page 97*)

Fifty-nine would seem to be also the age of discretion, for Roberts has learned how to be happy, contented; how to get the most out of each day . . . Above, a new portrait, and right, another scene of "Something to Think About"

that respect. He thinks that the actor should appreciate the fact that in pictures one's salary goes on even during vacation, while on the stage they must rehearse many weeks without pay, to say nothing of the long intervals which occur between engagements, even with the best-known stage actors.

Roberts recalls one period during his stage experience when he went for nine months without an engagement. He was offered certain parts, but he felt that he could not accept them without lowering his rating.

One of his pet anecdotes concerns a friend of his, who came to him complaining about his bad luck. He had been unable to get any sort of part for many weeks.

"Well, why dont you give up acting?" asked Roberts.

"What else *can* I do?" exclaimed his friend.

"You might try digging ditches," suggested Roberts, facetiously.

"By George, I will," said his friend.

The Editor's Page

The Demand for Light Comedy

Recently a film organization made a survey of the exhibitor field with a view towards determining public taste in photoplays. Over 10,000 theaters were included in the final tabulations.

The answers received indicate an overwhelming demand for frothy comedies, or, to be exact, light comedies of society life in which a young woman has the leading rôle. Emotional dramas held second place.

This demand for comedies of manners is an interesting development. It indicates an intellectual advance from the days of slapstick. Yes, the photoplay is advancing.

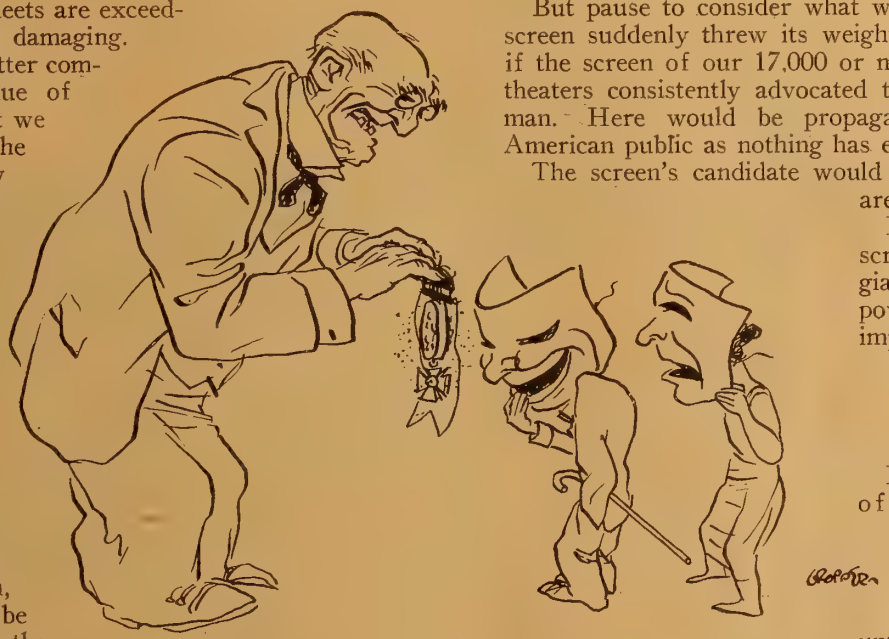
Scavengers of the Screen

It was inevitable, we suppose, that monthly pamphlets, (we shall not honor them with the word magazine), should appear dedicated to scandal of the screen. We have long had them devoted to the stage, to society and other interests.

Yet these scandal sheets are exceedingly injurious and damaging. There is a field for gutter comments in every avenue of artistic endeavor. But we should not forget the millions of photoplay lovers everywhere who hold the film as a thing apart—an ideal of dreams and illusions.

Again these scandal mongers sometimes arouse our anger. Consider a recent issue of one of these pamphlets with a sideways attack upon David Griffith. Were it not for Mr. Griffith, this sheet would not be existing, for it was the object of this unjust attack who almost individually lifted the screen to its present affluence and artistic level.

Poor little scandal scavenger of the screen!



Indications of a recent survey disclose an overwhelming demand for frothy comedies, or, to be exact, light comedies of society life, in which a young woman has the leading rôle

Where Are the New Personalities?

Probably you—being an ardent screen fan—have noted the lack of new personalities among the film player folk. Actually, no new face of unusual promise has appeared within the year. Why?

Turn to the field directors. Promising new faces are cropping up here with astonishing rapidity. Consider the case of the creator of "Humoresque," Frank Borzage, for instance. Or of King Vidor, maker of "The Jack Knife Man."

The whole thing may be briefly summed up. This is the era of the director and the story. Film fans are taking a profound interest in the personality of the men and women behind the picture. Here, indeed, are the real forces to advance—or retard—the photoplay's march ahead.

The European Film Arrives

Americans are going to see much of European-made productions within the next two years. Perhaps a little of our self-satisfaction in our photoplays will be upset or at least disturbed. We wonder.

First on the coming wave is "Passion," which is the German-made film, "Du Barry." This is the production which has been causing so much comment abroad and which is a remarkable cinema contribution. "Passion" hails from a Berlin studio, with Pola Negri in the leading rôle.

We hope film fans will make a point of seeing European pictures. It will give them a fresh viewpoint; it will broaden their knowledge of the silent play. Let us guard against provincialism.

Politics on the Screen

The presidential election is now over. The screen played a limited part in presenting—*via* the news weeklies—a review of the various timely developments.

But pause to consider what would happen if the screen suddenly threw its weight to one candidate, if the screen of our 17,000 or more American film theaters consistently advocated the election of one man. Here would be propaganda reaching the American public as nothing has ever reached it.

The screen's candidate would win. Of that we are sure.

Potentially, the screen is a sleeping giant. Let us keep its power clean and unimpaired.

Original Film Stories

Every real thinker of the silversheet knows that the photoplay cannot achieve its real force until it devotes itself to original stories written for it. It must cease to adapt tales devised for the reading table or the stage—tales developed in an entirely different story-telling channel.

The screen must develop its own technique. It is time that it ceased to ape the theater, the best seller and the popular magazine. For the future of the photoplay is unlimited, beyond the wildest dreams of the cinema dreamers. Listen to the recent comments of the novelist, Sir Gilbert Parker, who, after saying this very thing, remarks:

"The film is irresistible. It is also illimitable and international. It depends on the public and on authors whether it be made a great agent for good in the world. It might become an agent for evil . . . It is more universal than language. It is more widespread and effective than music, sculpture and painting."

Enlightening comment, indeed!

Flapper Fair

Photograph by White Studios

Elinor Fair says she lives in suit-cases and trunks. She has traveled several times across the continent, knows every large city in the United States and has studied in the art centers of Europe. Above, a new photograph; below, as she appears in her character in "Kismet"

I'M sure she wont mind my calling her that — Flapper Fair. She will crinkle up her brown eyes and say with an amused shrug of slim shoulders; "that person saw thru *me* all right—she knew I was not serious and dignified and grown up."

The interview took place at the Algonquin where live and congregate many of the great and near-great of stage and screen. Where congregate also many followers of those supposedly favored ones; some to worship from afar—some otherwise. It was late afternoon. Mingled perfumes and laughter filled the air with a drowsy languor. There were smartly gowned women, perfectly groomed men, keen-eyed critics, representatives of the press. The world theatrical was represented there as Elinor Fair stepped from the elevator and crossed the lobby to where I waited.

She was wearing a wide-brimmed velvet hat that just matched her very lovely brown eyes, a Frenchy looking long-waisted, short-skirted frock of brown with pipings and buttons of darker brown. She wore trim brown pumps and carried in one small white hand a pair of long suede gloves. To the casual observer she was an attractive, modishly gowned young woman with a manner of unusual poise and dignity. But I, in the rôle of interviewer, saw a slim, childlike being, in her dark eyes the flame that kindles itself ever and again in the eyes of youth —her vivid face aglow with interest at the gay scene about us, her whole personality bespeaking buoyant spirits, girlish enthusiasm.

It seemed hardly possible that this young girl has traveled several times across the continent, knows every large city in the United States, has studied in the art centers of Europe, invaded musical comedy, then pictures with much success—but we're getting ahead of our story.

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

Photograph by White Studios

It is hard to decide in which rôle she is most lovable . . . but we think we like best her spirit of girlishness, unspoiled and sweet . . . just Flapper Fair

I talked to Elinor Fair only two days before she was returning to the Coast. Following the completion of "Kismet," she had come East with her mother for a change and rest. But the "rest" proved to be only a change of scenery, as the chance came to do a leading rôle in "Body and Soul" with Eugene O'Brien, which she promptly accepted. This kept her busy eight weeks. Then, she had orgies of shopping, she told me, and protracted sessions of posing for photographs and now she was waiting for the showing of "Kismet" to the press and profession before going back.

"How old do you think I am?" she demanded, almost at once.

"About twenty-one," I prevaricated. I *thought* eighteen—but sometimes it's best not to say what one thinks to a would-be dignified grown-up young lady.

"Really?—In reality, I am only nineteen, but sometimes I *feel* forty, I've been thru so much."

"So much"—I encouraged.

"Yes. Why, I am a pioneer in the picture business. It's five years since I made my start—I've almost grown up with the business. I was born down in Richmond, Va., but have never lived any place except in suit-cases and trunks. When I was five, we went to Honolulu. When I was nine, we went abroad. I studied music, the violin and voice in Paris, Leipsic, Brussels. Then the war broke out and we came back to the States. I had a chance to do a picture with Clara Kimball Young, which I accepted, then two with William Farnum. I dont know why I ever thought I could act, unless it was because my grandfather was a minister," she said mischievously. "Then mother, from whom I inherit my voice, insisted that I take up my music again. After a couple of years of voice culture and lessons in dramatic expression, I tried musical comedy for experience. Had a season in San Francisco, then was again lured away by pictures—this time a co-starring contract with Albert Ray. Then came the chance to do 'Kismet.'

"So, I have traveled and studied and worked and have covered much territory while doing so. I *have* been thru quite a lot, haven't I? At least, I feel very experienced. You see when I first went into pictures I was only a child, but I was tall and serious and went right into grown-up or ingénue parts. And I have been in the business so long, everyone must think me quite old—perhaps twenty-three or four! It's dreadfully hard to live up to it."

"Is 'Kismet' the biggest thing you've done?"

"Well," reflectively, "in a way it is. Of course, being associated with Otis Skinner was a big thing, a wonderful opportunity, which I appreciated greatly. We worked thirteen weeks making 'Kismet.' Such a wealth of detail is involved in a big production like that. The atmosphere, the settings, the costumes must be in harmony, else the whole thing is made ridiculous.

"Of course, Mr. Skinner was marvelous during the making of the picture. Having created the rôle on the

(*Continued on page* 109)

Twilight Moments

Twilight! . . . Exit the actor . . . Enter the man. The studios forgotten until another day, Eugene O'Brien finds pleasure and relaxation in his apartment overlooking Central Park, New York. Herewith are three pictures of Gene in his bachelor quarters

To Please One Woman

By
JANET REID

THE House of Mystery was to be opened! For ten years it had stood, towering and grim, on the ragged dune, with its immediate lawn disreputable, its manifold shutters hanging, half off with each storm, its wide verandas and balconnades the platforms for the terror-lashed sheets of water and for, who knows what, phantom feet.

Now, after all this time, it was to open its dim, mysterious doors, its shuttered windows, its uninhabited recesses.

Conley, the chief grocer of Seagirt, knew it first. He knew it because an efficient looking man-servant with the air of one servilely and thoroly intimidated had come there for a mammoth order of scouring soaps and scouring powders, bleaches, varnishes and what not. Conley, in a panic, had had to post into Asbury Park for the supplies.

Conley retailed his news abroad. He elaborated on it somewhat. It was, however, one of the rare tales to which no elaboration does full justice.

Then the Post Office acquired some details. Seagirt began to hum. It was dreadfully exciting.

Everyone asked everyone else what had been heard. The least detail was given with gusto and received with avidity. The House had been a matter of weird speculation for so long. There had been so many differing tales, surmises, legends. It had almost become a tradition of the place—the gorgeous, grim place and its prolonged untenancy.

The Granvilles loved it. Especially Cecilia. But then, the Granvilles, each in a different way, loved almost everything and almost everybody.

There were four Granvilles. Father, commonly called Dad, Alice, gravely sweet and "a great reader." Cecilia, hyper-romantic and excessively fond of boys, moonlight dances and paper novels, and Bobbie, called L'il Brother and with all the exasperatingly endearing qualities common to the small brother of two older sisters. In every respect Bobbie qualified. He was, perhaps, nearer to Alice. Alice was essentially maternal. Her mother's early death had made her so, or rather, had added to the fundamental quality already inherent in her. It was her maternal quality that helped her thru the dark days to come—dark days generated in the House of Mystery.

Dr. Jim Ransome was also interested—mildly and professionally.

"It seems," he told the curious Granvilles, on his customary evening visit; "that the new tenant is also the owner—the fabulous Mrs. Lee. She will probably be ailing most of the time. They say these rich city women always are, having nothing else to do. They also pay fabulously for a physician to tell them to do nothing at all. It may be a bully thing for us—" He looked at Alice. It had been "us" with them for some months now. They were just waiting for Dr. Jim's practise to "brighten." There was no definite destination to the "waiting" —but they were young and so optimistic. They loved each other very much in a tranquil twilight fashion—with occasional red flares rather terrifying to Alice who worried about herself whenever one took her by storm.

Cecilia said, ecstatically, "Suppose she should be beautiful, Jim, and—and slumbrous—oh my!"

"Dont be a goose, Cecil," said the doctor. He suspected a potential neurotic in the young Cecilia. She was most outlandishly young, he thought. Cecilia paid no heed to him. He was by way of being a relative and as such had lost all romantic value, the only value that *was* value in her eyes. She went on:

"She might fall in love with you . . . you might save her life . . . she might say 'Let us flee, Orlando, to some southern clime, there to live and love our roseate rays—no,

Dr. Jim and Alice had been getting the dinner. Once a week they did that together, "just to get into each others' ways," for they had decided to be helpmeets in every sense of the word

days—away—to dream . . . to—"

"Cecilia!" Alice spoke with hurt reproach. Bobbie emitted a slang anathema. Dad interpolated something to the vague effect that Cecilia had better turn her attention to her Latin verbs, at which she had shown a consistent stupidity born of neglect. Cecilia groaned at the thick-grained prosaicism of her family *in toto*. She was glad to see Freddy Bent, her one, her impecunious suitor. Freddy did not satisfy her instincts, but at least he made sheep's eyes at her, and in the moonlight she could imagine what was not. Eventually, they strolled over to the beach, there to inspect the House of Mystery, more mysterious now than ever before since life was to step in and cast on the wall substance where, for long, there had been shadow.

Later, Alice and Dr. Jim strolled over, too. They stood, arms entwined, on the beach, staring up at the turreted colossus.

"We used to think it might be ours someday," Alice murmured, "just at first—weren't we silly, dear?"

"I dont know," Dr. Jim laid his dark head against her fair one; "not so silly, perhaps. I can see you there, belovedest, but somehow I can see you best in some low white cottage where the roses grow and the days and nights go gently and without alarm."

Alice snuggled to him. "How sweet you are," she sighed, "and safe. Sweet—oh, you are sweet, Jim!"

The following week the rich Mrs. Lee arrived. Cecilia, excited in narration of the event, was the fortunate witness of the epoch. She told it at home that night at supper.

"A lavender car," she elaborated, "done in grey within. A man, no, two men, in livery, very straight and fine. . . ."

"Cece," grunted Bobbie, his mouth full, "dont talk like a bum book—talk *real*."

Cecilia withered him with what she considered "a look."

"*She* was within," the small romanticist rhapsodized happily on. She was in violet, too, violet and grey and there were orchids at her breast. Her eyes were half shut; her lips were as red as *red* and they were smiling, and yet, Al, they didn't seem to be smiling, either. D'you know what I mean, not a smiley smile like *we* do. I cant describe it . . ."

"Say not," choked Bobbie over his stewed fruit.

"Your manners are disgusting," said Cecilia. Fearing an affirmation from Dad on this particularly unfortunate score Bobbie retreated from the field. Apparently, Alice and Dad were interested to the point of forgetting Cecilia's absurd method of telling that a swell dame had hit the burg. Oh, well . . . This was but one of many mysteries. . . .

"She didn't look to right or left," Cecilia went on, her spoon poised in mid-air; "until she passed Dr. Jim's house. He was just coming out to the gate with Gran'ma Tibbs. The Lovely Lady turned her head ever so slightly, oh, ever so slightly and wearily, you know. She saw Dr. Jim and her eyes widened—they're the *dreamiest* eyes—and I *think* she smiled at him. She must have thought she recognized him. Perhaps they had been Queen and slave in some past incantation . . ."

Alice was gently indignant. "Jim never was a slave, Cece," she said, "and besides, it's 'incarnations.' . . ."

Cecilia dismissed the rebuke. "What does the word matter," she said, "and besides, Alice Granville, I heard Jim himself say a country doctor was often time a slave."

"He was out of sorts," Alice defended, "or he wouldn't 've. He takes his calling highly."

Cecilia dismissed the subject. "Well, anyway, that's all," she said, "Freddy and I are off to do a sneak 'round the

TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount Release of the Lois Weber production of the scenario by Lois Weber. Directed by Lois Weber, and starring Claire Windsor. The cast:

Alice Granville	Claire Windsor
Cecilia Granville	Edith Kessler
Freddy	George Hackathorn
Dr. John Ransome	Edward Burns
Leila	Mona Lisa
Her husband	Howard Gaye
Lucien Wainwright	L. C. Shumway
Bobby Granville	Gordon Griffith

place. We may have something to report when we return." She departed with a swish of her abbreviated skirts.

The Granville family sat in momentary silence, then Alice said, puckering her broad white brow a trifle; "I'm worried about Cece, Dad, she reads such trash and . . . . and she likes the boys . . ."

Dad was reassuring. "She's painfully young, dear," he said, "sixteen . . . we've babied her . . . she'll get over it. You just keep talking to her. A Granville is solid."

At the House of Mystery the beautiful châtelaine was lounging and petulant. Why had she come here? What should she do here? Why hadn't she stayed in town and committed a revenge more agreeable to herself, less immolating? This stupid place—these stupid people—dull—dull—DULL! How she abhorred it, dulness. How she loathed it, mediocrity! And she had come into the natural haunt of it. And this house—haunted by salt of the sea and savor of the wind—dreary despite the magnificence of its conversion, chill for all the color and warmth of perfume she, personally, was able to bring to it. Life . . . it shuddered about her as wind. . . .

There had been one high spot on the stupid, windy ride down from town. Just as they came into Seagirt, a young man, helping an old woman, had come out of a cottage door. He had been straight and strong. He had interested her. That was what she needed, demanded, to be interested . . . That, all along, she began to believe, with self-injury, was what had been the matter with Lee, her husband. He had never interested her. He had been like some puerile machine pouring into her hands, when he could, jewels and gold, begging, as he poured, the payment of her exotic and indifferent caress—pleading with her for her tolerance when he could not, begging her to "wait"—A poor, hunted little victim of Wall Street and a woman. . . . His Nirvana, a kiss dearly bought and heavily paid for. Still, he had never held her. . . .

She decided to be ill. She knew various ways of being ill. It was done by the women of her "set" in town. It was, in fact, one of the most approved methods of extortion. Cold hands, pulsing temples, judicious tears, slight moans—what had they not acquired in the way of consolatory checks and jewels and motor cars. A headache of hers had wrung Lee dry of more than one substantial banking account; had overdrawn his heavily charged check book times without number. Of course, with a doctor . . . she would have to resort to ice for her hands and digitalis for her heart, would have to be more scientific . . . but he was very young, very unschooled, no doubt . . . and when had science been proof against white witchery?

The next day she saw him with Alice. They were walked as lovers walk, lingeringly. . . . The woman smiled, the sort of smile Cecilia had reported. "Of course, he would have a rustic sweetheart," she mused, back on her veranda again, and she held out her beautiful arms to the infinite, beautiful sea. "What matter?" she smiled, "the child with her milk-and-roses cheeks and her clovery caresses will have but prepared him for the myrrh and sandalwood with which

He sought out Leila and tried to forget. He had come down to see Leila. She was his sort, but he found her as unresponsive as Alice had been, in her different way

I shall steep him. It is to be a rare adventure . . . I know . . ."

She called Dr. Jim the first time at night. He was not at home. The maid told her he was having supper with the Granvilles. Leila had made it her business to find out that the "rustic sweetheart's" name was Granville, Alice Granville . . . so he was there . . . Her smile was amused when she rang the Granville's.

Dr. Jim and Alice had been getting the dinner. Once a week they did that together "just to get into each other's ways." They had decided to be helpmeets in every sense of the word—he was to help her with her part of the burden (would it ever be a burden?) and she was to help him with his. Why, already she had struggled thru several heavy volumes on "Materia Medica" with the aid of several medical dictionaries and Dr. Jim. She didn't know much more than she had before, save that she had a most profound respect for the calling.

Cecilia came into the kitchen with the message. "Jim, you're wanted at the House of Mystery!"

It was a bomb.

Up to that moment Jim and Alice had been floury and laughing. Now an important thing had occurred. The little kitchen, the luscious supper, Alice, Jim himself became insignificant. The Future . . . the Future had beckoned. . . . Jim said, professionally, "I'll go at once."

Cecilia threw a wicked eye. She went forth to tell Freddy that "Heaven knew what would come of it?"

Dr. Jim did not return to the Granville home for supper. He did not return at all. He didn't return to his own home until long past the midnight hour. When he did turn in at his own gate it was with a slightly hesitant footstep in place of his customary firm and springing walk. He was troubled. He was confused. His senses were assailed and his resentment was a complication. God, how beautiful she was! Why . . . the poets were right—the erotic poets, Swinburne and his kind. There were women who maddened. There were women competent of rare perfume, of fragilities of lace and flowers, of heavy coiled serpentine hair and appeals like languorous voices. And her hands . . . how cold . . . until he took them and felt beneath his palm the delicious rose-red blood come coursing into them again. Had he ever before experienced just that immeasurable thrill? That night he didn't sleep.

In the morning he whistled as he passed the Granville's according to his matutinal habit and Alice, pink and fresh, came running out to thrust in his button-hole her offering of a rose but as he walked on he felt his smile and kiss had been a shade perfunctory, the rose scratched him with an unexpected thorn and he remembered that Alice had had a daub of maple syrup on her arm. He shook himself with disgust. He was becoming "as bad as Cecilia!"

He had three calls from the House of Mystery that week. Once it took him away from Alice and the other two times from other calls he really should have made. By the end of the week, Leila, who professed to be suffering a species of malnutrition, discovered that she could not eat save by his hand, and as her whims regarding food took place at curious and dangerous times, such as midnight, he became accustomed to supping with her in her boudoir at any sort of time.

White witchery . . .

Always, he would go away with a sense of dizziness in his brain. Was it the perfume? Was it the hour? Was it weariness? Was it—the woman? Was it a potent combination of all these things, not to be resisted? When she called, altho he suspected exaggeration, why did all calls, all other patients seem relatively unimportant, colorless? Why did they not matter? What was the matter with him? Why, he was necessary to her, of course, her physician. She was delicate, strange, alone . . . was there anything so strange? Ah yes, but it *was* strange . . . *too* strange . . . and the three fourths per cent normality of Jim Ransome admitted it. Dear Alice . . . why did he always think of her as floury, as flushed, as anxious . . . A curious

Leila's husband appeared in her boudoir at the House of Mystery. Ransome was with her on the chaise longue, holding her warm responsive hand

kinship, even, for Cecilia assailed him. Cecilia and her ridiculous romance. And then Leila would need him and he wouldn't speculate. He would simply *go*, and for an hour or for two hours, for luncheon or for dinner or for supper, resting on a chaise longue beside him or clinging to his arm as they took a little constitutional for her nerves, he would forget . . . forget . . . forget . . .

She would tell him of her life in town, starved, she said. Of her money-mad, money-making husband and the abuses and neglects that were hers . . . neglects that had driven her here to seek solace in the sea, in the balm of earth and air.

He would mutter it was a shame . . . couldn't understand it . . . *couldn't* . . . and insensibly he would move nearer to her as tho to protect her fragile, lovely body from imaginary assault.

Alice was patient and understanding. She missed him, she said, but it was for "their future"—it was what a doctor's wife must expect. He was to go right ahead and not to mind her. The first time he could get away from Mrs. Lee to have dinner with her, he was to let her know and she would cook for him all his favorities. She *did* love him . . . Ransome kissed her, and the mingled perfumes of Leila smote him like her soft hands . . . pulled him away . . .

A week after her arrival a yacht anchored in the basin. It was reported to belong to Lucien Wainwright, one of New York's wealthiest clubmen. He was a friend of Mrs. Lee's. The Seagirt *News* gave him most of the front page the day the *Geisha Girl* anchored off-shore.

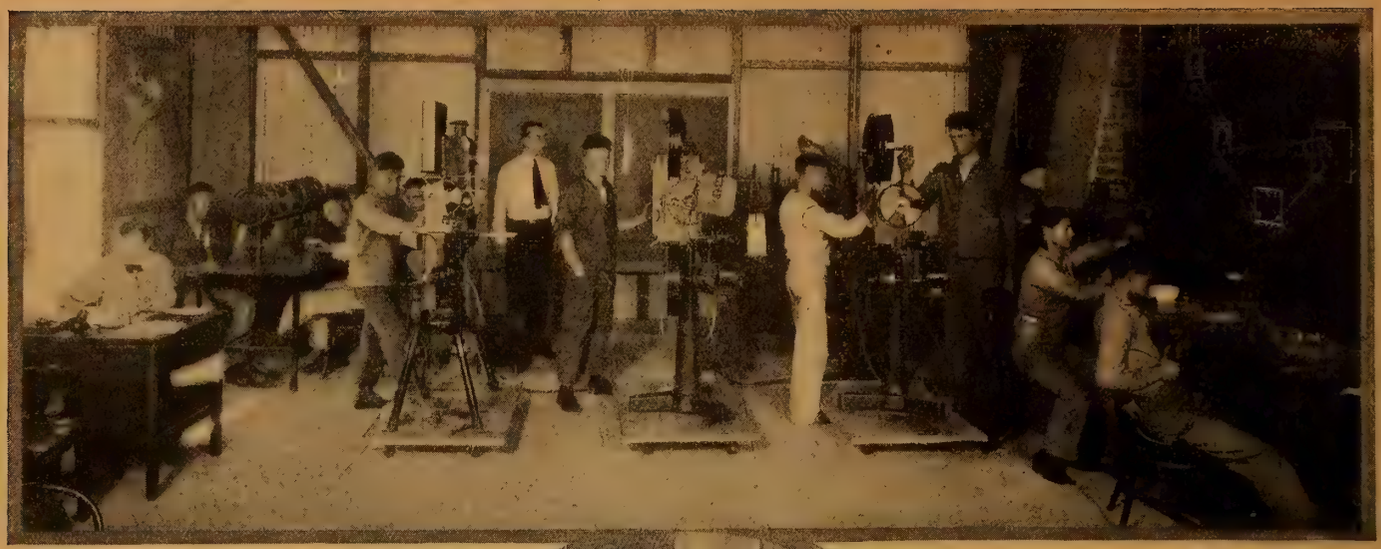
Alice and Dr. Jim in the orchard . . . "If you could forgive me . . . sometimes forgiveness is the only consummation," he said. "But, unless you understand as well, I dont want you to. It is your understanding that I crave"

Wainwright had come because Leila Lee had sent for him; he happened to be bored and surfeited and the location, if not Leila, sounded piquant. He was fed up on the Leilas of life. Of course this one *was* damnably alluring, he admitted . . . and had been more or less inaccessible . . . there was promise . . .

The second day he saw Cecilia Granville. She fell in love with him, told him so and took him home to supper. There he saw Alice and *he* fell in love with her. She was something fresh and surprising. Her brow was like a prayer and her hands were what hands should be, white and firm and capable. Her eyes were wide and wistful—wise too—she was unresponsive. He sought out Leila and tried to forget. He had come down to see Lelia. She was his sort. She was as unresponsive as Alice had been, in her different way. He told her she behaved as tho she were in love—at last. She told him he, also, acted as tho he were in love—at last. He admitted that maybe he was. They had cigarets and philosophized bitterly.

At midnight, Leila summoned Dr. Jim for a case of distraught nerves. He fed her delicacies and she fainted in his arms. He kissed her and she clung to him and there seemed to him to be the sound of manifold bird's wings flapping—birds with hurt voices and hurt hearts. He went home in a maelstrom. He felt unlike himself, the victim of a potion, too sweet to be aught but poisonous.

(*Continued on page* 115)



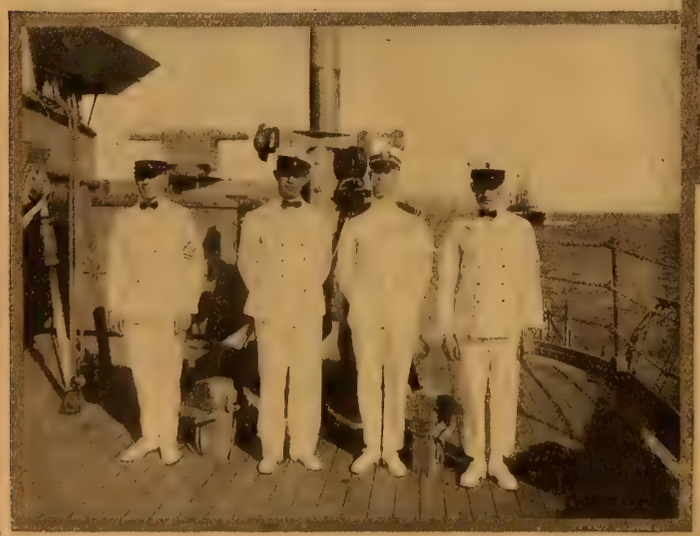
The Movie on the Briny Deep

By
LOGAN E. RUGGLES,
U. S. N.

Top, where the films are edited aboard ship; left, Lieutenant Joseph J. O'Reilly, in charge of the Navy Film Exchange; below, preparing for the evening performance, and lower left-hand corner, the Pacific Fleet photographic party

SOME folks say the movies dont move, but here is a story of movies that do move —so fast that they circumnavigate our globe before the landlubbers know they have been released. From New York to China they move, and from Alaska to South America. Up and down the Atlantic and across the Pacific and on around until they get back home again.

Here is how two motion pictures moved. "The Miracle Man" and "Male and Female" set out from the Navy Motion Picture Exchange for Guantanamo, Cuba, where they made the rounds of the entire Atlantic Fleet. Then they sailed for the Asiatic station and at Manila entertained our boys on board the "mosquito fleet," as these vessels were termed by the sailors. Thence to Siberia for the pleasure of the lads serving on our Eagle boats. A trip to the Mediterranean followed. Soon they were back again at the Exchange, making the return trip on board some submarine chasers *via* Gibraltar. Even then they did not stop moving, for they were ordered to the Pacific Fleet and the last heard of them, they were going the rounds of our battlers over there. How's that for traveling.



Left—Official Photograph
U. S. Naval Air Service

Our fleet reaches round the earth and our sailor boys must be entertained, so each ship becomes a "movie

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Hoosier In Gotham

By BETSY BRUCE

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

IT was all wrong in the first place. Perfectly ridiculous, as a matter of fact, to interview Monte Blue over teacups. Nevertheless, it happened that way, and there was only one thing to do—make the best of it, as he was doing. The Hoosier had come to Gotham. He knew the proverb perhaps about Rome and the Romans. Certainly he was doing as those in Gotham did.

"It's all right if you're used to it," drawled Monte, referring to little old New York, "but I cant sleep. Cant deafen my ears to the traffic outside and the sounds of the people living above me, below me and to the four sides of me. Reckon I'm lonesome to hear the coyote stealing down the mountainside on a chicken hunt, and to hear the trees sighing like they do out there where I come from, and to see the black western nights closing in about me."

He said he was sorry tho that he had not visited the Big City before, as it had offered him much. He had enjoyed the theater, the other arts and the fine shops with all they offered. As to the subway, he seemed to have serious doubts on this score and he emphasized the fact that the trains always went under the river at a great rate of speed.

"I like to play regular, honest sorta folks best," he told me. "I have it in my contract that I'm to play that kind. I'm not fitted for the other kind. You cant act natural when you dont feel natural"

"They've been doing it for sometime now," soliloquized Monte, "so I guess it's all right, but you know darn well that they always hit it up until they get from under the river. However, I dont complain — it suits me when they hit it up. I'm not jest comfortable whizzing along when I know there's water —and a whole river full of it— above me."

Monte has a kindly look and his brown eyes crinkle when he talks —he respects interviews, I think, but he does not take them altogether seriously.

(*Continued on page* 111)

A New Heroine for Barrie

Photograph by Northland Studios

Lois Wilson is the ideal type for Barrie's play. She is sensitive to his delightful whimsicality, and is one of the few favored mortals who can take herself seriously and not be a bore

"ALL right! Drag her in!" The door at the right of the set burst open and a gigantic brute of a man appeared dragging behind, by the hair of her head, a shrieking young girl! Thus did Lois Wilson make her début in the film world!

I had gone out to the Lasky studio in search of Maggie Shand. I had read that the famous rôle in "What Every Woman Knows," so long the untrespassed-on property of Maude Adams, was to be given, for the screen production, to another—and from all accounts, Lois Wilson was to be the lucky girl. I found her sitting in solitary state in a set where a parliamentary election was being staged. All around her were Englishmen of varying classes, cockneys with their loud-checked caps, dignified politicians, worthy members who were supporting this candidate or that, and the groups of Kleiglights that always manage somehow to give a stark appearance to the set about them. In a blue velveteen dress, at least, I presume in my masculine ignorance that it was velveteen, of severe simplicity, an unbecoming brown fur neckpiece, and a coiffure too plain to merit the name, she sat erectly waiting a call from W. C. de Mille, the director. Yet I could not help but notice the real beauty in her eyes, large and softly brown, and the friendly, natural smile with which she greeted me. We found two seats off by ourselves and, with all the noises of a busy studio sounding an insistent obbligato, she told me of many things—herself among others.

"It was in 'The Dumb Girl of Portici,' Anna Pavlowa's picture, that I had my first taste of pictures. I was a Chicago girl then—tho I call Birmingham, Alabama, my home town—with footlight fever and prejudiced parents. But when a Southern woman, Mrs. Phillip Smalley, undertook the making of 'The Dumb Girl of Portici,' I was permitted to go, with some high school chums, to visit the studio. We were mistaken for applicants for extra work. They wanted a girl they could drag around by the hair and because I had such luxurious tresses—they came to my knees then—they pounced on me. The other girls were scared to death and turned down offers of work. But I saw opportunity and offered it my forelock. It was a painful procedure but I accomplished my aim. I've never been away from picture work since."

The great appeal of Lois is her quiet charm, a gentle-

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Photograph by Melbourne Studios, L. A.

ness in which sincerity is the most obvious ingredient. Her voice has a soft quality, a pianissimo that lulls at the same time that it intrigues. She is graceful of body, in the way that the Greeks were graceful, deliberately and with a perfect poise. I noticed that during all the time that she talked with me, she rarely moved. Her hands lay passively in her lap and she sat pleasantly erect, scorning the inviting canvas chairback.

A sudden shouting from the electricians and the snap and hum of Kleiglights under heavy voltage interrupted us. The set was bathed in a bright glow, the group of men were going thru some organized movement, a palpable confusion which yet bore to us, who watched from behind the lights, a certain semblance of plan. I missed something, the staccato barking of the director.

"Isn't Mr. de Mille wonderful?" breathed Lois. "He is that way always. A pipe in his mouth, an old, battered hat, and never a word above his usual tone of voice!"

Admiration was frank in her words and eyes. There is a puzzling ingénuousness about her. Her moods seem to play over the surface and yet there is always that belying effect of calmness, like a breeze that passes and leaves a sea unruffled, if your imagination can encompass that.

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

"It was in 'The Dumb Girl of Portici,' Anna Pavlowa's picture, that I had my first taste of pictures," said Lois. "I was a Chicago girl then, with footlight fever and prejudiced parents. When I visited a studio and was offered a part on account of my luxuriant hair, I accepted, and have been in pictures ever since

Of course, California was the natural sequel to her work in Chicago. The Pavlowa picture completed, she came West with Mrs. Smalley and joined the Universal forces. That was five years ago. Lois is something of a veteran, yet I doubt that she is more than twenty-one.

She is the ideal type, I think, for Barrie's play. She is sensitive to his delightful whimsicality, an ardent reader of all his fantasies since earliest girlhood. She is one of the few favored mortals who can take herself seriously and not be a bore. Her enthusiasms are more enduring because they are repressed. Barrie, W. C. de Mille, her new five-year contract with Lasky, wherein there is a clause concerning stardom . . . they are her whole existence. The others cannot quite understand. Why should life be so very serious?

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Forman of the Megaphone

By
HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Photograph by
Hartsook, L. A.

TOM FORMAN was in the bath-tub when we arrived, but let us hasten to add that he doesn't usually receive his visitors that way. It was our own fault, because we were half an hour late in keeping our appointment, and half an hour is a lot of time in the life of a busy director. But, in justice to ourself, we must also add that it wasn't our fault that we were late, and that we are noted for our punctuality. The fault lies with our doctor, who is the most popular one in town. He kept us waiting.

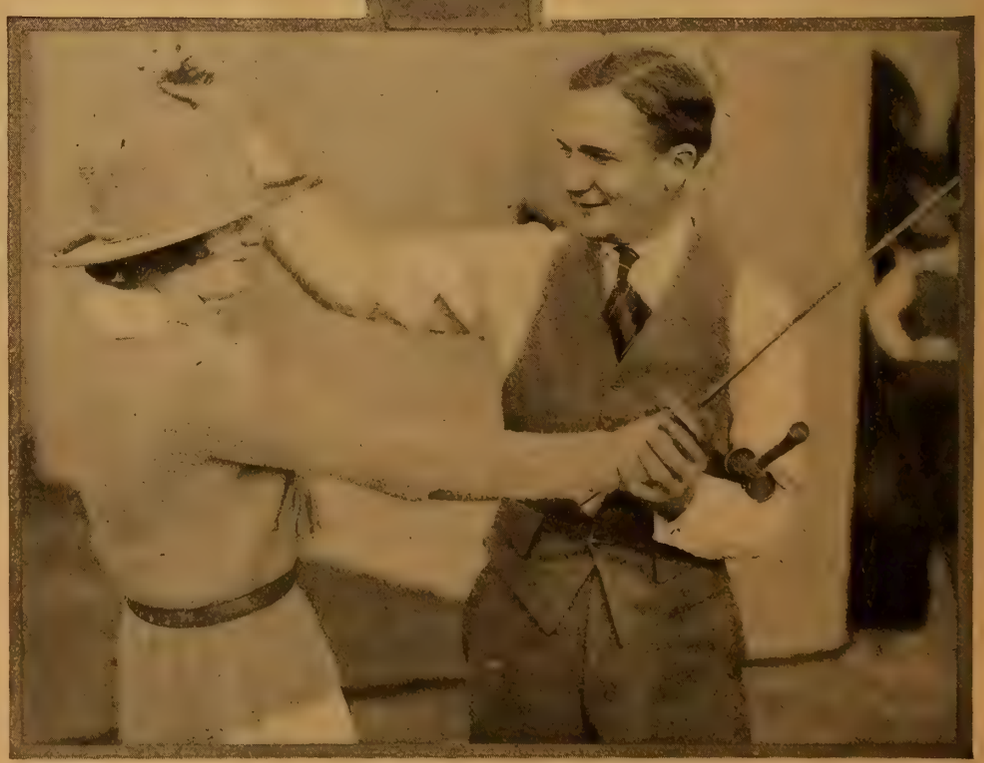
However, as somebody said a long time ago, and every one else has been saying ever since, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." And so, while we waited for the youngest director in captivity (how he'll squirm when he sees this, he being extremely impatient with Father Time, because he moves so slowly), we were entertained by the handsome, stunning, humorous and lovable Tommy Meighan, and a tall, poiseful, blond young man who wears tweed suits and heavy brown Oxfords, and who sits in an easy chair sideways and swings his feet over the arm as he talks.

Our meeting with Mr. Forman had been arranged for 6:30 at his apartment in the Seymour, and this poiseful, blond young man seemed to be a part of the establishment. Later on, as we talked, we gathered that he had written the scenario for "The Quarry," Mr. Meighan's current star-

(*Continued on page 122*)

"There are many reasons why I prefer directing to acting," says Tom Forman. "The public is notoriously fickle, and a star does not expect to retain his following for more than six or eight years, while I expect to be directing when I am an old man." Left, a new photograph, and below, Mr. Forman fences with a fair opponent

Photograph by A. R. Scott
Hollywood, Calif.



Priscilla Dean

Top, Catherine Calvert, in "Dead Men Tell No Tales," is quite the most ravishing vision shadowed on the screen for many moons. Center, Lionel Barrymore, in "The Devil's Garden," in which his art is again handicapped by story material; and right, Otis Skinner as the beggar Hadjj in Robertson-Cole's "Kismet" stands forth as a gem in a dull setting

Across the Silversheet

"PASSION" comes like a bolt from the blue—and a few more bolts of a similar nature will cause the American producers to realize that they no longer have a monopoly. Incidentally, it will urge everyone forward, for competition always inspires the greatest results.

The story is "DuBarry," and was and is called by that name when exhibited abroad. Unfortunately, those controlling the American rights feel that the new title, "Passion," has a greater appeal to their public, even tho the popularity of "DuBarry" stands unquestioned. However——

The story is true in its adaptation, even to the minor points, telling as it does of the little milliner's assistant, Marie Jeanne, who becomes Countess duBarry and, finally, the famed mistress of Louis XV. Her story is truly and vividly sketched until the outbreak of the French Revolution when she pays the price of her life, despite the efforts of her girlhood sweetheart, who would save her at any cost.

Advices from abroad herald the director of this production as the European Griffith and it may be said that he is worthy of the comparison. In "Passion," alias "DuBarry," he has given his public a very fine production—placing confidence in his story, he has gone on devoting his efforts to the carrying out of every detail. With Europe as his stage, he has, of course, been able to pass on a ripe continental flavor. The scenes have unusual depth and those of the mobs are among the finest ever screened—they are as mobs are, still—surging forward, then still once more.

Poli Negri, in the rôle of "DuBarry," is fascinating and vivid—a finished actress who brings to the screen the grace of the Russian Ballet from which she comes. People may argue over her beauty but they will agree as to her art and fascination.

This picture was produced during the war and therefore, undoubtedly under adverse conditions. It seemed to be static film, looking as tho it was raining. But when the story began to unweave, the imperfections ceased to worry us—in fact they ceased to exist.

"Passion" without a suggestion of the unpleasant achieves the risquè.

HARRIET AND THE PIPER—FIRST NATIONAL

It should have been called

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"The Piper and Harriet." Really the piper dominated every other scene. For no reason whatever, his misty form would float thru the atmosphere, piping a song, and those who had danced to his tune would emote because they knew they must pay.

The thread of the story is taken from Kathleen Norris' novel. We say the thread advisedly, because the screen story does not contain half the material found in the book. And, incidentally, the fact that the production was completed before the novel was published gives some idea of the dearth of fiction material.

Anita Stewart plays Harriet, the secretary at Crownlands who eventually becomes the mistress of the estate, saving the daughter of the house from the same man who blotted her own youth.

Miss Stewart does not find herself in the rôle of Harriet. She seems adequate, but her work fails to stand forth as it did in "The Yellow Typhon." Ward Crane is quite successful in causing his audience to dislike him in the villain rôle of Royal Blondon, while Myrtle Stedman typifies the butterfly wife of the story and Charles Richman the master of Crownlands.

The material which has been omitted in the screen version made for a far greater plot strength in the original story. Too, the great wealth and luxury of Crownlands, which should dominate, is lost. The scenes are far from attractive and inasmuch as a great portion of the action is laid out-of-doors it would have seemed possible to have had the sets more in keeping with the wealth of those about whom the story is written. In several instances in particular, they remind one of the stage settings of a third-rate stock company.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES—VITAGRAPH

"Dead Men Tell No Tales" is all that the title would indicate. It is one of the few examples of titles for which there is a reason. In the beginning, there are several characters with tales to tell, but more important is a villain, by name Señor Joaquin Santos, who does not plan that the world shall harken to their tales. His motto "Dead Men Tell No Tales" is carried out in quite as deadly a fashion as might be expected.
(*Continued on page* 124)

Top, Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in "Twin Beds," which will undoubtedly afford an evening's entertainment if you didn't see it on the stage, and if you dont feel that bedroom farces, like the circus, are always the same; center, Pola Negri in "Passion," which is really the story of "Du Barry," and which achieves the risqué without the unpleasant; bottom, Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper," a screen version of the Kathleen Norris' novel of the same name

If—

RULES AND REGULATIONS
Be on the set no later than 2 P.M.
Bawl out the Director whenever possible.
Meals served gratis any old time.
Smoke all you like, clay pipes preferred.
If tired, beds may be found in prop room.
Make-up not at all necessary.
OWEN MOORE
STUDIO MANAGER

There have been strikes everywhere, recently in the factories of motion picture concerns. If the studio employees went on a strike we would, perhaps, see the stars turning carpenters, electricians and mechanics. The accompanying pictures, then, show what you could expect the studios to look like

Owen Moore, above, as studio manager, is shown posting the new rules and regulations; center, Conway Tearle adopts the carpenter rôle, and bottom, the fair Elaine Hammerstein becomes a guardian of the huge lights

In ten minutes— a perfect manicure

Three simple operations will give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require

ONCE, manicuring was slow, difficult and even dangerous. There was no way of removing dead cuticle except by cutting, and whether people had it done by a professional manicurist or did it themselves, it was a very tiresome business.

NOW, manicuring is so quick and easy that anybody can have smooth, lovely nails. Cutex removes the dead cuticle simply and safely without cutting. Just a few minutes' care once or twice a week will keep the nails looking always as if freshly done.

First a smooth, shapely cuticle; then snowy white tips; then just the brilliant polish you have always wanted

This is the way you do it

FIRST THE CUTICLE REMOVER. After filing, shaping and smoothing the nail tips, dip an orange stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will wipe off, leaving a smooth, shapely rim.

THEN THE NAIL WHITE. This removes stains and gives the nail tips an immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

FINALLY THE POLISH. For a brilliant, lasting polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and *without burnishing*, one that is also waterproof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish.

Make the test yourself

Try this new Cutex way of manicuring. Ten minutes spent on the nails *regularly* once or twice a week will keep them always in perfect condition. Then every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; The "Traveling," $1.50; "The Boudoir," $3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for the Cutex Introductory Set, large enough for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 802, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
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California Chatter

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Top, May Allison forsakes the Metro studios long enough to pose as "Queen of the Steering Wheel"; center, H. B. Warner in a family group, and bottom, Bessie Love at the entrance to her studios

PERHAPS the most thrilling news of the month is the announcement of Cecil B. de Mille that his next photoplay, which is to be based upon Arthur Schnitzler's play, "The Affairs of Anatol," is to be an all-star production. You have seen other all-star productions, 'tis true—merely so-called star productions, at times, we must admit, but never at their best anything so wonderful as this of Mr. de Mille's will be. His cast is to include Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Thomas Meighan, Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres. All of these players graduated to individual stardom under the magic touch of De Mille—and I cannot imagine a greater treat than to see them together.

I rather imagine that the astute De Mille has been planning this for some time, for, recently, when I inadvertently remarked to him concerning Gloria Swanson, "Ah, but you'll never find another Gloria," he said:

"That's what they've always said. I'd never find another Mary Pickford after 'The Little American,' nor another Wallace Reid after 'Joan the Woman,' nor another Wanda Hawley after 'We Cant Have Everything'—but my pictures seem to go on just the same!"

It is interesting to note that on the whole, the film companies out here are generous and willing to pay for whatever they get, when custom prohibits payment they think of some diplomatic gift. Take the case of the Submarine Base at San Pedro, Cal. This is where all submarines needed for picture purposes are secured. The boats and the crews are loaned as a matter of courtesy—many companies have swallowed this courtesy, hook, line and sinker, and gone away with little more than a thank you.

Unlike these "birds of prey," the Thomas H. Ince Company is the admiration of everyone on the Base. For Mr. Ince has returned every courtesy the Navy has given him in every thoughtful and charming way possible. For instance, the officers were having a Halloween party, recently, and Mr. Ince himself 'phoned and offered the services of his cameramen to snap pictures of the guests and their fancy-dress costumes.

The Lasky Studio always does the right thing, too. When I was out there the other day, there were eighty sailors performing in "Fatty" Arbuckle's latest, "The Dollar a Year Man." All they had to do was stand in formation while the "Prince of Wales" passed by. Their leader was immediately handed

How to prevent the homeliness that creeps upon us unaware

A SHINY, rough, coarse-textured skin; a sallow, muddy complexion; how easily these annoying foes of loveliness can gain a hold! And yet how easy it is to ward them off when you know exactly what to do. Just applying a few simple little rules can work such wonders with your complexion!

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COLD weather whips the natural moisture out of the skin, leaves it dry and harsh. By giving your skin additional moisture to make up for this, by protecting it before going out, you can prevent the roughening and coarsening caused by cold, wind and dust. For this protection, as for a powder base, you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream has just the ingredients which keep the skin soft, supple and prevent chapping. Always protect your skin before going out by applying a bit of this softening cream.

Before you go out, protect your complexion from cold, wind and dust this way

AT the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream *with* an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's *Cold* Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores. Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face. Get a jar or tube of each of these creams at any drug or department store today. Remember, every normal skin needs *both* these creams.

The dust specks that work deep into the skin must be removed each night with an entirely different cream—a cream containing oil.

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Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

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Photograph (above) by
J. C. Milligan, L. A.

Above, Myrtle Stedman invests some of her earnings in a new car; right, Allan Dwan improves each shining moment "between scenes," and below, Bird Millman, the famed circus queen of Barnum & Bailey's makes her cinema début

four hundred dollars to distribute among the men—five dollars a piece for five minutes' work. All the "gobs" were pleased as punch.

Among the new arrivals in Hollywood is Ruth Margaret Nagle. This young miss was born on the first Friday in November to Mrs. Conrad Nagle, the very charming wife of Conrad, who is at present playing in William de Mille's production of "What Every Woman Knows." The baby was christened Ruth after Mrs. Nagle, and Margaret after Margaret Ettinger, her best friend.

Elinor Glyn, she of the fiery locks and equally fiery love stories, is also a new resident in Hollywood. She is here primarily to write a picture play for Gloria Swanson, but is also studying American men for her next novel. Mrs. Glyn's slogan is: "I stand for the truth and I always tell the truth"—mainly about *love*. Mrs. Glyn is small and well-groomed and you never would believe that she has two daughters, both over twenty.

And speaking of love, Gladys George, that pretty and talented leading lady, is going to be married soon. Her fiance is Robert Russell, a young business man of Los Angeles. Miss George first attracted attention in Los Angeles last year in "The Better 'Ole," with De Wolf Hopper. She was so pretty that she was grabbed off at once by picture folk. She appeared in several Ince productions and had lately signed with Lasky.

Anita Stewart has returned from a trip to New York. She brought out with her a very large box of hats which she lost from the back of the automobile. They were new, had never been worn, and if anybody found them they will do well to return to the owner, because Miss Stewart says she needs them in her business.

W. J. Arbuckle, father of the famous Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, died at his Los Angeles home the last of October. We extend our sincere sympathy to his son.

The Oliver Morosco Company is to build a new theater and office building in Los Angeles. The seating capacity of the theater is to be about 1,600, and it will be operated in connection with the pictures produced by the Morosco Productions, Inc. The first

(*Continued on page* 120)

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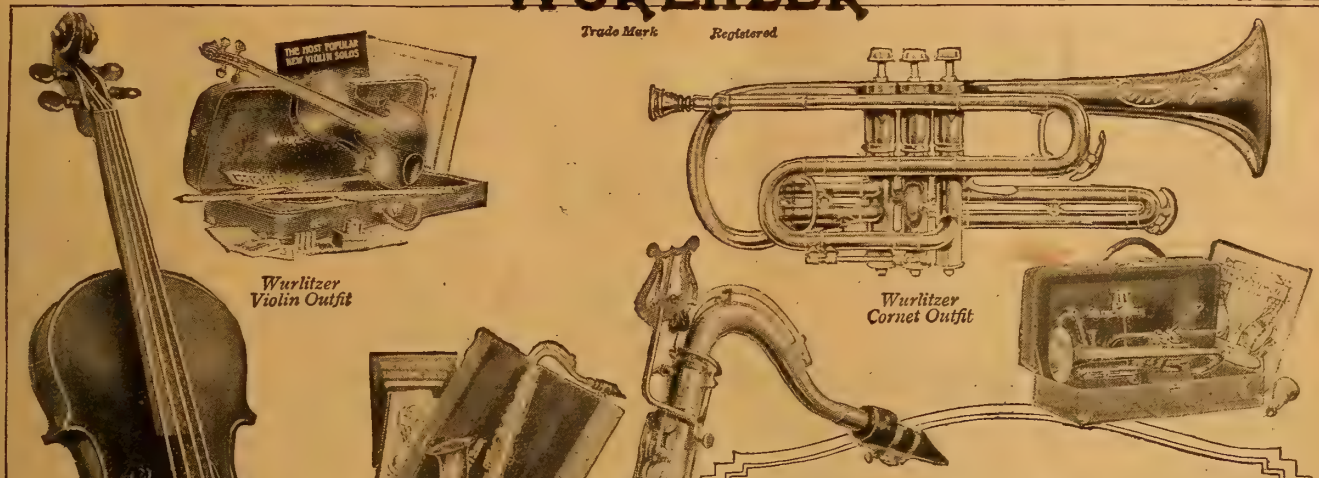

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Greenroom Jottings

Marguerite Clark, who recently married and retired from the screen, returns to it in the film version of "Scrambled Wives." The only certain thing about a woman is her uncertainty.

Mildred Harris Chaplin has been granted a divorce from Charlie Chaplin, whereby she receives a settlement of $200,000 and agrees not to use the name of Chaplin professionally. For every evil under the sun there is a remedy.

Ralph Barry Harolde, the youngest leading man on the screen, is playing opposite Margaret Beecher in "Sunshine Harbor," a new Hemmer picture. The continuity of this picture was written by Gladys Hall.

Polly Moran is seen as the landlady in the new Hallroom Boys' Comedies, released by the C. B. C. Film Corporation.

Ted Dickson is one of the screen's newest finds. Six months ago he was an extra, then after a director saw him in a small part with Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender," he was given a two-year contract as leading man of the Van Curen Company, making five-reel westerns. Ted is one of those who are ready when they are called.

Teddy, the well-known Great Dane of half-a-hundred Mack Sennett comedies, has signed a new contract. He has joined the ranks of stars of Special Pictures Corporation, and is to be featured in two-reel comedies.

Creighton Hale has been engaged by American Cinema Corporation to play opposite Mollie King, one of the company's stars, in "Her Majesty."

Dorothea Wolbert, who scored the success of her career with Lyons and Moran in "La, La, Lucille," is being featured by Universal in a series of short-reel comedies.

Seeking "locations" *via* aeroplane is the latest stunt in filmland. Marshall Neilan flys with Emery Johnston, aeronaut of Hollywood, and, instead of returning home every night, they camp en route

In "Earthbound," the scene which caused the greatest interest perhaps, was one in which the Russian wolfhound saw his dead master's spirit and recognized him by sniffing, cocking his ears and wagging his tail. This effect was obtained by having a goat behind a screen, and when the dog caught the unmistakable goat scent, he evinced the signs of eager interest which seemed to be caused by his master's spook.

Frank Mayo, who has been working on a story called "Tiger," by Max Brandt, wishes it understood that the story has nothing to do with politics and that the tiger is not of the Tammany variety.

Henry Walthall is touring the Southern States with his own company, presenting a play called "Ghosts." He is accompanied by his wife, Mary Charleson.

"Blind Wives," is an adaptation of "My Lady's Dress." The leading rôles are played by Estelle Taylor, Harry Sothern and Marc MacDermott.

"The Virgin of Paris," is a six-reel picture adapted by Agnes Fletcher Bain from the novel "Sophia," by Anthony Hope. It was directed by Gerald Fontaine.

An æroplane trip around the world for the purpose of taking pictures from the clouds of scenics of the principal cities is being made by Captain L. T. Tibbs, formerly of the British Air Service, now a captain in the aviation division of the New York Police Department.

"Black Beauty," a Vitagraph Special production is receiving unusually elaborate attention in the filming. It is being directed by David Smith, who is surrounded by a large technical staff. The whole civilized world, by reason of its familiarity with this classic, will sit in judgment on the artistic naturalness of the production, and art is as natural as nature.

Wallace Reid is engaged upon a picture adapted from "The Daughter of a Magnate," by Frank Spearman. Margaret Loomis is leading woman.

Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson have the leads in the William deMille production, "What Every Woman Knows."

Robert Edeson takes an important rôle in "Are Wives to Blame?" May Allison's new starring picture. The play is proof that men are more easily made rich by diminishing their desires than by adding to their riches.

"The Half Breed" is the first picture of the Oliver Morosco Productions, Inc., and was directed by Oliver Morosco himself.

News of the marriage of Harry Carey and Olive Golden has leaked out in filmland. Mrs. Carey is the daughter of George Fuller Golden, a famous actor and one of the organizers of "The White Rats," a national actors' association.

When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it.

Fox News has arrangements with the Bronx Zoo whereby animal studies will be presented with each issue of the News Reel. Recently it was proved that animals, as well as humans, enjoy sweet perfumes. Bits of paper soaked in lavender were thrown into the cages of a lion and jaguar, causing them to roll and play like kittens.

A new company has been organized under the name of the Blanche McGarity Productions. The capital stock is $500,000. They have made negotiations for the Texas States rights for "Love's Redemption."

Word has been received from Charlie Chaplin stating that the rumors concerning his retirement from the screen are grossly untrue and that he is already at work on his new picture.

Alice Lake did such splendid work in her newest special production, "Body and Soul," that she has been promoted to a full-fledged Metro star.

Louise Fazenda has left the Mack Sennett company to accept a starring contract with Special Pictures, Inc. There's not the least difficulty in doing a thing if you only know how to do it, and we'll say Louise knows how to be a star.

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Greenroom Jottings

Virginia Valli recently completed her work with Hope Hampton in "The Better Way," and now takes a prominent rôle in the first Mae Murray picture to be directed by Robert Leonard.

James Rennie takes the leading male rôle in "The Sin That Was His."

Vera Gordon, creator of the mother in "Humoresque," has invaded the vaudeville field as the star in "Lullaby," a sketch written expressly for her by Edgar Allen Wolff.

Will Rogers is starred in Irvin S. Cobb's "Boys Will Be Boys," which is screened for the Goldwyn company.

Edith Roberts, having completed her current production, "White Youth," now appears in a story of South America, called "Hidden Fires," written by Norman Dawn, her director, himself a South American.

Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen, was quietly married on October 27 to W. A. Brady, Jr., son of the famous New York theater owner and producer.

Dorothy Devore, who appeared as leading woman opposite Charles Ray in "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway," will be featured hereafter in two-reel Christie comedies. Dorothy is one of those to whom nature has given the secret of making labor a joy.

Fourteen of the latest model of motion picture machines were used in producing "The Race of the Age," Educational's exclusive record of the victory of Man o' War. In the movie world, economy is the thief of time.

Annette Kellermann returns to vaudeville thru an Educational single-reel picture, "The Art of Diving," in which she demonstrates her art before the motion picture camera and then by the slow process. She is one of the proofs that nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

T. Hays Hunter, who recently gave "Earthbound" to the screen, at his California home with his wife and son

"You'll be Surprised," is announced as the title of a two-reel Chester comedy. It is based on a series of astonishing stunts by Snooky, the Humanzee, and little Ida May McKenzie.

Carmel Myers will appear as a Parisian dancer and the toast of the boulevards in "The White Peacock Feather."

Raye Dean will play the leading feminine rôle in "A Message from Mars," a production starring Bert Lytell. She portrays the rôle of an English society girl.

Thru his portrayal of brutal Hun parts during the war, Stroheim gained the name of "the most hated man in motion pictures." Nevertheless, his friends say he is one of the gentlest of men off the screen.

Erich Von Stroheim, Universal director-author-actor, apparently yearned for practical experience. He has just married Valerie Germonprez, an actress. The romance started when she had the rôle of the bride in Stroheim's first picture, "Blind Husbands."

Martha Mansfield is to be leading woman in the new Selznick picture in which Conway Tearle has the stellar rôle.

Percy Marmont, who made his screen début in Elsie Ferguson's first picture three years ago, and has appeared opposite almost all the brightest stars, has signed with Famous Players to create the leading rôle in a director's special production.

The production of "The Old Swimin' Hole" is being placed in the exact period when Riley wrote it, and even the sycamore tree will be there. The picture is being made by Charles Ray in his Hollywood studio and directed by Joseph DeGrasse.

Mary Pickford's new picture, "Rag Tag and Bob Tail," was written and is being directed by Frances Marion. Douglas Fairbank's new picture was written by himself and is being directed by Ted Reed.

Rockcliffe Fellowes has been engaged to play opposite Ethel Clayton in her new picture, "The Price of Possession."

Betty Francisco, a recent arrival on the screen, who has appeared previously in the Zeigfield "Follies," heads the cast of "Partners of the Tide." Incidentally, she is said to be one of the most beautiful girls ever seen, even among the ranks of world famed beauties.

Francis Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Anne Little are members of the cast with William Desmond in Oliver Morosco's first film production.

Elsie Ferguson who has been touring the world for the last six months has returned to America and resumed her motion picture work for Famous Players. "Sacred and Profane Love," is Miss Ferguson's first screen vehicle since resuming work.

"The Vendetta" is the title of the screen adaptation of "The Net," by Rex Beach. The action takes place in Sicily and New Orleans and is based on an actual mafia of some thirty years ago.

Catherine Calvert takes the leading rôle in the new Vitagraph super production, "The Heart of Maryland." Incidentally, Miss Calvert is from Baltimore, and in the picture takes the part of a Calvert of Baltimore. Crane Wilbur plays opposite Miss Calvert.

Jimmie Harrison, well known thru musical comedy and Christie comedies, supports Charlotte Merriam in "Twelve P. M.," her latest Comic Classic production.

"Daughter of the Dawn," depicts the life of the Red Man. The entire cast is composed of Indians and the manners and customs are authentic and historic. It will prove valuable for schools.

"The Island of the Mist," is a Pictograph production, showing the curious cosmopolitan life of Hong Kong, China, the Paris of the Orient. Interspersed in the picture are scenes of the English settlement and the Chinese quarters.

Pete Morrison and Carol Holloway are featured in "A Good Bad Man," a six-reel Western of Yellowstone Productions, Inc.

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Happy New Year to you all. Father Time has had another birthday and he promises to make 1921 a much more prosperous year than we have ever had, and here's hoping it will be a very happy one for us all.

ALLISON B.—I'm listening! Billie Burke in "The Education of Elizabeth," which was taken at the new Lasky Studio in Astoria, L. I. Alice Brady in "Out of the Chorus," with Vernon Steel.

ANTONIO D.—Vivian Martin's next picture is "The Old World Romance." Crane Wilbur is coming back in pictures, playing opposite Catherine Calvert in "The Heart of Maryland," Mrs. Leslie Carter's famous play. It was done in pictures years ago, but it was not a masterpiece.

G. K.—So you are a devoted lover of Madame Petrova. She is in vaudeville now, and we hope to see her in pictures again. Well, a person who is not affected by tears on the screen may be a hard-hearted rascal, but as Plublius Syrus said, "Tears gratify a savage nature, they do not melt it."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—No child, I am not young and handsome. That's an exact likeness of me up above. No, I dont read the Ladies' Hum Journal nor the Saturday Evening Postum. Yes, Blanche Sweet went to Europe for three months. Edward Earle, yes, opposite Doraldina. You must write to me again.

ANNA H.—Pardon the delay, but I just came in on the Erie. Your definition of the Answer Man is worthy of a greater intellect than yours: "An old man who has no hair on his head, and no brains in it." The reason I have hair on my chin and none on my pate—is because I have worked my head more than I have worked my jaw. Viola Dana and Jack Mulhall in "The Off-Shore Pirate."

N. C. APPLES & GA. PEACHES.—You have mastered the art of letter writing. Tom Moore is playing in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Remember when Maurice Costello played it about five years ago? Roy Stewart opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Mistress of Shenstone."

JACKIE.—You want to know all about Alfred Whitman. He was born in Chicago in 1890. He is 6 foot one, weighs 195 and has dark brown hair and eyes. Elaine Hammerstein in "Hands."

RYFI.—Write me any time, Ryfi. I like to hear from all of our readers—particularly you.

KAY.—Oh, I seldom get tired. In which respect I am something like an auto tire—the more I go the less tired I get. Get off here, this is private property. Selig produced "The Spoilers" years ago, but Elsie Ferguson did not play in it. "The Outcast," played for a season on the stage in New York.

JAZZSMITH.—Thanks for the warning, but I always suspected that my charms were such as to cause thousands of women to be after me. The heartstrings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to, but I do not intend to let them fasten on to me. Will Rogers in "Boys will be Boys."

MARGUERITE S.—So you dont think I am as sarcastic as I used to be. No, I dont think so either. I am now a hardened sinner and always count ten before I write anything tart. Vera Gordon, the mother in "Humoresque," will play in "The North Wind's Malice."

MIXIE OUI.—Oui Oui, what do you mean? No, I am not a woman. You are quite correct, but while it was woman who first tempted man to eat, remember that he took to drink on his own account afterwards. Bebe Daniels in "Ducks and Drakes," with Jack Holt.

TOOTHPICKS.—Well, we were the first publication to adopt a gallery of players, also to write chats and interviews with them. In fact, we were the first magazine devoted to motion pictures. I was in Mr. Brewster's office the day he said he was going to edit this magazine also. And we are still growing.

EIGHTEEN.—Well, I just dont like your *modus operandi*, but I will tell you that you can reach Wallace MacDonald in Los Angeles, Cal. Oh, I dont mind Chinese food once in a while. Pretty soon that will be the only kind of food we can get. There are more than 200 restaurants in Greater New York now owned by Chinese.

R. R.—You want more of Montague Love. What do you want me to say? Willard Mack was married to Marjorie Rambeau, then to Pauline Frederick, and now to Barbara Castleton. Mind you, he did not have more than one at a time. That would be polygamy. Where there is only one wife, at a time, it is called monotony. Yes, Gouverneur Morris' "The Watel Lily" is being done in pictures. Leatrice Joy has the lead.

NONNETTE.—Thanks for your jolly letter. Well, if a man is the lord of creation, woman is the lady of recreation. You say the "parrot may get into the best society circles, but the owl always is mentioned in Hoo's Hoo!" Wonderful.

A TEXAS FAN.—Wallace Reid has been working in "The Daughter of the Magnate." Teddy Sampson is playing opposite Owen Moore in "Lend Me Your Wife." William Desmond is playing in "The Half Breed," for Morosco. Write me again and make me happy.

HERMINIE.—Well, it is harder to correct than to instruct. I give it up. You refer to William Boyd as Mr. Carpentier in "The City of Masks." Edmund Lowe opposite Katherine MacDonald in "The Second Latchkey." Hope Hampton is not playing just now, but has just finished a drama which they say is going to be a winner.

DALLAS.—Never heard of her. Maude George is playing in "Foolish Wives." I got you the first time. There are glances that have more wit than the most subtle speech. You like to tease your old Answer Man, dont you? Anyway, I take it all in fun.

MICHAEL G.—'Tis a grand compliment you pay me. To wit—"It is said in the lore of many a page, that sages were and are men of superficial knowledge. Yet

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

tune Contest of 1921

Fortune Contest which has been conducted
URE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOW-
e Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

The Golden Key of Opportunity Is in Your Hands—Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Photographs May Be Entered at Once

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the January issues of each of our publications.

Send in Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name .....

Address .....Street .....

City .....State .....

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

.....

When born.....Blonde or brunette.....

Weight .....Height .....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

The Answer Man

to my mind, O royal answer man, you are one yourself. Your rivals are as rare as hen's teeth in a vale of mars." My humble thanks. You refer to Francis McDonald, in "Tony American." Yes, I am honest to goodness 80 years old.

BILLIE JEAN.—What kind of shampoo do I use—let me see, yokes of eggs, and sometimes spaghetti. In the summertime, corn on the cob and watermelon. Yes, William Scott in "The White Lie." Your letter was a good one. Write me again.

DOREEN G.—No, little one, I haven't time to write personal letters. I write all these inquiries on a typewriter, and that is quite enough writing to do. Why dont you join one of the clubs? Wallace MacDonald is in Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANCIS J. K.—I will be glad to see you any time.

OBLIGEE.—Well, I will try to answer you. Artcraft have been in existence for about five years. Mary Pickford used to be with them. They were always a part of Paramount. The starring system went into effect many years ago, but nobody can tell just when. I really haven't the name of the first featured player, but you remember Maurice Costello, Florence Laurence, Florence Turner and Mary Fuller.

AMPA.—Of course, I love you. The woman we love most is often the one to whom we express it the least. Yes, Bryant Washburn is very busy. He is playing in "An Amateur Devil," taken from the story "Wanted, a Blemish." I rather like the styles these days. Food is going down while dresses are going up. We never had an interview with James Crane.

LOWELL.—I'll do my best. As Balzac says, "Marriage has its unknown great men, as war has its Napoleons, poetry its Chéniers, and philosophy its Descartes." Johnny Hines appeared in person at a theater I attended, and told us all sorts of jokes. He's some boy. Yes, I saw "Harriet and the Piper," but it was not so good as the book. Anita Stewart was not so good as usual.

JAMAICA.—Tell her for me that Gaston Glass is her unknown hero. Milton Sills is not married.

G. T. R.—Thanks for the bit of news.

DOT 18.—Dot, dot, dot—dash, dash, dash—you bewilder me with such praise.—"Just finished reading your masterpiece and I'll have to hand it to you, you're clever in spite of old age. Together with being my priceless counselor, ministering angel, and faithful friend all combined, you are my guiding star." My little Dot, you are so very kind to me. To be loved is to receive the greatest of all compliments. I thank you.

SHIMMEY.—How do you do! As long as the heart preserves desire, the mind perserveres in illusion. So, just keep on wondering. Roscoe Arbuckle is playing in "The Life of the Party," which is a screen version of Irvin Cobb's *Saturday Evening Post* story. Ethel Grey Terry in "Heart Balm."

SOLOMONDI.—Pleastermeetyer. You might refer to Carlyle Blackwell, but I am not sure. Oh, Flossie C. P. deserted me years ago, and Olga is married somewhere in New York.

BILLIE B.—Thanks for the fee. Frederick Burton had the lead in "The Fortune Teller," with Marjorie Rambeau. "Lying Lips" is the latest Ince special and it co-stars House Peters and Florence Vidor.

S. D.—You gave no address.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—What would life be without a letter from you every month? Are you comparing my beard to the horse Lavender in Mary Pickford's "Suds"? What, my beard a horse's tail? I might consent to let you curl it, but be careful what you call it. Much obliged for your praise. I dont deserve it, but now that I have it, I will make believe that I do.

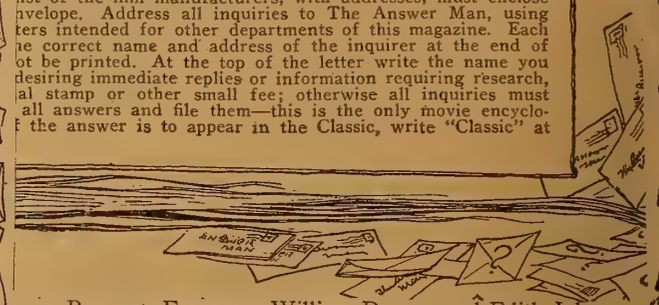
VYRGYNYA.—Some questions! "What would 'liking' raised to the *N*th degree be called?" "What is the square root of Love?" Put on your brakes, Vyrgynya, you're skidding. There ain't no such degree, and I dont know anything about love.

D. R.—You certainly are a very interesting person. I enjoyed every word of yours, and thanks a lot for the pictures. Pretty nice, I'll say.

ANXIOUS.—I haven't Roland F. Bottomley's present address. Sorry.

A NEW COMER; B. C.; NORMA OR ETHEL; V. M. PHILA; C. F.; ANXIOUS; IMA NUT; O. I. C.; A. McC.; BUDDIE; MR. U. B. CAREFUL; DICK'S ADMIRER. See elsewhere for your answers. Just do write me again.

list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose
avelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using
ters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each
ne correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of
ot be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you
desiring immediate replies or information requiring research,
al stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must
all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclo-
the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at



RICHARD FOREVER.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson in "Fighting Fate." You could not have a much higher ambition. Live, so that when you die, they will say that the world is a little better for your having lived in it.

HARRY THE POET.—And you dont know it. You want to know, "Did anyone ever slap Wally Reid on the wrist? and did Theda Bara ever use make-up?" You win first prize for asking the most profound questions.

UNKNOWN.—Thanks for the fee. Grace Morse was Elsie.

Z. Z. Z.—Really, I dont know where you can purchase a picture of Harold Lockwood. We had an interview with William Duncan in the January 1919 MAGAZINE.

AGNES S.—Health is never valued until the doctor sends in his bill. There is no list of the stars' addresses. Buck Jones is not married. Eugene O'Brien in "Regret." He is not married. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Viola Dana was married to John Collins but he died in the influenza epidemic about three years ago. No, the three Talmadges never played in the same picture, to my knowledge. I believe Corliss Palmer has been adjudged the most beautiful girl in America.

DOTELL.—Yes, do. Well, there ought to be in California. I know of lots in New York. Yes, Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters. Someone has said that Katherine McDonald was the most beauiful woman on the screen, but that was before Corliss Palmer was heard of.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—What could be sweeter? Right you be, altho I do not know much about such things. Woman's eternal prayer seems to be "Love me and tell me so sometimes." If I had a sweetheart, I would never get tired telling her how much I loved her, and I dont think she would get tired hearing it. I am not sure whether it is the same Griffith.

HAZEL C.—Well, Aristophanes is supposed to be the father of comedy, and Aeschylus of tragic poetry. You just write to Monte Blue and I am sure he will answer you. I hope your throat operation is all over by the time you read this, and then you will be able to smile and laugh and be happy. Good luck to you.

MCKAY MORRIS.—You are referred to the February 1920 issue of SHADOWLAND, which contains an interview with McKay Morris. Lots of good things are well preserved in alcohol, but not men. I regret to say that the player you mention is trying to preserve himself in that manner.

KITTY KAT.—Oh, I hope you aren't one. Thanks for the gum. No, indeed, I never get tired answering questions nor of chewing gum. Yes, I adore all the players you do, only I dont adore them. Well, you know what the saying is—A mother's a mother all the days of her life; a father's a father until he gets a new wife. You cant battle against fate.

PAULINE CURLEY ADMIRER.—You think we ought to have more about Pauline Curley in our magazines. We should.

ARTHUR L. Z.—You think the actors get pretty good pay and you would like to be one. Well Arthur, what's stopping you?

(*Continued on page* 112)

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Charles Ray

Norma Talmadge

Constance Talmadge

Anita Stewart

Katherine MacDonald

Dorothy Phillips

Lionel Barrymore

Mrs. Carter DeHaven

Pola Negri

Charles Chaplin

Carter DeHaven

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THEY are independent screen players, working directly for you, and appearing in pictures stamped with the First National trademark.

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And it has been found by experience that the best pictures are to be obtained from independent stars and producers, who are imbued with no other thought than to give you their best work. That's why they are your stars.

ASSOCIATED—
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

If a Price Tag

came on breakfasts

Were breakfast dishes marked with prices you would see this at a glance: Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

A chop costs 12 cents—two eggs cost 9 cents. One serving of bacon and eggs costs as much as 15 of Quaker Oats.

A meat, egg or fish breakfast, on the average, costs ten times Quaker Oats.

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs 6½ cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

Consider how that difference mounts up. It means 35 cents per breakfast in a family of five.

The One-Cent Dish

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As food for growth and vim-food it has age-old fame. Everybody should start the day on oats. Then think what you save when Quaker Oats is made your basic breakfast.

Calories per Pound		Cost per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	1810	Quaker Oats	6½c
Round Steak	890	Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	375	Average Fish	50c

Quaker Oats

The flavory queen grains only

Get Quaker Oats to make the dish doubly delightful. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These super-grade oats cost no extra price, so you should insist that you get them.

15 cents and 35 cents for package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publishing, please specify this in letter.

Favorites, old and new, and the best liked celluloid productions are found to vary as the likes and dislikes of the readers vary. But each is an honest critic, according to his lights, and thru the thousands of letters that pour in one may gradually extract the trend of popular opinion.

DEAR EDITOR—I have read with interest and pleasure all the discussions, criticism, etc., in your splendid magazine and think it's about time I gave my opinion of the movies.

I am not very hard to please and rarely criticize any pictures excepting William Fox productions. These, I think, are very suggestive, or at least the majority of them are, and should not be patronized. The William Farnum features, possibly, are exceptions.

I looked forward with pleasure to seeing "Victory" but was disappointed in it. I have never slept during pictures before but I dozed during the showing of "Victory"; it was boring. I think Jack Holt and Seena Owen are splendid, and thought as they were starred in this picture it would be good—but oh! it was horrible.

My favorite actor is Casson Ferguson. I saw him in "The Gipsy Trail" and from then on have raved about him. Wasn't he splendid as the joyous Irishman, Michael Rudder! I do wish he could have just another such part. I have seen him in all his pictures, but he has never since had such a chance to show his ability to act, altho in "The Shuttle" he was fine.

I disagree with some movie fans in saying that "The Miracle Man" is the greatest picture that has been produced. Bert Lytell in "Lombardi, Ltd." and "The Right of Way" was miles before "The Miracle Man." I had the misfortune to miss "Male and Female." This picture created a sensation over here. Everyone who saw it thought it was wonderful.

Mabel Normand in "Mickey" was quite a hit. She is an actress who can act. Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the Door" was glorious and will be an independent star before long, I am sure.

I think Tom Moore's masterpiece is "Heartsease." I did enjoy that picture and thought Tom was wonderfully human all thru it. Vivian Martin is very popular out here. "The Third Kiss" and "His Official Fiancee" made her a firm favorite. Marguerite Clark is very lovable and in "Come Out of The Kitchen" and "Girls" she was glorious. All her pictures give pleasure to the beholders and if she leaves the screen no one can take her place.

Connie Talmadge is charming, but I prefer Dorothy Gish. "The Hope Chest" I will always remember. Monte Blue I admire immensely and I'm sure everyone who saw "Private Pettigrew's Girl" and "Rustling a Bride" will agree with me in saying he is a fine actor. I think Wallie Reid, Bryant Washburn, Charlie Ray and Bill Hart are great. I also admire Henry Woodward and Rod LaRoque.

Has anyone specially mentioned the baby who played with William Farnum in "Heart Strings"? Where I saw this pic-

ture everyone raved over the baby. I think he stole the glory from the star. Talk about comedy, everyone screamed with laughter when he cried. He was a darling.

I do not care for Alla Nazimova but I think in "An Eye for an Eye" she was fascinating. I did not like "Revelation." Enid Bennett has improved wonderfully. In "Stepping Out" she was delightful.

In closing I would say that if any American girl or boy of about eighteen years could find time to correspond with this Australian fan, I would be awfully pleased to receive letters.

Wishing your magazine every success and assuring you that it is the "first, foremost, and finest,"

Very sincerely yours,
EILEEN LAWRENCESON,
15 Johnstone Street, Malvern,
Victoria, Australia.

Defense for slang is not new, but is sometimes beneficial. This reader says there is a place for slang in the movies, just as there is a place for everything representative of any class of Americans.

DEAR EDITOR—As I am an ardent reader and admirer of your magazine I am writing my third letter to you. I have the editorial in the March issue, entitled "Expletives." Then in the September issue, I have read a letter written by Mr. Harding Griffiths, of London, England. I also wish to express my opinion on the editorial.

In his letter Mr. Griffiths writes that he agrees with the writer of the editorial that slang and other vulgar sayings should be omitted from subtitles of motion pictures. I disagree with Mr. Griffiths and the writer of the editorial.

Mr. Griffiths agrees with the writer of the editorial that slang and other vulgar sayings should be omitted from subtitles of motion pictures. I disagree. To my mind a certain amount of slang is important in subtitles of photoplays. If Mr. Griffiths were a great photoplay writer and wished to write a scenario in which the characters were from the slums of a large city what kind of language would he make them speak? Would they speak highly polished society language or the language of the King's court? Certainly not. He would not and could not, because the characters are rough and ill bred and vulgar. They are not educated in the use of polished and refined language. Therefore they cannot use or comprehend such language. So Mr. Griffiths would have to use the language that these characters use, which would be slang!

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY J. DESSAU.
569 11th Ave., Astoria, L. I.

When we go to the cinema we like to lose ourselves in the picture, feeling that it is all honest-to-goodness happenings. But when the impossible takes place, we are suddenly awakened to the fact that it is only "make-believe" after all.

DEAR EDITOR—HOW DO THEY DO IT? I went to see "Civilian Clothes" and it was a very good picture, excepting that, when Tommy drank one of the Nineteenth Amendments, he put the glass back on the tray, then talked a while with his better two-thirds, and when he picked the tray up again there was no glass on it.

Also, in the Carter DeHaven comedy, "Spirits," the wife gives a guy her card, so he can call that night and make a hero of friend husband. A real crook takes the

How Pretty Teeth
are ruined during sleep

When you retire with a film on your teeth, it may all night long do damage.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush does not remove it all.

That film causes most tooth troubles. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains and makes the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape its damage. So dental science has for years been seeking a film combatant.

New method found

Now ways have been found to fight film and film effects. Able authorities have proved them. The ways are combined in a dentrifice called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And millions of people every day enjoy its benefits.

Watch it for ten days

This offers you a 10-Day Tube. Get it and watch its effects.

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects. The film is attacked in two efficient ways.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

It also keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

These five effects, attained twice daily, have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by what you see and feel. Our book will tell the reasons. This is too important to neglect. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 533

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1600 Broadway, New York
Peeping into the Private and Professional Life of
FAMOUS MOVIE STARS
Produced by SCREEN SNAPSHOTS, INC.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be, —gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator.....$ .75
M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads.....$ .75
M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....$ .50
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....$1.00
M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream".....$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites **Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.**

card out of his pocket and puts it in his own top coat pocket. He then takes it out of his bottom coat pocket to show it to his pal. How did it change pockets so suddenly?

D. C. RISSER.
Beaumont, Texas.

More thoughtless errors are pointed out by this Iowa writer. When pictures are taken in the order in which the story naturally takes place it is probable that such errors will be eliminated.

DEAR EDITOR—I get the Motion Picture Magazine every month and I must say that it is the most interesting magazine I have ever read.

May I call your attention to a picture I saw sometime ago, "The Prince Chap" in which Thomas Meighan, my favorite actor played? There still lingers in my mind the question; when did William Peyton pay his rent? He promised to pay it when a certain statue was sold. In another scene, three years later the same statue was there. I am wondering if he kept his apartment for three years without paying rent. If so, that is more than most people can do nowadays.

And also, where did "Puckers" get the rose she held in her hand at the time of the death of Claudia's mother? The rose which was given Claudia's mother by the girl who was posing for the painting, was crushed as she came out of the studio, after having been told that she was too late for the position. Of course, strange things happen occasionally.

Sincerely yours,
ESTHER HANSEN.

Words of praise are welcome to young and old, wise or otherwise, stars or lesser lights. Even Mary will appreciate this fragrant bouquet that is sent her from the Philippines:

DEAR SIR—I have read a copy of every issue of your magazine and I am very interested in talking about motion pictures and the stars. It is not I only, but also the whole people of the Philippines who are interested in them. You must know the Philippine likes the North American pictures, especially the views, houses and people. Furthermore, American films are natural and the subject of the pictures is always nice and interesting and not exaggerated, while some of the films, for instance the Italian, are rarely used and not admired very much. All your photoplays are fine and the stars likewise. Men and women, old and young and lame, enjoy them.

The plays of Mary Pickford or Wallace Reid are life savers to those who are drowning in a sea of mournfulness. Wallace Reid, in spite of his handsome face and fancy acts, had his greatest success here in "Joan, the Woman." This play greatly increased his popularity here. Mary Pickford with her charming beauty, softens every gentleman's heart, even tho it is hard. Her face can be compared to the star which is the brightest of all in the sky. Tho she dress in humble clothes yet her beauty never fades. Every man in the city whom you might ask "who is the most popular actress of the Paramount," would always answer "Mary Pickford, the queen of the movies."

I will close my letter with much gratitude for each edition of your magazine.

Yours very sincerely,
ANGELA B. LACDAN,
1462 Mangahan St., Sta. Cruz., Manila, P.I.

Exit the stereotyped Englishman! Enter the new virile type! say the critics and the cry is echoed by the author of this letter. If we must have types, let us have them up-to-date and true-to-life, such as Herbert Rawlinson, who is suggested as a pattern for American producers.

DEAR EDITOR—As a subscriber to your magazine, I should feel greatly obliged if you would insert the following in your open column of Letters to the Editor in response to an epistle in your May issue.

I notice in your magazine a letter signed "Edith B. L." about the types of Englishmen seen in American films. She is quite correct—most of them are mere caricatures. How many Englishmen do you see now wearing monocles? You could walk round here a month and not see one. It is not pleasant to see a fine American film the Englishman who is usually an object of ridicule. I dare say you do see foolish Englishmen in America, but they are the exception, not the rule. And when I think of many fine fellows that I used to know, who are now lying in soldiers' graves in France, Gallipoli, and the hundred and one places where the Englishmen fought, it seems an insult to the race.

Now, American producers, just think of this. We appreciate the beautiful pictures you send us with your fair women and fine men, but please remember you have not the monopoly of either. The old country is not yet played out, not by a long shot. The men are as virile as ever and the women are every whit as charming as their mothers were, which surely bespeaks an English origin. And what about Herbert Rawlinson, surely a typical Englishman, if ever there was one. Why dont you take him as a pattern and act accordingly, and remove the cause of so much adverse comment over here?

Wishing you and your magazine every success, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
WM. I. CROWSON,
Mill Gate, Newark, Notts, England.

Pen friends are very welcome when one is lonely, and especially appealing is the letter that comes from a land across the sea. "There is not a wind that blows but bears with it some rainbow promise," and the winds of American motion pictures bear into Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and farther, onto the high seas and into the far corners of the earth, a promise of friendship and congeniality between peoples of different nationalities. This English girl wishes to become acquainted by letter with some American people.

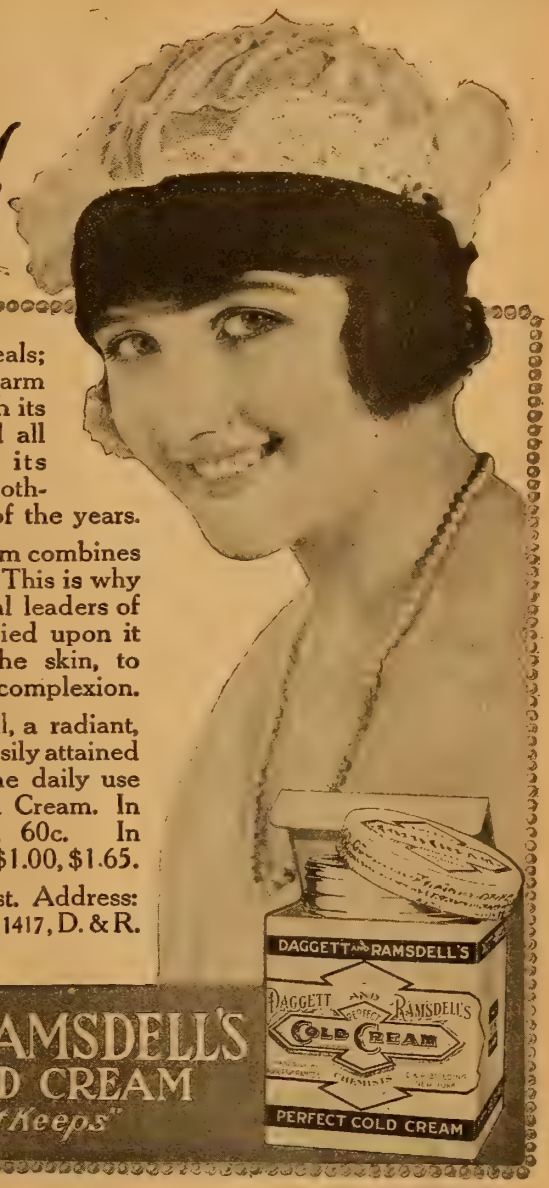
DEAR EDITOR—I have long been a reader of your three magazines, but England is so far away, that, up to the present, I have never written you before.

I have noticed that some readers desire to correspond with others and I wondered if you would put me in touch with someone who wants a pen friend in England.

I should be pleased to write to people of either sex to discuss screen matters and things in general. So will you please give my address to someone of the same mind, and oblige.

Yours sincerely,
A. MYRTLE RICTIKER,
206 Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway,
London, N. 19, England.

Your Beauty Ideals



You have three beauty ideals; to attain the wondrous charm of a lovely skin; to cherish its beauty in all seasons and all weathers; to maintain its dainty softness and smoothness against the passing of the years.

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream combines all three of these ideals. This is why famous beauties and social leaders of three generations have relied upon it to cleanse and refresh the skin, to beautify and preserve the complexion.

The greatest charm of all, a radiant, beautiful complexion, is easily attained and enhanced through the daily use of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. In sanitary tubes 12c, 30c, 60c. In handy glass jars 40c, 60c, $1.00, $1.65.

FREE trial tube on request. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1417, D. & R. Building, New York.

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PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

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New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

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Motion picture photography taught in three to four weeks by an expert now engaged in the business in a well equipped motion picture studio. Instruction day and evening. Call or write.

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S. M'KEE LAWHUN,
Studio of the Itala of America
Photo Play Corporation,
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Wanted

5,000

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Robertson-Cole.
BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Juliene Scott—Paramount.
BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
BRANDING IRON, THE—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.
BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith.
BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Production—All Star.
BURNT WINGS—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
CHARM SCHOOL, THE—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
CINEMA MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
CIVILIAN CLOTHES—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH—D-8.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
COST, THE—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Starke—Vitagraph.
CURTAIN—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
DANCIN' FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DARLING MINE—C-8.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWN—D-7.
Sylvia Breamer—Pathé.
DEADLIER SEX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
DEVIL'S PASS KEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—1st National.
DINTY—WESLEY BARRY—MD-8.
Marshall Neilan Production—1st Nat'l.
DONT EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EASTERN WESTERNER—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathe
EARTHBOUND—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.
EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical-6.
All Star—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.
FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.
FIGHTING CHANCE, THE—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
FLAPPER, THE—C-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National
GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
John Cumberland—Pathé.
GIRL IN ROOM 29—CD-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.
GOOD REFERENCES—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
GREAT ACCIDENT, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
GREAT ADVENTURE, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
HALF AN HOUR—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
HAIRPINS—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathe.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
HELIOTROPE—MD-6.
All Star—Paramount.
HIGH AND DIZZY—C-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
HONEST HUTCH—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

(Continued on page 98)

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Reconsidering Pearl

(*Continued from page 29*)

ning her fingers thru her blonde hair, "and now that I'm leaving for the South on exteriors it will probably save me buying a velvet one. When I get back it will be very cold and straw hats will be the vogue."

"But all the things you brought back from France?" I questioned.

"No hats," she deplored, "Wraps and dresses—those closets are crammed full of them. But no hats."

She talks rapidly and she is frank. Probably at dinner or under similar circumstances she would appear to like you when she did not, but ordinarily, when it wouldn't embarrass others for her to act frankly, I doubt any evasion. She has a remarkably clear outlook and according to her "a thing either is or it isn't."

"It's chilly driving in from the country these mornings," she said. "I live out on Long Island and this year I have no place in town."

"Perhaps friends have?" I suggested tentatively.

"Thank Heavens, yes," smiled Pearl. "I'll probably live a nomadic existence again this winter as I did last. My place is crowded all summer—whether I'm home or not, the crowd comes down for swimming and tennis and always at week-ends. Then in the winter I determine to go back and forth, but when I get thru late I find myself calling someone up and advising them that I'm visiting them—to leave the key in some bunk or advise the servants that I'm expected. That," she said, hands outstretched, "is what you call reciprocation."

She was about to start work on her fourth feature for Fox when I saw her and we were interrupted several times while she attended to various details. From what I could gather she is quite as capable of taking care of the lights and technical details as the experts engaged for this purpose.

"I've always worried about such things," she told me, "ever since I did serials for Pathé, but it's foolish now when every company under the sun pays somebody for worrying especially about that certain thing. But, as a matter of fact, I'll probably go on worrying about them just the same. It's a habit I have—a bad habit."

"Do you believe," I asked, "in taking life seriously?"

"No, I dont," she said, "but at the same time I find that I do. I began to take it seriously in the beginning—I find it almost impossible to change."

She thinks your audience is greater if you do serials, altho she added that the feature production is a greater personal gratification.

With a keen appreciation of the situation, she told me that only her father and herself knew when she was born, because the town had burned down and all records had been destroyed.

"Father has probably forgotten anyway," she vouchsafed so they'll have me everything from sweet sixteen to forty so long as I remain on the screen."

She calls her admirers "customers," and has written, in addition to her biography, "Just Me," several poems which have appeared in the different magazines, among them one on baseball about which she admits she knows nothing.

I tried to have her tell me where she found the copy for the baseball poem—how she had thought of it but it was to no avail.

"It's a good poem tho," she defended smiling, "especially when I'm making personal appearances at the theaters and the ushers fail to get my signal to bring down the flowers—when there are any, I mean. I always use it then, if I can remember it."

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Rôles and Results

(*Continued from page* 45)

cian has to know his instrument to obtain the best results. A director has to know *his* instruments to obtain the best results. Time is a builder and a potent factor, it would seem to me."

I asked Miss Breamer what rôles, what plays she is most ambitious to do.

"I prefer to play emotional rôles," she told me, adding with a laugh, "wronged wives and 'other women.'" I believe that heavy love is always interesting. As for plays . . . I am mad to do 'Tiger Rose,' but I know it to be an all but impossible ambition. The rights are hopelessly tied up. And I should love to do Barrie's 'The Twelve Pound Look'—there *is* chance of my doing that, with Mr. Franklin, altho it is only an unformulated plan, as yet."

The day I talked with her, Miss Breamer was *en route* the following day for California, there to see her mother and brother, who have been with her the past year or more, off for Australia. Immediately upon their departure, she is to return to New York again. This trip makes something like her thirty-eighth transcontinental voyage in a period of eighteen months, or something phenomenal.

"I rest on wheels," she told me, "I sleep from the hour I leave until the hour I arrive. It's the most time-saving rest cure I know of."

The Admirable Optimist

(*Continued from page* 58)

scenes. When he saw Roberts going thru his part in dried garments, he exclaimed, "Man alive, that'll never do; you will have to get wet again."

"Never," said Roberts. "I wouldn't go into that water again to-day for a million."

"Ah," said Ray Hatton, who is always joking with Roberts, "here's my chance," and he poured bucketful after bucketful of water over his laughing confrère.

All in all, Theodore Roberts is very similar to every level-headed, worth-while American. He has no Nietzschean theories, nor can I compare him to Dante, nor Macbeth, nor Richard 3rd. He doesn't remind me of the platitudes of Horace nor of the philosophy of Plato.

He is nothing more or less than a clean-souled artist, who is happy at work or at play; at the studio or at home—a large, welcoming home, which houses the most wonderful airedales in the world. Thruout his career, Theodore Roberts has managed to carry some pets with him. Now he has innumerable cats, dogs, pigeons, sea-gulls.

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Oh, it's proper and neat
To call Miss Blanche—sweet,
For she's pretty and dainty and sunny
And I'm never above
Calling Miss Bessie—love,
But to call Charlie — Chaplain — that's funny!

"Good Bye, Boys!"

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☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
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☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Teacher
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Spanish
☐ CHEMIST	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ French
☐ Navigation	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ 7-26-19

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 94)

HUMORESQUE—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
IF I WERE KING—D-8.
William Farnum—Fox.
INFERIOR SEX, THE—CD-8.
Mildred Harris—First National.
IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
JAILBIRD, THE—CD-5.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
JACK-KNIFE MAN, THE—D-11.
King Vidor Production—First National.
JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
KISMET—D-8.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.
LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—D-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—C-7.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
LOVE FLOWER, THE—D-7.
Carol Dempster—Griffith Production.
LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MADAM X.—MD-7.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.
MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MASTER MIND—D-9.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
MIDSUMMER, MADNESS—D-9.
All Star—Paramount.
MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson and Meighan—Tucker Prod.
MISFIT WIFE, THE—D-7.
Alice Lake—Metro.
MISS HOBBS—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
NURSE MARJORIE—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
OLD-FASHIONED BOY, AN—F-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—D-5.
H. B. Warner—Pathé.
ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
OVER THE HILL—MD-10.
Mary Carr—Fox.
PAGAN LOVE—D-7.
Mabel Ballin—Hugo Ballin Production.
PASSERS-BY—D-7.
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.
PASSION—TRAGEDY DRAMA—11.
Pola Negri—First National.
PEACEFUL VALLEY—D-11.
Charles Ray—First National.
PENALTY, THE—MD-6.
Lon Chaney—Goldwyn.
PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
RESTLESS SEX, THE—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—D-8.
Mae Murray and David Powell—Param.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
ROMANCE—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
SEA WOLF, THE—D-9.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
SEX—SP,MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
SHARK, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
SHORE ACRES—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
SILVER HORDE, THE—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SIMPLE SOULS—CD-7.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
SINS OF ST. ANTHONY, THE—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SINS OF ROZANNE—MD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
SO LONG LETTY—F-7.
All Star—Robertson-Cole.
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-10.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—Cecil de Mille Production.
STOLEN KISS, THE—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Paramount.
STOP THIEF—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP., MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
SWEET LAVENDER—D-10.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
SUDS—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
THIRD GENERATION, THE—C-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
39 EAST—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
TIGER'S CLUB—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.
TOBY'S BOW—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
TOLL GATE, THE—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Production.
THRU EYES OF MEN—D-8.
Frank Mayo—Taylor Production.
TWIN BEDS—F-6.
Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven—First National.
VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
VILLAGE SLEUTH, THE—C-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—SP., MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
VIRTUOUS VAMP, THE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
WHAT WOMEN LOVE—CD-5.
Annette Kellermann—First National.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.
WILLOW TREE, THE—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
WOMAN AND THE PUPPET, THE—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD, THE—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.
YELLOW TYPHOON—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
YES OR NO—CD-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

READERS' CRITIQUE

BLACKMAIL—MD-10.
Viola Dana—Metro.
CUP OF FURY, THE—D-10.
Helene Chadwick—Goldwyn.
DARK MIRROR, THE—D-5.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
DEVIL'S PASSKEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Production—Universal.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EVERYBODY'S SWEETHEART—D-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-10.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—First National.
HUMORESQUE—D-12.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-5.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
INVISIBLE BOND, THE—SD-6.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
LADDER OF LIES—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—SD-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-10.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MADAM X—MD-11.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MIDCHANNEL—D-7.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM—CD-7.
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Dorothy Phillips—Universal.
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PENALTY, THE—MD-11.
Lon Chaney—Goldwyn.
PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-12.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
ROMANCE—D-8.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
SCRATCH MY BACK—CD-9.
Helene Chadwick—Goldwyn.
SILVER HORDE, THE—D-7.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SINS OF ROZANNE—MD-12.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
SINS OF ST. ANTHONY—CD-3.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SUDS—D-8.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
SWEET LAVENDER—D-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
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Shirley Mason—Paramount.
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Lucille Worth.....Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane.....Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie—Erminie Gagnon
Detective.....Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk.....Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham.....Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim.....Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....Wm. White
Richard Worth.....Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper....Mrs. F. Mayer
Officer Jones.....Seymoure Panish	Police Captain.....O. L. Langhanke
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Coffee Pots and Crowns

(*Continued from page 23*)

as long if it were rinsed out every night.

And out of this cocoon has burgeoned Betty Blythe, the cinema star. Her body is exquisite. A maid follows at her beck and call. She purchases batik—that beloved material of pagan-souled women—at exorbitant prices. She signs large checks without hesitation. She dominates scenes in which 400 persons appear, by the power of her physical presence alone. I am not speaking hearsay, I am telling you that of which I myself have been a witness.

"I am so tremendously happy," Betty told me recently, "that I find it extremely difficult to do the tear scenes. Almost impossible!"

Is it her newly born success, you ask, which accounts for this?

Partly that, but more because she has realized her great desires all at once.

She has just married Paul Scardon and love has formed the crown for Betty's career.

"Marriage and love have developed the best there is in me," says Betty. "The only worth while things I have ever accomplished have been done since my marriage. It is all so wonderful. At night we plan and talk over our aspirations together and Paul rehearses me in my parts. He has even higher ambitions for me than I have for myself. No—he will not direct me. I think it fairer to both of us to keep our careers separate and distinct."

In her dressing-room, on the set, in the studio, Betty Blythe is a fragrant, vivid person wrapped in brilliant colorings.

At home she maintains that she wears softer shades. I dont know, I shall have to see to believe. For the fire of her presence is such that even baby blue would crimson at her touch, I feel.

As yet, Betty Blythe is unspoiled. She is controlling her natural tendency for a prima donna temperament with an iron will.

No one who is not driven by that vast energy of genius can understand the taut nerves resulting from perpetual pushing endeavor.

But Betty Blythe has that necessary leaven to an artistic temperament, someone she loves better than herself, her husband, which with her naturally clear head will prevent her from falling into the class of spoiled beauties.

But, Betty! dont ever ask me again to imagine you and that coffee pot—for, Betty, I saw you in a crown and a robe of barbaric beauty.

And it just cant be done.

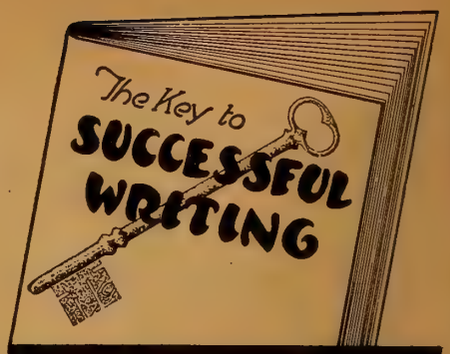
A REUNION

By Alice Thorn

The stillness of the village all about me,
Green, grassy slopes and many a spreading tree;
A prim New England street, white spire and homesteads,
As lonely as a fellow well can be.

But round the corner, lights are cheerfully twinkling,
And well I know what I shall thrill to see.
A little hall, piano softly playing,
'Tis here a welcome surely waits for me.

Upon the screen they smile, old friends and famous,
Far from the town we love, yet here we meet . . .
It warms my heart, this sort of glad reunion,
These movies on a quiet country street.



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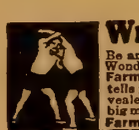

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The Marsh Flower

(*Continued from page* 55)

iarly her own, which never fails to grip and hold her audiences.

Not only does this little actress possess the great art of successfully expressing her emotions in her sensitive face but in her entire body as well. Who of us will ever forget those small hands twisting in her lap as they plainly told the heart-rending agony, shaking The Girl, in the famous court room scene in "Intolerance," while her eyes smiled bravely to comfort The Boy, in his crucial trial? I believe this was one of the most subtle bits of acting that has yet reached the screen.

It was Bobbie Harron who played the rôle of The Boy, and when we spoke of his recent tragic death, Mae's grey eyes filled with tears and she told me he was the sweetest boy she had ever known and that it was still impossible for her to realize that he was really gone.

Miss Marsh's girlishness has been deeply touched with a new womanly dignity and softness and she is embued with the quiet contentment that bespeaks a happy heart.

She feels that the love element is absolutely necessary in all film stories. "All the world has loved, is loving or hopes to love," she went on, seriously, "so this naturally becomes the universal theme. It is the fundamental of life so it must be of motion pictures which endeavor to depict life as it is. Can you imagine a world without romance, without loving or being loved?" and the soft voice expressed the tragedy of the mere thought.

"Simplicity and sincerity are what count before the camera and they bring success to the picture," she continued. "The tear—the smile—with the intermediate shadings, should be faithfully studied. For my own I become so attached to my screen characters, watching them develop and become real beings, that I am always filled with regret when I have to bid them farewell in the final scene."

Regarding careers, Miss Marsh believes that, as a woman has many sides to her nature, she needs the stimulation of work, a visible outlet for her energies, this being the surest remedy for routing the great feminine foe—restlessness.

"I tagged my way into motion pictures," Mae grew reminiscent. "I used to follow my sister Marguerite to the old Biograph studio and then, one great day, Mr. Griffith noticed me, put me in a picture and I had my chance. I love my work and tho new and very wonderful interests have entered my life, I still love it and couldn't think of giving it up."

"And the future?" I ventured.

"I want to go on and do better things in motion pictures. Some day, I hope to go on the stage. I believe all our experiences combine to make us better actors. We may not need to actually live thru everything we act but at least, we must have gained a comprehension of the mental attitude attending each experience and this comes only by touching life at many points. I have always idolized Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske—they have been my inspiration. All three have lived—struggled—achieved."

"Should Mary develop a talent for acting"—I began.

"I shall give her every chance to fulfil her destiny," promptly replied the little mother, "I dream of great things for her but most of all I want her to be blessed with the gift of Happiness. Nothing else really counts—the trouble comes in finding out just what constitutes happiness," which remark goes to show that the new Mae Marsh is becoming philosophic.

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My way of teaching piano or organ is **entirely different** from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent **entirely away from the keyboard**—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you **do** go to the keyboard you accomplish **twice as much,** because you **understand what you are doing.** Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLORO-TONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use Transposition — usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY — which cannot be always accurate —you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

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The Human Note

(*Continued from page* 40)

She became enthusiastic, to the dire discomfiture of the coiffeur who brandished a threatening iron—at me, I think.

"Four plays for the screen," she told me; "four well-known Broadway successes. Cant tell you what the names of them are—or rather, cant tell the G. A. P. what they are—*now*, because it would spoil my punch to announce them so far ahead, but they're well-known, well-loved, *human* plays and I'm going to do them according to Drew tradition—humanly."

"You going to be in 'em?" I asked, "or what . . . ?" Knowing that she had done considerable writing and directing without personal appearance since Sidney Drew's death, I wondered.

"Going to adapt them for the screen, direct them and play the leading woman rôle in them," she said; "I believe it's my logical next step. The screen needs, just now, some fine homely strong plays with a mature sort of woman the dominant interest. I couldn't play the young girl or the ingénue even if I wanted to. I am known as *Mrs.* Sidney Drew, a mature woman in her thirties. I shall continue to be known as such—if not more so. When I made my personal appearance in "Keep Her Smiling," the public swooned. They had expected forty—or even fifty, I suppose. I believe that I am the one to do these plays. I am known. I am the only woman of my type and age (which is 30, as it happens). that I know of. And I have selected the plays to fit my personality and my ability. They are to be the stuff—strong stuff of every day—poetry and prose—idea and ideal—life, love and all of it—*human!*"

"Why stage plays?" I asked, knowing her own creative ability along the line of playwriting.

"That's my commercialism," she said, briskly, "Mrs. Sidney Drew in some unknown human drama is all very well—perhaps. But Mrs. Sidney Drew in (and here she quoted the name of a widely known Broadway success) is, I think, a sure fire proposition. Part of knowing your human stuff," she said, "is to admit into the whole a decent ingredient of commercialism. To be too highbrow is as dangerous as to be too lowbrow. Steer a middle course. I want to give 'em red blood, the modern dream and strife, the good old hearthstone, the glad hand and the warm heart and I'm going to do it if it takes me the rest of my life to make 'em know how much they need it and how much they love it!"

"Well, they love *you*," I said, reflecting on the letters from her aforementioned G. A. P. we receive at our office daily, crying "Give us more of the Drews—give us the sort of thing they used to do!"

"I want them to *love what I stand for*," she said, "without which I am not complete."

SOCIETY NOTE

After a protracted stay in Germany, Mlle. Alsace Lorraine has returned to her home in France and will remain indefinitely.

GEBHART.—Is that a popular song the pianist is playing?

CARSONE.—It was before she began playing it.

WALTER PULITZER.

Shadowland for FEBRUARY

THREE remarkable features will appear in the February issue of SHADOWLAND, making it a magazine worth reading, if there were nothing else in it. But there are other attractions, too.

A series of articles on the motion picture have been prepared by

W. L. GEORGE

the British novelist who wrote "Caliban," "The Second Blooming," "A Bed of Roses" and other internationally famous stories. The first of this series appears in February SHADOWLAND.

FRED. JAMES SMITH

has interviewed Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher. The result of this interview is a remarkable discourse on trend of modern Western civilization. Tagore sees the fate of the world hanging in the balance. The interview has been approved by Dr. Tagore and is the official word to America.

Oliver M. Sayler tells of another wonderful character of Russia in the story of

SHALIAPIN

the peasant singer, who has sung his way thru the chaos of revolution and is now the idol of Russia. The story will appear in the February SHADOWLAND.

Attractive color plates, artistic picture pages, and personality stories of screen and stage luminaries compel the interest.

Results of the Rambler trip thru shops and smart resorts are given, together with illustrations of the newest things in wearing apparel and novelties.

Those who seek the shrine of beauty will find helpful advice and information in the beauty articles, the second of which will appear in

The FEBRUARY Issue *of* SHADOWLAND

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New Wonderful Way—Charm of Youth Restored

Wonderful results! Wrinkles and age lines banished. Yes, this new secret method works marvels. You should learn about it right now. Learn how it makes the skin as smooth, clear and beautiful as the famous complexions of the Japanese women. (You know how soft, satiny and lovely their skins are.) No matter how long you may have suffered from these blemishes, no matter what you have tried, get the information we will gladly send about the Princess Tokio treatment. Get the Princess Tokio Beauty Book. It is free. It tells you how to have the perfect skin beauty that all women long for. Yours for the coupon. Send.

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Contest Resumé

(*Continued from page* 41)

tent with the first camera test of many of the leading contestants, but they could not believe the evidence of their eyes when they saw the screen tests of Miss Palmer. Many more tests were made and under the most trying conditions, and it was finally discovered that she stood the acid test of the most trying emotional scenes that were given to her. In fact, she screened so well that she was promptly given the leading female rôle in "Ramon, the Sailmaker," a five-reel feature which was just being prepared for production, with Orville R. Caldwell in the leading rôle.

Mr. Caldwell stands six feet three inches, and is making a great impression on New York audiences in the picturesque rôle of leading man in "Mecca," at the Century Theater, New York.

Miss Palmer stands five feet five inches, and each acts as an admirable foil for the other.

The production is now nearly completed and it will probably be released thruout the country before the first of the year.

A number of other girls in the contest also appear in this picture and Allene Ray, who came out second in the 1920 contest has a prominent rôle. These two winners, the Misses Palmer and Ray have been interviewed and the articles will soon appear in all three of the Brewster Publications concerning them.

Realizing the great success of the contest that is just over, it is with great pleasure that we enter into the new one, confident that it will reveal much hidden beauty and talent for the screen.

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By Frank H. Williams

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Wind Shield—Wind shield is needed by friends when star begins to blow about his achievements.

Lighting System—Home brew thruout. Is guaranteed to get well lit up on three drinks.

Running-Board—Yes, but tells landlady he expects to pay up shortly.

Top—Rather thinly covered with hair.

Brakes—Makes all kinds of them, probably due to early environment.

Crank—The director says he is.

Color—Black and blue after Friend Wife has told him what's what.

Chassis—Long and lean, nothing much to look at without the upholstery.

Muffler Cutout—He has cut it out since the boys kidded him about it.

Intake—About $1,000,000 yearly.

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The Old Hokum Bucket

(*Continued from page 32*)

In pictures revolving about individuals belonging to that extraordinarily undercensused set known as the Four Hundred, it has become an established vogue to introduce the hero dining in a room resembling a Furniture Exposition. And yet, because they have been fed this fascinating sight so many times, audiences have become willing to accept it as bona fide, when in truth it is the variest hokum. These same gilded circles dress their maids in the popular musical comedy mode—short skirts revealing gleaming black silk stockings and pertly heeled shoes—and cause their butlers to crook their arms at the elbow as if seized by a painful cramp. As a matter of cold fact, maids along the Drive are somberly and conservatively caparisoned, while butlers have arms that swing just as easily as yours or mine. The true version, however, is the less picturesque, and as such, would not jibe with the conventional treatment to which the "fan" has grown accustomed: besides eliminating that which is, in the parlance of the Kliegs and Cooper Hewitts, "society stuff." In celluloidland, a butler who does not crook his arms is no butler.

More than one giggle has been extracted from the situation of the country bumpkin who shakes hands with the austere butler when the latter has extended his hand for the rural chapeau. Further laughs have resulted from that mossgrown bit that pictures the yokel from the backwoods refusing to surrender his hat at the check-room of the gilded cafe. Old, you say? And yet you smiled when Raymond Hatton pulled it only so recently as in "The Dancin' Fool"! Charles Ray has done it times immemorial; this, and variations of it. Sometimes, perhaps, it has been his unwillingness to relinquish his carpet-bag to the bell-boy, but in effect, it has always remained the same. Ray has, incidentally, a considerable repertoire of hokum with which he sprinkles his rube characterizations. Consider him as the bashful wooer, twisting his cap, or tearing his handkerchief, in his embarrassment; as the ambitious farm-lad determining to make good in the big city; as the boorish hayseed dazzled by the glare of the white lights; as the abused "hick" among "city fellers,"—and so on, thru the list, repeated in play after play, with uniformly steady success.

When the sinning Theda Bara and her sister-cinema actress, the florid Valeska Suratt, were at height of their lurid film careers, creating purple pasts, the hokum used to overflow from the screen into the first rows, so potent was it—and so lavishly applied. Virginia Pearson and Louise Glaum were others who affected the pastime of wrecking homes, while Kitty Gordon and Dorothy Dalton also succeeded in keeping the Ohio Board of Censors ever on the *qui vive*. Here were films decked with leopard-skin couches and Chinese incense, perfumed cigarets and Egyptian idols, rich young sons and handsome old fathers, grey-haired mothers and blonde, ingenuous wives, midnight revelry in private rooms rivaling the Grand Central Station in area, and climaxes in the entrance of the New York Police Force. "You must choose between us, Harold!" was bound to appear somewhere along about the middle of the picture—altho sometimes it was Albert or Gregory. And at the conclusion of reel-the-last, a blonde bit of precocity invariably afforded the reconciliation by joining mamma's and daddy's hands, which, likewise invariably, inspired the scenario-writer to produce that old favorite, dusted up for winter wear, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The sturdiest limb of the hokum tree is the last minute rescue. While the audience writhes in the seat and the orchestra plays "hurry" music, the hero breaks in the door just as the villain is about to kiss the heroine on the mouth—just in time to save the picture from being demolished by the National Board of Censorship! Think back to "Hearts of the World," "Scarlet Days," "The Idol Dancer," and the more recent "Love Flower." Variations of this motif were to be found in them all. This merely proves that even a Griffith appreciates the necessity of hokum, if the play is to possess a universally popular appeal. In the days when World was functioning, there was hardly a product from their Fort Lee foundry that did not present some beautiful lady being chased around a gilt table in a lonely roadhouse or country estate, with intermittent flashes of the hero swerving around corners in his racer, on the way to the last-reel rescue.

When the Civil War is depicted, there will always be a courier to dash up on horseback, dismount from his foam-flecked charger and madly dust the powder from his chest with his gauntlets. And there will be, nine times out of ten, the pardon at sunrise, as the orchestra strikes up "Stars and Stripes Forever," while the hero accepts congratulations from General Grant, and slips away to a nearby orchard where, amidst the fluttering peachblossoms, he slips a ring on the hoop-skirted heroine's finger and enfolds her in his arms, as the cameraman knocks off work for the day.

If you attend a celluloid drama wherein the butler's name is given on the screen, you may rest assured that this advance notice is to prepare you for his offer, later on, of his life savings, to the master who has been ruined in the street by the drop of P. D. & Q. Perhaps the master has lost his fortune because of a woman rival, with whom he is necessarily in love. In that case, in your search for the hokum trail, you may look for the enlightening subtitle "I cant fight a woman, Hendrickson!" this to his partner or advising friend. In another part of the picture you will find the woman in the case dismissing the hero, and stretching her arms out in silent longing, toward the door thru which he has just passed. These things are expected and enjoyed, and so long as they continue to draw the plaudits of the audience, they will continue to be important parts of our screen-fare.

Certain axioms are observed in the spooling of pictures that are directly traceable to the influence of the Old Hokum Bucket. For example, there is a revolver in every library drawer, just as there is one of the pearl-handled variety in every boudoir dressing-table, and a .38 in every office desk. Whenever someone wishes to follow or chase someone else, it is to be regularly assumed that there is a vacant taxi always waiting. Englishmen always have monocles and waxed moustaches, and country heroines must have the sun shining thru their golden hair. Whenever necessary, the hero will eat the incriminating "papers." In so recent an opus as "The Mollycoddle," Doug Fairbanks accomplished this impossible feat. He was able to do it because it had been done before by matinèe idols not a whit handsomer than he. Why not?

Director, playwright, star and producer alike, all gather around the Old Hokum Bucket, drawn, dripping with ideas, from the well of sure-fire stuff. For without its inspiring draughts, the pictures would languish and die.

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The Unretouched Portraiture

(*Continued from page 25*)

"What I called him was terrible," Tony later confessed to me. "I called him a blackmailer—and a——," (unmentionable epithets,) "I nearly sloughed him. And then—after I had blown everything off my chest—I bought the advertising."

"And why did you do that?" I demanded.

"What else could I do after insulting the man?" replied Tony, with a shrug.

His memory is remarkable, both for courtesies and insults. During a visit to New York, he was interviewed by several newspaperwomen. He requested me to forward the articles when they appeared. Two appeared simultaneously, both splendid in their conception of Tony, and I mailed them at once. Five days later I received a telegram: "Send roses and my appreciation to Miss——and Miss——. Most grateful for the nice things they said."

It was midwinter. The bank account was low. But I sent roses from a Fifth Avenue shop. Immediately upon my arrival in California, a month later, Tony demanded to know the bill. I told him. "Is that all?" he cried in disgust when I mentioned the young fortune I'd spent. "My, but you're a cheap bird."

I politely told him to go to a place much, much rosier than New York.

One fault in Tony which always upsets me is his punctuality. He has the irritating habit of making appointments with you for some such uncanny hour as nine o'clock in the morning. Worse, he always is on time, and Tony exercises the same patience in waiting as a polar bear. He paces up and down, swears and works his watch-chain. Virtually every person who interviewed him in New York was late for appointment. Tony never was. Which, as every interviewer knows, is a reversal of form.

He may be temperamental as a Spaniard. He isn't as a star. I never knew any player so conscientious about a company's time. Not long ago a photographer, whose work Tony greatly admires, called upon the star to make some studies of him for the magazines. Tony wouldn't give the time.

"I appreciate with all my heart the honor," he explained, "I know your wonderful work and the good it would do me, but I must refuse. I cannot take the company's time. Please have dinner with me some evening before you leave California."

Incidentally, his best rôle is that of host. Never is he so ebullient as when entertaining. He has the finesse of the European for the details of gallantry. No matter how indigo his mood, it becomes roseate upon the arrival of guests. They would never suspect that he had spent the afternoon in a dentist's chair or doing stunts in icy water. Nor is this gallantry an effort. Affectation is impossible to Tony. He must feel the part or he's out of the picture.

On a trip to San Francisco not long ago he earned the title of "the prince of good fellows," because of his liberality with tips and his ability as a host. Yet, in Los Angeles he seldom indulges in parties. Tommy Meighan, I believe, ranks highest among his friends. He and Tommy have at least one mutual bond—their detestation of conceit and starry ostentation. Both have a host of staunch friends outside of the picture profession.

I suppose the feminine admirers of Tony would not be content with an impression unless it contained his opinions about women. I must say that I fail on that score.

I never heard him discuss women individually. Rumor often has engaged him to various celebrated stars—Edith Storey, Alice Joyce, Alice Lake, Viola Dana. And, as customary, without authority. He is a great admirer of women but not of flappers. Those of intellectual attainments, sans flapper coquetry, fascinate his attention. He must be very successful with women, not only because of the way he rivets his black eyes upon them but because he is an eloquent listener. His attention never deflects when a lady is speaking. Personally, I think he has a Svengali influence over the fair. I never knew anyone who had such an instinct for the right compliment. For instance, if a woman is obviously beautiful, he usually commends her for her cleverness. If she is very clever, he usually manifests interest in her eyes, her hair or her carriage. It's a gift.

I find, to my surprise, that I might easily write a volume about Tony Moreno. He's the most colorful male star of pictures, in my opinion. But I'm reminded that there is a shortage of paper, so I'll resort to a resumé of remaining traits and preferences.

His great ambition, just now, is to go to Spain; if possible, to make a picture there, most of all to see his mother, Señora Ana Moreno, living at a country place near Gibraltar. His father, Juan, who was a soldier, is dead. Born in Madrid, Tony was brought to this country at the age of fifteen by a guardian, Señor Enrique Zanetti, a lawyer and capitalist, who recently visited him in California. His principal recreation is—work. He liked serials because they kept him busy. Inaction gives him the willies; if prolonged, it would drive him mad, but probably not before he drove his friends mad. His religious persuasion, he says, is the Golden Rule, but woe unto him who doesn't do by Tony as Tony does by him. He is American to the extent that he doesn't practise revenge, but he considers it logical, if not sweet. Another inclination which he has over-ruled is that for color. He is conventionally fastidious in dress, but he loves color at home—preferably crimson and royal purple. Reading does not interest him; it is too passive. He is particularly conscientious toward his work, his bills, his friends, his enemies, his dog, and his fan mail. Heaven protect his secretary if a fan letter is neglected. All have his equal attention. One day the secretary called particular attention to a request from a member of European royalty for a signed picture. Tony seized an ordinary, small-seized photograph, such as he sends to all the fans, leaned against the wall and hastily scrawled his customary fan greeting across it. "Aren't you going to send his nibs a special one?" asked the secretary. "Why should I?" demanded Tony. "The fans support me; he doesn't." From association with Tony, I am persuaded that Spaniards are more democratic than Americans. No one has caste in Tony's eyes, no matter how much one may be able to do for him. He's impulsive, as quickly bestowing sympathy as denunciation—and sometimes both on the same person at almost the same time. He never accepts valuable gifts from admirers; I have seen a number returned. But if the gift is inexpensive, he writes or wires appreciation. Once he had himself photographed admiring a funny little gift which a French girl had made for him. The picture was sent to her. Mercurial of mood yet always sincere, energetic, adventurous, and alert, he certainly is a picturesque personality, with the sensitive, fiery mettle of a thorobred.

He has recently deserted serials and returned to feature dramas, the first being "Three Sevens."

That Bee In Your Bonnet

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are writing a series of articles on scenario writing, the second of which

"What Makes a Photodrama"

will appear in the March number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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The Movie on the Briny Deep

(*Continued from page* 68)

house" in the evening, making a chain of theaters that encircles the world.

25,000 reels or a reel for every mile of the earth's circumference! That is the capacity of the Navy exchange. These pictures are shown to sailor audiences only, no civilians allowed.

And did you know that our admirals are ardent movie "fans"? Admirals Harry B. Wilson, in command of the Atlantic Fleet, Hugh Rodman, of the Pacific, and Albert Gleaves, of the Asiatic, attend the evening shows regularly, and are much concerned over the business of getting the best releases. Admiral Wilson is a regular caller at the Navy Film Exchange; Admiral Rodman has posed for the camera on many occasions, and Admiral Gleaves used the pictures in connection with his work while he was commander of the Cruiser and Transport Force, sometimes referred to as the "Bridge of France." Many lessons in combating the submarine were depicted at his headquarters for the edification of ship commanders. He even sent cameramen to sea to "get" the actions of the submarines and their tactics used against our transports.

Later, a Pacific Fleet Exchange will be built at San Francisco and one to supply the Asiatic Fleet will be located at Manila, P. I., headquarters remaining at the New York exchange where all selections of films are made.

One of the nicest things about it is that the men know they are getting the best pictures and getting them first. Some sailors on leave at Callao and Lima noticed productions being advertised as entirely new, tho they had seen the production on their own ship nearly a month before.

The managers of the large producing companies show great interest in the Navy exchange. One of them says:

"The boys deserve the best we can give them and I want to see that they get it."

"We are bending every effort to give you the best that can be produced, and we know we are producing the best; so you are really getting the best on the market," says another wise manager.

The Navy exchange is equipped with two separate projection rooms containing two each of the latest and best movie machines. These rooms are fire-proof and fitted up like real theaters, with rest rooms for the sailors from the ships who happen in to see the shows. Of course, the player piano and victrola are present.

Two thousand reels are kept ready to be dispatched immediately to any part of the world. Each release, a roll of celluloid, starts its adventure from the Navy exchange and sails the wild seas over and returns not until it has unrolled its wonders before hundreds, bringing enjoyment, laughter, maybe tears. After it returns from its travel of thousands of miles, it is put into first-class conditions by experts. For there is a school in connection with the exchange where the navalmen are taught the fine points of the motion picture business.

"Spud" Murphy, chief boatswain's mate, has charge of the shipping department of the Navy exchange and takes a deep interest in the boys who are far away. This is because "Spud," himself, had served several years on foreign stations and, incidentally, in the Asiatic and mid-Pacific islands. So, thinking he would slip the boys out there a word of cheer, he penned a little note and slipped it into one of the metal containers with the films. It read:

"I served some years on that station and can appreciate the isolated position of you boys out there. When the exchange here can contribute to your desires, we are only too glad to serve you. This picture is a dandy, and one of our very latest releases."

Two months later he received the following surprising note:

"Thanks, very much, Spud, ole boy, but dont cry your little eyes out about us. Since the exchange has been established, we have received our supply of movie films, brought by transports from San Francisco, also by naval vessels coming to the Orient. Things have changed out here, Spud.

When the land lubber sits on a gilded palace of pleasure in the evening and enjoys a photoplay, he needn't feel superior to that sailor boy friend of his who is in some far away port, for perhaps that boy has already seen the same show which he is seeing as a perfectly new production.

When a ship anchors in a foreign harbor, a movie show is the first thing in the line of recreation. Of course, numerous small boats come out from the shore to see the ship and as soon as they get wise that shows are being held on board, the ship becomes a queen bee in the swarming midst of hundreds of small craft. The gorgeous productions, the dazzling array of scenic effects and the wonderful acting enraptures them. Wherever they go American pictures captivate the world.

Flapper Fair

(*Continued from page* 61)

stage, he did not have to acquire the spirit of the thing—he had it—and we all became imbued with it. He is an artist in every sense of the word and his personality is so inspiring he makes one feel that if he works long enough and hard enough, he may in course of time do some worth while thing."

"And what is your specific ambition?"

"Well," again reflecting, "altho I'm not very old in years I feel that I have served my apprenticeship in the smaller things and I want to do some outstanding thing—to really create something. Of course, extreme youth cannot give the great in any form of art except in very unusual cases. If there has been an early and full development. If suffering, perhaps, has pushed us ahead to comprehension. I have not had that, fortunately. But my life of constant change and varied experiences has helped my development—made me seem older.

"Another specific ambition," she continued, "is to make enough money so that mother and I can go abroad, to Italy preferably, and continue my musical studies. I am curious to know if my voice is what my teachers have assured me it is. It would be quite wonderful to sing in opera—but, some way, I have an idea that I'd be coming back to pictures—or the stage.

"But my present and very powerful ambition," she confided, impatiently tapping the polished floor with the tip of one slender foot, "is to get back to the Coast and get busy choosing furniture for the home we are going to have—and the *first* we ever had, I might add. I can hardly wait. The first thing I buy will be a phonograph—and the next thing I do will be to invite all my friends for a party and dance my head off! I adore to dance and *never* tire."

Gone, for the time being, was the sweetly serious mood, the would-be dignity, the burning ambition to become at once an artist of opera or screen. She had relapsed into a jolly, normal, regular girl. It is hard to decide in which rôle she is most lovable—but we think we like best her spirit of girlishness, unspoiled and sweet—just Flapper Fair.

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Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
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A New Heroine for Barrie

(*Continued from page 71*)

And so they tease . . . And Lois smiles . . . quietly . . .

Universal, Paralta, Lasky she joined in quick succession. Lasky got her when she had found herself and so she has remained with them. Of her pictures—"I have done everything!" she sighed—it is sufficient to mention "It Pays to Advertise," "The City of Masks," "What's Your Hurry?" and "Midsummer Madness."

"After 'Midsummer Madness,' Barrie is like a clean seabreeze." She shuddered a little. "It was super-sexy!"

Conrad Nagel, who is to play with her for the coming year, stood not far off, hands pocketed nonchalantly, but his gaze ever and anon seeking Lois. If he caught her eye, a little half smile would flit across his face.

"He is the worst tease of all," she confided. "But I think that, after all, tho he keeps it more concealed than I, he, too, takes his work very seriously."

She called him over. He was very agreeable, youthful in spite of himself in his denunciation of a certain author of best-sellers and the frankness of his admiration for Arthur Hopkins, the producer.

His goal is the stage.

"At the end of the year," he said, "Lois and I are going on the stage and do 'Romeo and Juliet,' eh, Lois?"

She was wistful.

"If I only could! But my contract . . . for five years!"

Perhaps the happiest recollection of Lois' picture career is the two months which she recently spent in her "home town," Birmingham, Alabama. She was caught up in a happy riot of enthusiastic approval and whirled thru two months of honorary dinners and personal appearances.

"They even sent for me to come to Montgomery," she said. "That was the conclusive proof to me that I was a success. Montgomery is a deadly rival of Birmingham and, as I said, I'm from Birmingham!"

I left her finally, cheered that at last perception was being used in casting for Barrie. Maggie Shand will be well portrayed. Maude Adams would not, I think, disapprove of Lois' words:

"I am glad I have not seen Miss Adams in the rôle. I would inevitably imitate and imitation means failure."

Innate goodness, an unworldliness that does not premise ignorance . . . That is Barrie . . . That is Lois . . .

MY SILENT LOVER

By ANNA HAMILTON WOOD

I've never heard his low voice murmur love
Or felt his kisses, but our souls unite
Beyond all fleeting sense of time or space,
And float, ethereal, in the starless night.

But, ah! his eyes have spoken when our tongues
Stood dumb with waves of reticence between;
And mine have answered, burning with desire.

* * * * * *

My silent lover loves me from the screen!

Motion Picture Classic

for February

DO you remember how happy you were when you found a four-leaf clover in the grass? "Good luck! Success!" cried that fourth leaf, and you danced with joy.

The promises of the fourth leaf of the clover and how they have been fulfilled in the lives of cinema luminaries, directors and authors are revealed in the February number of Motion Picture CLASSIC.

There is the English author, who wrote "Three Weeks" and many other stories of the aristocracy of the old country:

ELINOR GLYN

who expresses modern and advanced ideas in an interview with Frederick James Smith.

Who is the most necessary person in the making of motion pictures? is frequently asked, and has been frequently answered "The director." Three of these important men have been interviewed and their stories appear in the February CLASSIC. They are Henry King, Frank Lloyd, the Goldwyn director, and Dick Jones, the comedy director.

Lowell Sherman, winner of laurels as male vampire of the screen, gives his views on love, marriage and screen careers.

Harry Carey, famous for his portrayal of Western roles, is interviewed by Maude Cheatham and Rubye de Remer by Gladys Hall.

Harriett Hammond, the Sennett star, who has enjoyed the reputation of being the most beautiful girl on the screen, and Irene Marcellus, famous beauty of the Zeigfeld Follies, are the subjects of delightful personality stories for February CLASSIC.

These celebrities have found the four-leaf clovers of life and their careers are blessed with success.

Perhaps you may find for yourself the fourth clover leaf in the inspiration from their stories in

the February number of Motion Picture Classic

The Hoosier In Gotham

(*Continued from page 69*)

"What personal question are you asked most frequently?" I asked, wondering if, perhaps, I was voicing it.

He grinned and attacked his chicken sandwich.

"Whether I'm in love with my leading lady," he said. "I never have been yet, but my interviewers always have hope. You dont have time to fall in love with your leading lady, least of all people."

"You think then, it takes time to fall in love?" I asked.

Evidently he did, but he changed the subject and started to tell me about Cecil B. de Mille again. He had been endeavoring to do this ever since he arrived, so I let him continue. It seemed the wisest course.

"You cant do enough for a man like him," Monte assured me. "He lets you play a part the way *you* feel it. If he didn't think you'd know how the fellow would feel, he wouldn't have given you the part. He's not the talking kind—but when he comes along and puts his hand on your shoulder, you know you've made good."

With maneuvering, I brought the conversation back to the original channel.

"I like to play regular, honest sorta folks best," he told me. "I have it in my contract that I'm to play that kind. I'm not fitted for the other kind. You cant act natural when you dont feel natural. I wasn't brought up to the other sort of thing. When I was a kid, I lived on an Indian reservation part of the time."

I remembered his stature in the doorway --I saw his high cheekbones in the shaded light. He interrupted my thoughts.

"I'm part Indian," he said. "Once when we went on location to an Indian village, the natives watched me carefully for a time—you see I was in Indian make-up and they couldn't be sure that any of their blood ran in my veins—but when I talked with them they took me into their teepee and made me welcome. They are real human beings among themselves—they play—they laugh. But when an outsider comes to their midst they sit back reticent—go into their shell. They do not trust the white man. He has robbed them of their hunting ground and given them nothing in return.

Most of his leisure time is spent with books. He feels that the day of the director is coming with the stories which deal with human nature and he wants to be ready then to take up the megaphone—only he says he wouldn't use a megaphone because the best results are obtained by talking things over beforehand and then letting the players play their own scenes.

"My friends tell me that I am ambitious in my plans," he smiled, "but I chose the movies as my job and I want to make good. I want to help in making them more than the fifth industry—they are an art. Once upon a time every picture you saw was filled with blood and thunder. No more. Human interest is paramount in the picture today. Tomorrow will find it more important and so on. I am studying so I will be ready when I quit acting to go on. You see? I like the movies. I'm not going to change my job."

I asked him, as he was leaving, if he was coming to New York again.

"Yes, to visit," he said quietly, "never, I hope, for always. You fly here and there —you do not take time to live."

Such was the Hoosier in Gotham—the Hoosier keeping faith with his ideals; his blood touched with the blood of the first Americans who found their poetry in the forest and the stream.

And the Hoosier who came to Gotham finds his there still.

IT'S UP TO YOU

To Make a Real Man of Yourself

Strength lies dormant within us all. It is the man with ambition who develops this strength and makes himself a power among his fellows. I don't care how weak or emaciated you are—by taking proper exercise and care, you can develop into A MODERN HERCULES. All you need is the desire and the determination that you will succeed—and then the world lies before you. WHAT DO YOU SAY? IT'S UP TO YOU. SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN Taken Oct. 10, 1920.

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Tex O'Rourke is one of the best authorities on physical culture in the world to-day. He has trained more world champions than any other. He knows every training devise worth while and he says "Earle Liederman has absolutely the best." Chas. Atlas known throughout the country as one of the strongest men ever produced, gives full credit to Earle Liederman for his present condition.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 88)

EXPECTANTS.—That was a stolen film, but they never caught the thief. The way of the transgressor is hard—to find out. No, Norma Talmadge is not a Jewess. Anita Booth comes from Reading, Pa. Viola Dana is 22. Bebe Daniels is not married. Oh, well, I am not quite so happy as I desire, but perhaps I am not so wretched as I deserve.

DORALD G. MC.—Who is the oldest screen actor—let me see, I should say Walt Whitman, who played with Olive Thomas in "Darling Mine." Well, so long as our hearts possess desire, our minds will foster delusions. When in love, you never see one's faults.

ANIMORE.—Your letter was a cuckoo. Antrim Short is about 19 and Pearl White about 33. Viola Dana in "Cinderella's Twin." No, Doris May and Douglas McLean are not married to each other. Doris May is not married, but Douglas McLean is. A chip of the old block is often a blockhead, but E. H. Sothern is a rare exception. Yes, and remember that everybody knows something that you dont.

DIZZY DUMB SISTER.—Thanks for the gum. I'm going to open up a gum shop next. So you advise me to have a hair mattress made of my beard. Why do that? I sleep on my beard now. No, I dont dance now, I used to. Have no fear, I never make fun of my readers. They are my daily bread, only I dont choose to eat them.

CHUM.—I have never been in love yet. I have taken particular pains not to, because I fear that if I fell into a woman's arms I would fall into her hands—and I love my liberty too much for that. No, the Gish girls are just sisters and not twins. Kenneth Harlan is playing opposite Constance Talmadge. Run in again some time.

M. A. W., ALASKA.—Well, "The Eagle's Eye" was directed by William Flynn, and King Baggot and Marguerite Snow had the leads. It was released some time in February, 1918. The only way to please God is to follow the inclinations of our nature. Write me any time.

BUFF—LAW.—The way you begin your letter swept me right off my feet on account of its originality. You have so disturbed my equilibrium that I am repeating a part of your letter. "Take off your whiskers, we all know you! You're about 35, slender, wear a petite mustache over your lip. You think, Caruso, Theda Bara and You, ought to go into the Hall of Fame." That will do. Looky here, you. You've said enough.

IRA KORN.—No, I am not a diet, thank you, I'm perfectly healthy. I can eat almost anything. Herbert Rawlison played the part of Van Wheydan in "The Sea Wolf."

FLUFF.—Thanks for the gum. You can reach Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley at Realart, Hollywood, Cal. Lew Cody is not married just now. Emory Johnson married to Ella Hall, and Conrad Nagel is married. Is that all?

HEMPSTEAD.—If indeed we cannot be happy, the fault is generally in ourselves. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him. Viola Dana and Gareth Hughes had the leads in "A Chorus Girl's Romance."

JIMMIE.—Well, I enjoyed every bit of your sparkling letter. As La Rochefoucauld would say, the greatest art of an able man is to know how to conceal his ability. Why, Irving Cummings is 32. Gaston Glass about 25. No city produces newspapers in so many different languages as New York.

PEGGY II.—Wilda Bennett is playing in California now. Maurice Costello has been engaged for the part of Carson, the Scotland Yard Chief, in "Determination."

ESTHER F.—I find that a little knowledge is a noisy thing, and that many unimportant persons with immature ideas make a big fuss over nothing. Oh yes, there are a lot of Rothschilds in New York. The name, Rothschild, so famous in finance, signifies in German, "Red Shield," and is taken from the sign of a shop in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort, where the foundations of the family fortunes were laid.

MISS WHITNEY.—Well, really, Antonio Moreno is 32 years old. You just write to me whenever you feel like it. I dont mind.

TALMADGE ADMIRER; WM. PIKE ADMIRER; T. A. D.; PURPLE ASTOR; LOVELY DORIS; PADDY M.; BONNIE BEE; URA NUT; YOU GOT 'EM; RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER; AMPA P.; SKY BLUE PINK EYES; J. W. W.; MAIN 3468 W.; U. R. A. NUT; F. W. J.; DOT; LAURA M.; BUTTERFLY; CRITICAL SCHOOLMARM; PETER PAN; THELMA MAYBE SO; D. K.; MABEL-DALLAS; KENNETH HARLAN ADMIRER; GRANDDAUGHTER; MISS X.—Thanks for your kind letters, and I hope you all write me again. Nothing now and then, so I have nothing new to say.

POPPY GIRL.—No, girlie, I have no darling wife, and no other kind, so write me often. Well, then, too, some men remain bachelors because they are unable to choose between beauty and intellect. As for me, give me the former or give me death. Mary Miles Minter and Jack Holt are playing in "All Souls Eve."

JOSEPHINE W.—Why dont you send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs?

HAYAKAWA FAN.—Gaston Glass, in "Cameron of the Royal Mounted." Most of our large theaters have a pipe organ. Paris has the only exclusively women's theater in the world. Thanks for the invitation.

DOSS.—All is not good that is written—sometimes it's wrotten. You know I cannot shine all the time—even the sun cant do that. Yes, I am bald, but I never got it that way. Premature baldness is blamed by a Paris doctor on some trouble with the teeth. He must be wrong, for my tusks are 99 per cent.

GREENUP.—I'm satisfied with the election. How could I be otherwise? I bet heavy that either Cox or Harding would be elected, and you see I was a prophet. William Henry Harrison had the shortest term of any American President. He caught cold on inauguration day and died one month later. H. B. Warner, in "The Checked Suit." So you miss the Sage in *Shadowland*. He is producing pictures now and has no time for literature.

BAB.—Great stuff, your letter. Why, yes; I have heard, too, that the former German Kaiser attributes the loss of his throne to the fact that an ill-omened diamond, stated by tradition to have been given by King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, was incorporated in the Prussian royal regalia. No, I dont believe it at all. Charles Ray is playing with Laura La Plante, who played in the "Bringing Up Father" series.

KITTY.—Of course, I am an American, Kitty. Born right here in New York State. Also grew this crop of fine bluegrass whiskers right here in New York State. Draw my salary of $9.50 per right here in New York State.

(*Continued on page* 115)

Black Beauty

(*Continued from page 37*)

in the carriage. If I hadn't been a thoroughbred, I should have kicked at doing menial service, but it turned out I was very much needed. For whom should I find tied to the stanchion beside me but Jack Beckett's grey!

"You see," sneered this common creature, stamping with triumph, "your fine grandfather hasn't helped you! A carriage horse, forsooth! It will be a cart horse next, and last of all perhaps you will be sold for glue. And some others who haven't a pedigree will pass you on the road."

I swallowed the insult for Miss Jessie's sake. "What is your master doing here?" I asked the grey, civilly, "he's been abroad for some time, has he not?"

"Yes, in Paris," said the grey with a wink. "And the things I could tell. We led a gay life, let me tell you—and I carried him to many a pretty woman's door, but it's hard to make a decent race on an empty stomach, and so we've come back to the pasture."

"Oh, yes," I said carelessly, "I believe I did understand that Miss Jessie was going to marry your master next year."

"Next year!" snickered the grey, "tonight! In an hour's time at the Cheshire Inn. You wait and you'll see I'm not lying. He has a way with him, my master!"

And sure enough in a moment out comes Mr. Mustache and my Mistress, he very gallant and smiling a wicked, glittering smile, she in her everyday frock, which shows that it must have been all arranged beforehand, and very pale and quiet. She wanted to stop by me, but he pulled her on and into the buggy he had brought, and, in a moment, before I could decide what to do they were gone.

It was a moment's work to untie the knot that held me with my teeth. But I did not follow the elopers. I went straight to the Vicarage and whinnied outside until Harry left his law books and came out to see what was wrong.

"If you ever want to marry Jessie Gordon you'll have to hurry!" I told him, "Dont stop to argue! Get on my back and I'll take you to her."

And for a wonder, Harry didn't offer me an apple or say I was feeling my oats, but seemed to understand every word I said. With him on my back, I galloped for the Inn and arrived in time to see Jack Beckett and my mistress going in.

"The scoundrel!" I heard Harry mutter as he slid down, then he called a stable boy and gave him my reins. "Squire Gordon is at the Wynwaring Ball!" he said, like the prick of a spur in the flesh, "find him and tell him to come to the Inn at once!"

Of what happened while I raced thru the night and brought the burly Squire, panting and puffing to bring his daughter home I can only tell what I heard afterward. But this I know. The secret bond that was between that rascal and Jessie Gordon held fast thru the storm, and my mistress looked Harry first and her father afterward full in the face and swore that she was marrying Beckett with her full consent and because she loved him.

I can picture the scene in the upper hallway of the Inn, with Beckett standing at the door of the private parlor where he had the minister waiting, his beautiful mustache all twisted and awry with malice while Harry pleaded with Jessie, poured out all his pitiful boy-heart before her, and she leaning against the door of the room where she had left her hat and cloak, with her suffering eyes and the gallant lying tongue that denied her heart.

At any rate, thanks to me, the marriage

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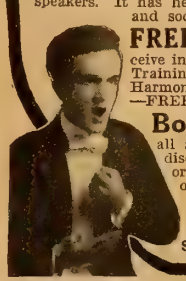

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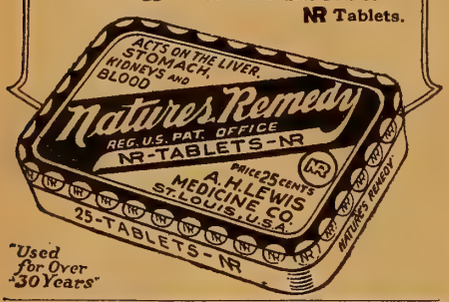

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did not come off then. The Squire dragged Jessie home, threatening to horsewhip Beckett if he found him writing his girl, or trying to see her.

"Next year," was all that Handsome Jack answered, bowing from the waist, "the young lady will have the right to choose. Then I shall return."

"Next year," said Jessie, very clearly but looking at him with a look that was more of hate than of loving if a horse knows anything about such things, "I shall marry you—if you still wish."

That was in August. In September the Squire took his family to the Continent, and in October a drunken groom threw me in the paddock and twisted my knee. The year that I spent in London, dating from the day that I was sold at a horse auction and bought cheaply, because of my knee, for a cab horse, is my own story and not Jessie Gordon's. In my humble position I was tempted to hang my head between my knees dejectedly like all my fellow cab-horses, but I remembered my grandfather and held it high so that people stopped on the street to look after us, tho the vehicle I drew was decrepit and the cabbie dingy and unkind. It was this pride even in despair that saved me at last, for Harry Bloomfield saw me on the Strand and recognized me. For the sake of Jessie he bought me and took me home to the green pastures I knew when I was a colt; care and feeding gave me back my glossy coat, tho my knee was still stiff, and I limped a little.

"Black Beauty," Harry said one day, with his face all drawn and knotted like a jockey's at the close of a race, "we're going to Birtwick Hall, old fellow. There's to be a wedding there tomorrow, and you are a present for the bride."

And then I knew that Jessie Gordon was coming home to keep the old pledge she had made. No one noticed us as we came up the lane to the Hall. There were decorators everywhere putting up stiff sheaves of foolish flowers, and house maids dusting, and upholsterers' men, and caterers and tradespeople rushing about. Even the stables were deserted while the grooms helped set up a trimphal archway of evergreens in the great Hall.

As Harry was fastening my halter in my old stall, we heard voices coming nearer and finally entering the stables. "A good job, Derby," said Beckett, like the swish of a whip lash. "Is Lightning all saddled ready to go to the train?"

"Yes, me Jolly Bridegroom!" squeaked the Ghost, "an' now, afore the knot is tied I wants to come to terms. Wots my share, eh? Come! None o' your lies now! I knows 'ow yer planted that eight hunnerd punds on George Gordon's body. I seen yer thro the bushes. An' wot's more I knows w'y she's marryin' yer and it isn't becos o' yer bloomin' beauty neither—"

"Hush, you fool!" Beckett cried, but the other went on doggedly while Harry held his hand over my nose to keep me still.

"She's marryin' yer becos o' the pyper I got her to sign promising to do it if you wouldn't tell her father and mother about George bein' a thief!"

"So!" swore Beckett in white rage, with a voice like the grate of horse shoes on gravel, "so you're a turncoat! Well, I'll not be bled, my man! Wag your tongue all you want. It'll be too late to hurt me! I'll meet Jessie at the station and marry her within ten minutes! There isn't a horse in the country that can beat Lightning!"

And so saying he ran out of the stable and a moment later we heard the plop-plop of hoofs going down the lane. Harry had unloosed me and leaped to my back. Now he leaned down and whispered in my ear as a jockey does sometimes in a close race. "Black Beauty! You love her—save her! It's her only chance! Forget your lame knee and run as you used to run!"

If I live to be thirty, I shall never forget that night, nor the pain of my injured knee as I galloped across country to cut down the miles. With each step I thought I should fall, yet I kept on. We reached the station two minutes before Lightning and Beckett, and just as Jessie Gordon, lovelier than she had ever been before, stepped down from the London express. You can do a deal with two minutes but I'll wager a bushel of oats that no man ever made better use of them than Harry Bloomfield, and when Mr. Jack drew rein alongside the platform and saw them standing hand in hand, unmindful of the whole world, and knew by the look of their faces that his game was up, he turned his horse's head without a word and rode into the dark. And he never rode out of it again so far as we were concerned. Two years later his horse fell on him in a ditch of muddy water and a farrier found 'em there, both dead the next morning. Blood will tell in men and horses, no matter how well-groomed you are.

There was a wedding next day at the Hall but with a different bridegroom. Ten years ago, that was, but my mistress and her husband are still lovers. I saw them last night at the dance, standing in a French window while she pretended to pat her hair so that they could steal a kiss. They looked down and caught me looking and laughed sheepishly and joyfully like young lovers discovered love-making. She threw me a kiss before they danced off again, but I think he winked at me. They know they cant keep Black Beauty out of their affairs.

My racing days are over since that wild ride thru the darkness long ago. But, after all, there are better things than running races. This afternoon I took nine-year old Harry and six-year old Jessie for a ride about the pasture. The wind was in our faces and the world was green with June. Yes, there are better things . . .

What's What in Scenarios

(*Continued from page* 39)

Moon," "Down To Earth," "Wild and Woolly," and so forth. Afterwards they wrote several photoplays for Famous Players-Lasky stars and finally took up their present post as writers for Constance Talmadge. During the last year they have written "A Temperamental Wife," "The Virtuous Vamp," "In Search of a Sinner," "The Love Expert," "The Perfect Woman," "Dangerous Business" and "Mama's Affair" for Constance Talmadge; and in addition, Miss Loos wrote "The Branded Woman" for Norma Talmadge.

Since Miss Loos still clings to the name she made famous, not everyone knows that the collaborators were quietly married one year ago. Also, comparatively few motion picture fans know that Mr. Emerson is president of the Actors Equity Association, the actors "union" which won the strike against the managers thruout the United States and Canada, a year ago. During the last summer, the collaborators toured Europe, searching for new material for the Talmadge studios, and many new suggestions on scenario writing, gleaned from the Continental studio, will be incorporated in their articles.

This series will be written from a practical standpoint, rather than as a discussion of artists' values or motion picture meta-

(*Continued on page* 116)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 112)

Novel Sisters.—Whoopee! Nothing dead about Wallace Reid, or Julian Eltinge. As Mark Twain said, reports are very much exaggerated. They are both very much alive. Why, Hobart Bosworth and Anna Q. Nilsson are playing in "The Brute Master."

Marie A. M.—There is no such thing as a "bolt" in a storm, nor can anything be "struck" by lightning. During a thunderstorm a stress is thrown on the air, either between two clouds or between a cloud and the earth, and when this stress reaches a certain pressure, the air is cracked. It causes heat so intense that the air particles become incandescent, and we see this streak of light along the crack and call it lightning. Zazu Pitts and Helen J. Eddy are not the same.

A Wisher of Censorship Reform.—I agree with you on some pictures, but I am opposed to the censorship principle. Pedro de Cordoba has played on the stage as well as the screen. I understand there are about 12,000 lepers in the Philippines. Tom Moore is playing in "Lend Me Your Wife."

Suzanne S. S.—So you are having an *affaire d'amour*. Mum's the word. Best wishes to you. A bachelor seeks a wife to avoid solitude; a married man seeks society to avoid the tete-à-tete. Why, Margarita Fisher is playing in "The Gamesters."

Allison B.—It would take half of this book to give you all of those addresses. Have a heart!

Antonio de.—It was Victor Hugo who said, "God took his softest clay and his purest colors, and made a fragile jewel, mysterious and caressing—the finger of woman; then he fell asleep. The devil awoke, and at the end of that rosy finger put—a nail." No, I wont have a birthday until January.

G. K.—So you are a devoted lover of Mme. Olga Petrova, and you would like to read more about her. She is now in vaudeville in the West.

Bumble Bee.—You will read all about Corliss Palmer soon. They now call her the most beautiful girl in America.

Sweet Sixteen.—*Nunc pro tunc* means "now for then." A phrase used to express that a thing is done at one time which should have been done at another. Lina Cavalieri is playing in "Mad Love."

Anna H.—Yes, but in ill-matched marriages the fault is less the woman's than the man's, as the choice depends on her the least. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays the physician in "An Honorable Gentleman."

N. C. Apple and Ga. Peach.—Well, a woman laughs when she can, and weeps when she will. Once in a while I stop over at the Commodore or Biltmore hotels in New York. It's a diversion from my hall room. I eat a thirty-cent lunch across the street, and pick my teeth in the hotel lobby. One of the largest New York hotels supplies each of its guests, who average 2,000 a day, with a free copy of a morning newspaper. That is hospitality for you. (Or is it advertising?)

Golden Butterfly, Mildred S., Nimrod, Elizabeth R.—Nothing doing this time. Run in again.

Jackie.—I am repeating this for you, Jackie. The best thing to give your opponent is tolerance; to your enemy, indifference; to your superiors, respect; to your friends, friendship; to your children, good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to your wife, attention,

(*Continued on page* 117)

To Please One Woman

(*Continued from page* 67)

The next day the complicated tensions rose to their apex.

Dr. Jim had promised Alice to go to the Sunday-school picnic with her. It was their first day together since . . . well, anyway, since the opening of Mystery House. Alice had counted on it. She knew Jim was right, but it was hard to bake and stew and wear gingham and know that the man one loved was bending over the couch of some ethereal creature of white witchery. It hurt . . . Sometimes, curiously, she felt like a bird she had come across one morning on their lawn . . . a bird with a drooped and trailing wing and a broken heart. She knew its heart was broken because it complained with odd, soft cries.

The morning of the picnic Jim appeared. Bobbie was feverish and ill, and had been so all night, and she begged him to look at the boy before they started for the Grove, five miles away.

He looked grave after the examination. "Bobbie, dont get up," he warned the child, "and take this stuff every hour, and I think you'll be fit as a fiddle by night. He's got to be careful," he warned Alice . . .

"Should we go . . . should we leave him?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; that's safe. He should have rest and quiet first and foremost. He'll obey orders, wont you, Bobs?"

The sick child nodded. He felt too hot and distressed to have the initiative of rebellion, even had he felt inclined.

Cecilia had backed out at the last moment. That worried Alice, too. The child had been hanging around Lucien Wainwright with absurd persistency. Her eyes had looked haunted, too. She was taking her infatuation seriously. As Wainwright appeared perfectly unaware of her, Dad and Alice had decided she was safe.

Still, it wasn't auspicious . . . the opening of the day.

Jim seemed abstracted. Alice was white and délicate, and he felt a brute, and it annoyed him that he did. Then, too, in every winey breeze the indefinable perfume of the Mystery House caressed him. What a day! What was she doing . . . the languorous woman? What did he care? Ah, but he did . . . or he wondered. Was there much difference . . . caring . . . and wondering? Had he become a cynic? One of those involved neurotics in whose disordered brains meanings were always slurred and blended, one into another . . . This girl who was to be his wife . . . she was simple, she was good, she was sweet . . . he was content. Had Man ever been content? Polygamy . . . what a term, what an *ugly* term . . . ! He turned to Alice and met her eyes. He smiled and took her hand . . . what was the other woman doing?

Events precipitate themselves . . . like thoughts, they are disordered and blurred . . .

The picnic lunch was midway when Bobbie . . . *Bobbie* arrived on his wheel . . . his face was scarlet and his voice was strident. He yelled in cracked accents to Dr. Jim that the lady at the Mystery House was dyin', and that he had got to go . . . she called up and said some one had *GOT* to get you, the boy explained, and then he collapsed against Alice, whose distended eyes were upon his small, unnatural face. Somehow she got him home . . . dimly she knew that Jim, her Jim, had gone . . . to the Mystery House, after the most cursory directions for the care of Bobbie. There was too much to be done for Bobbie. He terribly low. Her own hurt must wait.

At midnight Bobbie died. She had been able to reach Dr. Ransome.

Shortly before midnight Cecilia had stowed away on Wainwright's yacht . . . he had discovered her and pitched her overboard, telling first his crew to watch for her. Furious, she began to swim for the shore, and Freddy had rescued her. It was moonlight and her imagination had wrought the charm of Wainwright into Freddy. Wet and sobbery, she capitulated.

At about the same time, Leila's husband appeared in her boudoir at the House of Mystery. Ransome was with her, on the chaise longue, holding her warm, responsive hand, Lee saw him, and something terrible in the shape of a smile twisted his mouth. "I want to talk to you, Leila," he said. There was that in his voice which had not been there before . . . definiteness . . . finality . . .

She asked Ransome to wait outside. He did . . . right outside. Perhaps the brute would kill her, assault her. He heard Lee say, in a broken voice, "Leila, I'm done for. The police are on my trail. I made the last big throw on the Street I promised you I'd make . . . to try to clean up . . . I lost. I . . . went outside the Law. It's all up . . . wait, dont speak! Ever since I first met you, with the splendid dreams and ideals I had, I've done the same thing . . . strained and strained, and schemed and connived for money . . . money. Money to buy you furs. Money to hold you, to glut you, to keep you. Because I am fool enough to be enamoured of your silly pursed lips, false lips. Because I am mad enough to have craved your scented, abominable flesh. Because I have gone insane imagining myself lost in the meshes of your manufactured coils of hair. It's all over. My lust of you is over. I see you as you are, a half-decayed thing with the unearthly sweetness of decay. A parasite, a bloated thing, that has sucked the blood from my veins and the marrow from my bones! A parasite . . .

These things Ransome heard, shrinking . . . shrinking because the man's broken heart and shattered life were there displayed in his words, shrinking because he knew them to be the truth . . . the Mystery House was a charnel house and the scented woman within was what the man she had drained proclaimed her.

And next Ransome heard her laugh, an incalculably cruel laugh, untouched, light, abominable.

And then Ransome heard a shot. The "mad fool" had gone to seek a finer, better thing in an infinity that would not, at least, be *this* . . .

Autumn. Summer's vesture still lingering. A tang in the air.

Cecilia, in black, on the veranda, reading the First Latin grammar.

The House of Mystery shuttered, abandoned, a rookery for migratory birds.

Alice and Dr. Jim in the orchard . . .

"If you could forgive me . . . Sometimes forgiveness is the only consummation," he said.

"I believe that I can . . ."

"Unless you understand as well . . . I dont want you to . . . it is that I crave . . . your understanding . . ."

"I believe that I do . . ."

"My dear!"

"Nothing else matters . . . even when it should . . . when one . . . when one . . ."

"Yes, Sweet?"

"When one loves . . ."

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What's What in Scenarios

(*Continued from page* 114)

physics. Its purpose is to enable the readers of this magazine to write salable stories. Nevertheless, it should be stated that the contribution of Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos to the photoplay has been, from an artistic standpoint, of the highest value. They were the first to attempt satire on the screen. They developed a new type of photoplay embodying the biting satire of a Shavian drama with the brilliant dialog of a French comedy, and at a time when producers thought it impossible to carry across subtleties of this sort to a motion picture audience. Their best comedies, such as "Reaching for the Moon," or their more recent adaptation of "Mama's Affair," are told with a straight face—but underlying the humor of the plot is a caustic commentary on life, with a sound philosophy at the bottom of it all.

The criticism of stories, as given by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos in answer to questions, will be constructive. They will try to tell amateur writers not only what is wrong with their stories but how to remedy it. The second article, appearing next month, will be entitled "What Makes a Photodrama," and thereafter there will be one article each month.

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.....

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By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

For years there have been people going about the world telling amateur authors that it is easy to write scenarios. We would not call such a person a lamb dyer, but we might be tempted to term him a d—— oh well, they're both short and ugly words, anyway.

The truth is, as with everything else, it is only easy to write scenarios if you know how—if you have ideas and if you are versed in technique. Whether you have ideas or not is a matter which only you yourself can divine, and a problem in which no one else can help you. Personally, we are convinced that great numbers of people have ideas, but are unable to express them coherently because they do not know the fundamentals of photoplay writing. It is this technique that we are going to try to teach in this series; and if we do not dwell upon questions of inspiration and of artistic ideals, you will know that it is because those are matters outside the scope of any teacher. What we are trying to give, is a practical, working knowledge of our craft—the formulas of the dramatist.

There are many questions which every amateur always asks, and we are going to

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try to answer them now, before starting the first lesson in scenario writing.

First, *how much money is there in scenario writing?* Five-reel stories sell at prices all the way from $500 to $100,000, depending upon the company which buys them and the reputation of the author who writes them. The experts who adapt the stories of others to the screen—the "continuity" writers—get a minimum of $15,000 a year and their salaries run, in some cases, as high as $50,000 an adaptation. It is worth while to sell your first story for a song, just to break into the game.

How long will it take me to learn to write scenarios? That depends upon yourself. If you spend all your time in studying and writing photoplays, it would not be too much to expect that you might market a story, if ever, within six months. Some people have sold their first stories almost the same day that they were written. Other writers—in some cases, famous writers—have spent years in trying to break into the studios. It is the greatest and most fascinating gamble in the world.

Where and how great is the market for movie stories? The demand for motion picture stories is growing by leaps and bounds; already it is double what it was sixteen months ago. The greatest story market is in Los Angeles, where the smaller companies are in crying need of material. The largest prices are paid in New York, but as a rule, when the great motion picture companies of that city pay a top-notch price they demand a story by a well-known author or which, at least, has been widely advertised—a novel, play, or magazine story.

Why are so many stories rejected? Stories are usually rejected because the author knows nothing of photoplay technique, just as a picture painted by a man who knew nothing of art, might be expected to meet disapproval. Still more often they are rejected because the author sent his story to the wrong studio—a tragedy to Charlie Chaplin or a slap-stick comedy to John Barrymore. The rejections on "mailed in" stories last year were about as follows: American Film Co., purchased 15 stories and rejected 3072; the Brentwood Film Corporation purchased 1 and rejected 50; the Brunton Studios rejected 2,450 and purchased 100; the Chaplin studios rejected 3,500 and purchased 1; the Christie studio rejected 5,000 and bought 110; Douglas Fairbanks bought 6 out of 1,171; Dorothy Gish rejected 99 per cent., the remaining 1 per cent. of purchasable stories consisting in just four; D. W. Griffith 9000 and bought 15; William S. Hart bought 8 out of 3,000; Metro bought 60; National Studios bought 12 out of 1872; Mary Pickford bought 1 and rejected 5 daily.

This might be discouraging if it were not to be remembered that nearly all of these authors were people who had never been in a studio in their life, who thought movies were made in somewhat the same way as phonograph records, and who had never seen, much less studied, a scenario. In fact, a canvass of the studios shows that most of these stories failed because 20 per cent. of them depended on dialog rather than action, and 40 per cent. more left characterization completely out of their synopsis.

In this series, besides showing you some model scenarios, we are going to try to teach you about characterization and action and all the rest of it. But remember, these are things that take time and effort to learn: the easiest way is the hardest way. Motion picture writing is practical—but are *you* practical?

We believe you are.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 115)

fidelity—and your purse; to all men, justice. I cant improve on that much. So you want to hear more of Alfred Whitman. Speak up, Alfred, the lady is listening.

Nadine B., Evelyn, Ella S., Dottie Mae, V. A., Mary, Mrs. M. T., E. A. B., B. B. C., Kitty Admirers, Two Friends, Buster, Mayo Admirer, Aline V. B., Sophomore, Trixie, Brown Eyes, G. K., R7634W, John Barrymore Admirer, Nellie S., Richard Barthelmess Admirer, Neje, Mlle. Lee Rette, Greenup,.

Elsie M.—Your letters were all interesting, but not inspiring, because you asked me nothing new. Flatter me or call me names, or start something!

Socrates.—Indeed, I live in a hall room, snug as a bug in a rug, and am not rich, as you surmise. I am not the kind that sells their brains for gold. I have no wants unsupplied, and therefore I am the richest of the rich, in that sense. Glad you like Hope Hampton. You will like her even more when you see her latest. They all tell me she is improving wonderfully and is doing some really fine work.

Hope Hampton Admirer.—You can reach Hope by addressing her at 131 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City. I never give private addresses like this without permission, And I am sure that your promised present will be appreciated.

Zim Zam Zum.—Your verse to Za Su Pitts was indeed clever. When you get to Africa, you might send me a Transvaal diamond. I wouldn't object to it. Thanks for the snaps of Anvers. I enjoyed the one of yourself. "Ramon the Sailmaker" is not quite finished, at this writing, but it will be released before New Years day, I understand.

Mary F.—Just keep right on writing. Did you know the conversation of some people is so unimportant that when they stop talking you fail to notice it. Casson Ferguson in "The Shuttle." Albert Roscoe in "Black Shadows."

Navy Nurse.—Good morning Nurse. You ask me what time I retire. I try to make it ten; but it is more often eleven. I go to bed with reluctance yet I quit with regret. I make up my mind every night to leave it early but I make up my body every morning to keep it late. Everybody should hit the feathers not later than 10:00 every night. That is the way to keep young and beautiful like I am. James Morrison was Bob in "Love without question."

C. V. LaGrasse.—Keep away from the doctors as long as you can. There are three kinds of doctors; those who work and make people well, those who work to prevent people from getting sick, and those who work people whether they are sick or well. I agree with you about Elsie Ferguson. Wonderful artist. But just you wait till you see Corliss Palmer, the new star of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Helen T.—You ask too much.

Just Blossom.—Touchin' on and appertainin' to, here are the players you refer to who are married: William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married; Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay; Conway Tearle and Adele Rowland; Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell; Charles Bryant and Nazimova; Wallace McCutcheon and Pearl White; Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron, and Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenk. Are you happy now? There are others, but let this suffice for the nonce.

Star Dust.—Your letter was very interesting. Write me again.

(*Continued on page* 119)

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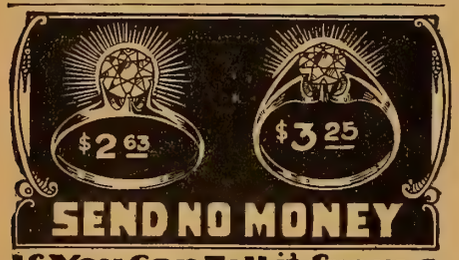

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Along the Starry Way

(Continued from page 53)

eloquent description of this beauty of the desert; for the girls would go no farther. (Whisper: they were afraid some of the fans would catch them.) However, we compromised on a row of penny-in-the-slot machines in an out-of-the-way corner.

"Oh, let's go for a ride on Uncle Tom's 'Dipper,'" said Coleen, and she and Pat O'Malley made off for a ride on the "Dipper," while the rest of us went for spins on the "Steeple Chase," the "Virginia Reel" and other concessions.

Isn't it rather queer that on the scenic railways, "dippers" and other thrilling rides, that couples always find it necessary to hold one another in, altho the seats are carefully protected so that there is no danger of a precipitous fall thru space? I remarked on this; but received no satisfactory answer. However, I think I'll try it with some young lady whose long friendship with me would stand the strain of such an experiment. Being statistically inclined because of my study of that subject at the University of California this term, I endeavored to have the party tarry a bit while I collected data on a number of couples who found mutual protection in each other's arms and those who did not. I wanted to plot a graph of my observations; but Tommy Forman declared it was no use as it was a waste of time; for if a couple were contented to hold on to the seat bars they were married, and if they hung on to each other they were single, and so, my graph wouldn't mean anything anyhow. (I wonder what my instructor, Miss Moody, would say to that.) I noticed, however, that Pat O'Malley and Coleen Moore were satisfied with the seat bars. I dont think there's anything in what Tommy Forman says. Anyway the others wouldn't wait for me to make my observations; so I suppose I'll have to do some personal investigating.

Venice and Ocean Park are rivals in everything. Each has a famous band leader for a season or two, then one or the other will employ a still more noted baton wielder.

The master used to dance around the band platform when he first came to Venice; but he has calmed down considerably now and contents himself with a soulful roll of the eyes in responding to encores. However, both he and his competitor at Ocean Park have their following among the fair, and beribboned bouquets are quite plentiful around the music stands of the rival leaders at every concert. Priscilla and Katherine were quite taken with the manly Ferrulo; but Coleen's favorite was the fiery Tomassino, whom we persuaded to descend from his lordly perch during an intermission to submit to a photograph in directorial pose on the sand behind the bandstand.

Venice stages a bathing suit parade, usually on Sunday, in which the costumes are not at all too concealing, to say the least. Ocean Park's pulpits resound with thunderous denunciations of such brazen displays of the more or less divine human form to the gaze of the gawking rabblement. However, when Mack Sennett sends his none-too-adorned bathing beauties to the Ocean Park sands to cut their cinema capers and tourists surround the camera many deep, the most interested spectators are the Ocean Park police (there's more than one), and town officials. Nothing is heard in the church pulpits and 'tis whispered that the divines who raged so devoutly against the rival parade of pulchritude, are not averse to "study the drama as unfolded before our eyes by the young ladies—and gentlemen from the Los An-

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geles studios who appreciate the beauties of our fair beach as a locale for their plots."

All this rivalry has had a beneficial effect on the towns, in a way. For, realizing the competition, crowds that visit one place, feel they must see what the opposing beach has to offer, and so they board the electric "bugs" that run along the ocean walk between the two towns, or stroll the short distance along the beach. After our ride on the bug we had a look in at the Dome dance hall and the Ocean Park dance pavilion, better known as the "cracker box" on the end of the pier. Here on "movie nights" cups, donated by the stars, are given away to the most accomplished couple and if the star be present, she dances with the male contestant and if the star is masculine, he dances with the feminine entrant. All this provides great excitement among the kiddies and grownups too and the floor is crowded with cheering spectators when the prize is awarded and the winning contestant glides by with the star.

Before returning home we went for a dance and refreshment at "The Ship Cafe," famous for its interesting history and unique arrangement. Inside, one can scarcely distinguish that he is not on an ocean-going liner. Here gather the lights of sportdom and filmland. Prohibition has somewhat dimmed its gaiety but those who attend can still shake a lively ankle as we found when David Butler and Mary MacLaren seized the musical reins from the orchestra and with piano and drum, rattled into a lively fox-trot.

Priscilla was determined to return home in an aeroplane; so we all piled into Tommy Forman's car and made for the Venice Aviation ground.

We waved goodbye to Priscilla as her plane roared to the take-off and turned the nose of our machine toward Los Angeles and a hot dinner. "I trust you're all ready for the 'grind' at the studio tomorrow," said Tommy Meighan with a laugh, as we broke up on our arrival in the city.

The Jucklins

(*Continued from page* 51)

the elder Jucklin. That bitter breach only time could temper and allay with the panacea of the gently drifting years —years like soft leaves covering the naked wound of the exposed earth.

In the evening of the return, Guinea came out to the farm-yard, thru the kitchen door, just as, in their leaner days, Bill had dreamed she might.

She came straight to him and leaned against the fence (which was to be repaired); and raised her soft throat and rapt face to the evening star.

"Bill," she said.

"Yes . . . yes . . . ?"

"We . . . we couldn't read the writing, School-Master, in the stars. It was all blurred. You . . . you didn't *teach* it to me right."

"Never mind, dear," Bill thought she meant Chyd and herself; she was still hurt, he thought; "never mind," he repeated softly.

"Oh, I *dont* . . . now that I read it aright. It says . . . *doesn't it, Bill* . . . it says *'Guinea and Bill'* . . . and there's something drawn all 'round about it . . . a heart, Bill, a big, big heart . . . big like yours, . . . but, oh, not so tender, my dearest . . ."

And then her voice broke, so deeply soft it was, and Bill dropped on his knees and touched her, and he didn't know nor care *what* the stars said, and he couldn't have seen them even had he tried.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 117)

KITTIE C.—Thanks, you call me the foundry of knowledge. How about yourself? I believe you refer to Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom Boswell made famous, and who sat in his easy chair and was for twenty years the literary oracle of the world. In 1775 he completed the first large dictionary of the English language after eight years of solid labor on it. And you call me the modern Johnson. Hoot, mon! Bessie Love in "Bonnie May."

LILLIAN; DELA C.; MRS. EARLE L.; MISS CURIOSITY; JULIETTE B.; ARAMINTA A. A.; WANTA KNOWALL; JESSIE M.; DADDIE; THELMA M.; ELEANOR; M. K.; MARY S.; PAULINE G.; MARY S. B.; VIOLET GREY; ROMEO & JULIET; ESTELLE D.; MARJORIE E. C.; and OLIVIA. Was very glad to hear from you all, and sorry to put you in the alsorans. Ask me something new and I'll wax eloquent.

G. M. A.—My dear child, you need more than your mother's consent to get you into pictures. The picture you sent me is very pretty, but you are still very young. Why not wait a little longer?

ARLINE 20.—It's a poor mule that dont work both ways, not a poor rule, for a rule that works both ways is no rule at all. Is it? Lew Cody is playing in "The Cycle of Fate." Yes, Helen Gardner and Templar Saxe in "The Devil's Angel."

WALTER C.—Where was your stamped addressed envelope?

SALOME.—Well, a critic is a necessary evil, and criticism is an evil necessity. Barbara Castleton in "For the Freedom of the World." I notice that Willard Mack intends to make her his blushing bride. Mary Warren was Beatrice in "An Honest Man." Fritzi Brunette in "And a Still Small Voice." Webster Campbell in "Bab's Candidate."

ANXIOUS.—It seems to me that you are waiting for opportunity when you might be making opportunity. Weeds grow of their own accord but crops must be planted. Sorry I cant help you. Why dont you send for a list of the film manufacturers? Send a stamped addressed envelope to me.

BOBBY.—You can reach Shirley Mason, Los Angeles, Cal.

ENGLISH ROSE.—Here you are, all in one breath. Violet Heming born in Leeds, England; Marion Davies born in Brooklyn; Madge Evans was born in 1909; Virginia Lee Corbin in 1912; Antonio Moreno born in Spain. You're welcome. Kathlyn Williams in "Prince Chap."

ASPHADEL.—Nobody envies my wealth and nobody envies my health. Had I wealth and lost it, somebody would be the gainer; had I health and lost it, everybody would be the loser. Isn't it so? Richard Barthelmess played with H. Palmerson Williams in "Bab." Dorothy Donnelly played in "Madame X." Harry Hilliard was Romeo.

KITTY.—Yes, indeed, I enjoy reading. Don Quixote is, after all, the defender of the oppressed, the champion of lost causes, and the man of noble abberrations. Woe to the centuries without Don Quixote. Nothing remains to them but Sancho Panzas. Tom Douglas you want to hear more about. Yes.

BLANCHE B.—Enid Bennett is married to Fred Niblo and Billie Burke to Florenz Ziegfeld. Wallace Reid, about 28. Jack Crosby was Kenneth in "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Ella Hall is still married to Emory Johnson.

JAZZ 697.—No, I have never had the pleasure of talking to Gloria Swanson, but I would like to. She became the mother of a baby girl who will be called Gloria.

GODOMONDI.—Well, I drink about a quart of buttermilk every day. No, I dont care for sardines. So you think I ought to comment more on the pictures. The line of my comments is directed by my readers. I certainly did enjoy "Peaceful Valley." I believe it was Charlie Ray's best, and he is always a lovable character. Didn't care so much for "Good References" with Constance Talmadge. Very light picture. Write me again.

ROBERT S.—To remember—to forget; alas! this is what makes us young or old. I remember with regret when I first found out that there was no Santa Claus. I am going to hang my stocking up this year, but I suppose I will find it full of emptiness. It is more blessed to give than to receive (my address is 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn). Charles Meredith in "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" and Jere Austin in "Erstwhile Susan." Hart Hoxie was Henry.

GOITY MOIPHY.—Hello Goity. All of the players you mention are in Los Angeles. So you are not very beautiful. Well beauty is the first gift Nature gives to women and the first she takes from her. You have nothing to lose then.

KAZUO T. ISOZAKI, 28-1 Kawaraya-Cho, Minamiku, Osaka, Japan, would like to exchange cards with my readers.

NOGI.—Thanks for the fee. Maurice Costello, I dont think, is doing anything now. You say he will always hold a corner in your heart. You say you can never forget Edith Storey. No, who can? Mabel Trunnelle—I dont know where she is, either. Some day we will have to hunt them all up and have a grand reunion. You say you have done everything in an editorial department but fill the managing editor's shoes, yet you have never been an Answer Man. Try it—it's lots of fun.

T. E. W.—Mrs. Sidney Drew can be reached, Vitagraph Studio, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRTEEN.—Thanks for the stamps. Marjorie Daw is in Los Angeles, Cal. Also Gloria Swanson and Viola Dana. Thanks. Write me again.

STANLEY.—Thanks for the cigar. Gloria Swanson is not playing at this writing. Yes, very much so. You will hear good news about her very soon. You guessed it the first time; Gloria No. 2 is expected.

MR. D. V.—I have answered yours by mail.

NOGI.—I am just vain enough to like you and your interesting letter. So much so, that I'm going to quote part of it: "I have an uncomfortable feeling that I'm talking, or writing, to thin air. You are not concrete enough, sir. I'd like to meet the man who possesses so brilliant a tongue and so kindly a nature, but you're entirely too much in demand, too busy. I imagine that's one reason why so many who would like to get in touch with you hang back. They feel like atoms or midgets around an arc-light.

"I dont know whether your age is seventy-nine or twenty-nine. But you say it's the former, and I'm not going to dispute you. You probably know more about it than I do, anyway. I see nothing strange about an elderly man in your position. In fact, it seems sort of appropriate. And I never yet have known a young man with the patience, the dry wit, the mellowness of nature or the kindliness of disposition that you appear to possess. I feel like a fool, telling you these things. But, honest to John, sir, it's not a lie. Altho in the editorial game, you are un-

(*Continued on page* 121)

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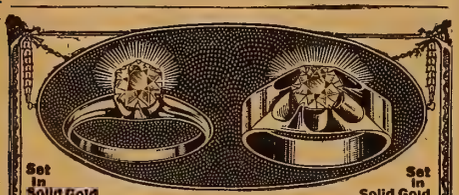

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California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 80)

picture will be "The Halfbreed" in which William Desmond will have the lead and Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne will be associated with him.

Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, has apparently decided that California is better than ever as a picture-making territory. For he has arrived from the East to make his permanent home here where he can personally oversee the future expansion and activities of his company. Vitagraph now has seven companies at the Los Angeles studios and four at Brooklyn. In addition, another company for specials is soon to be started here and at least one, perhaps two more comedy units organized. At the Los Angeles studios now, David Smith is producing "Black Beauty" in seven reels with Jean Paige in the principal rôle; Chester Bennett is finishing "Diamonds Adrift" with Earle Williams, and Antonio Moreno has begun his first feature "Three Sevens." William Duncan and Edith Johnson are in the midst of "Fighting Fate"; Joe Ryan is making a Western serial; Larry Semon is producing special comedies, as is Jimmy Aubrey.

Elliott Dexter who has entirely recovered from his recent illness is seriously considering going abroad next Spring. Meanwhile he is to appear in "The Affairs of Anatol" and one or two other specials before leaving.

Fred Niblo has completed the new Douglas Fairbanks' feature, "The Mark of Zorro," and is to return to the Ince studios for one special all-star production for the Associated Producers. J. Gardner Sullivan is writing the continuity for a well-known story, the name of which is not yet announced. After that, Mr. Niblo may return to Fairbanks, who expects to make two more pictures before leaving for England next Spring.

Universal has purchased "It's Never Too Late to Mend" by Helene Christine as a starring vehicle for Eva Novak, whose first stellar picture, "Wanted at Headquarters," was very favorably received.

A good story is told of Norman Dwan, who was recently directing a crowd of 200 extra people for a scene in Edith Roberts' feature, "White Youth," at Universal City. During the day he had cause to address them as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have given you real food to eat and real punch to drink; you are sitting on real upholstery, looking at real paintings and tapestries and you are wearing real silks and laces. May I ask one thing in return?"

All the actors nodded assent.

"Then for the love of Mike let us have some real acting!"

William Christy Cabanne whose latest Robertson-Cole production, "The Stealers," has made a big hit, is now at work on his second original picture, the story of which was written by himself and is entitled "What is a Wife Worth?"

Work has started on Louise Fazenda's series of two-reel comedies for the Special Pictures Corporation. The comedienne has been under contract for some time but just finished her work with Mack Sennett. Miss Fazenda will work under the banner of A. L. Hart Productions Company which is also sponsoring the Conklin two-reel comedies. She now has the right to approve or reject all stories and the finished film including subtitles must have her O. K.

One of the most remarkable novels I have ever read is "The Little Lady of the Big House" by Jack London. Not the least of its charm to me was its title. Now

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Metro has started cinematizing this virile story and changed the title to the one of "What is the Matter with Marriage?" which has absolutely nothing to do with the plot. Everyone must regret a policy like this which is becoming more and more rampant in picture companies. The cast for "What is the Matter with Marriage?" which you will probably never recognize as "The Little Lady of the Big House" includes Ora Carew, Milton Sills and Nigel Barrie.

May Allison is one of the most capable and talented stars. She not only designs her own clothes but recently drew plans for the interior of a church and its altar to be used for the wedding scene in her latest picture "Are Wives to Blame." Then she had three days vacation—during which time she made preserves from the fruit of the eight fig trees which adorn the rear of her beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

The Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America is at last an accomplished fact. Offices have been opened at 224 Markham Building, Hollywood. The chief purpose for which the Screen Writers' Guild has been organized is to promote a closer and more co-operative relationship between the producer of motion pictures and those who in the capacity of writers are directly associated with him in the creation and preparation of screen material. For instance the registration of manuscripts—which is a tried and proved protection of the author against the theft of his ideas—is one of the duties which the Guild has undertaken and which service is available to any author of motion picture material whether or not he is a member of the Guild.

Ford Sterling has completed a tour of the Western Coast but has postponed his Eastern personal appearance trip to start work on his first comedy at the Special Pictures Studio. The other day President Thompson called him into his office and said:

"Well, old man, I think we'll have to lower the salary we are paying you."

"But I have a contract," protested Sterling.

"Yes, I know, but haven't you noticed that the price of all Fords has gone down? I cant see where you're an exception."

The Goldwyn Studio has a most interesting wardrobe manager—by name Sophie Wachner. The other day she was having a brainstorm figuring how many yards of silk will be required to make seventeen dozen old-fashioned dresses having fifteen or twenty yards in each one. She'll have a worse brainstorm trying to count up how many modern frocks one old-fashioned dress will make when she remodels them for another picture.

William H. Crane, dean of the American stage, intends to make Hollywood his future home. Altho Mr. Crane has announced that he does not care to work before the camera, still he wishes to keep in close touch with the studios and any of his former associates who are now working for the screen.

Marcus Loew has been spending some time in Hollywood visiting the Metro studios in which he has a large interest. He asserts that his viewpoint is still primarily that of the exhibitor.

When dealing with bores one good turn down deserves another.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 119)

doubtedly human, and nobody lives who doesn't *eat* appreciation. For heaven's sake, take this as it's given. I shy at being thought a bally flapper. Personally, I hope that you are seventy-nine and not a day younger."

RUTH; CATHRYN H.; JENNIE B.; CONWAY TEARLE ADMIRER; EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER; B. H. N. & M. E. T.; L. H. G.; ALICE LOUISE; EUGENE LACAYO, MANILA; D. S. B.; ENGLISH GIRL; JIM S.; MAUDE S.; X. V.; NEW ORLEANS GIRL; JOSEPHINE; BLUE EYES; MONROE SALISBURY; A. M. K.; BLONDIE; TWO-GUN; WALLACE REID FAN, VIVIAN MARTIN FAN; JUST TOOTS; D. W.—Better luck next time, but your answers appear above—somebody else got ahead of you all.

GLORIA H.—Surely, I was glad to hear from you. Martha Mansfield is playing opposite Conway Tearle in "The Road to Ambition." That's the road we should all take. You refer to Charles Spere.

JEWEL P.—Have success, and there will always be fools to say that you have talent, you say. I agree with you, but the majority wont grant success without talent. Yes, Edith Roberts, in "White Youth."

JANE ST. CLAIR.—No, I am not superstitious, but I have heard of the one that if an actor's shoes squeak when he is making his first entrance, he will be very well received by the audience. That was W. P. Carleton, in "The Amateur Wife," and Albert Roscoe, in "Her Elephant Man."

DOLLY B. GOOD.—You ask me the best way to get thin. The surest way I know of, altho rather inconvenient, is to stop eating. As my friend, Brown, says, I know a nice, affectionate girl who goes about patting beefsteaks on the back, running her fingers fondly thru the beards of oysters, holding hands for hours with breaded veal cutlets, rubbing noses with pork chops, and having affairs with boiled onions. Her emotional eyes light with amorous interest in the presence of food; they fill with great, glistening tears when the plates are taken out, and she sits despondent, weeping gently into her coffee. Monte Blue, in "Jucklins."

E. M.—No, I do not live in New York. I have all I can do to live in Brooklyn on $10 a week. In my hall-room I have artificial heat, artificial light, and artificial food, but so long as I dont have artificial hair, teeth, eyes and legs, I'll get along. The life of an Answer Man is but a bed of roses.

YO TE AMO.—Heap much thanks. I prized your letter highly. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks, in "The Mark of Zorro." Taken from the novel "The Curse of Capistrano." Marguerite de La Motte opposite him. Yes, indeed, I like to go to art exhibits. I always attend the National Academy Show in New York. Ancient works make one warm, modern ones leave one placid. The reason is, perhaps, that the ancients had more faith than we have. Why, Jere Austin was born in Minneapolis.

JUST VICKY.—Thank you, but I think that the wisdom of old age compensates for the vigor of youth. You certainly pay me the highest sort of compliment. Pell Trenton was born in New York.

DECEMBER MARY.—You say I resemble in achievement today what Dr. Samuel Johnson was in the past, who sat in his easy-chair, and was for twenty years the literary oracle of the world. Say, that's what I call mighty nice of you. Wont you be my Boswell? Phyllis Haver, Marie

(*Continued on page* 122)

Screen Stories in Demand

Before sending your photoplays and stories out on the market, be careful to have them first put in proper form and language. The "Detailed Synopsis" is preferred by the studios, as almost every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to learn them all. But, a "Detailed Synopsis" can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be "picturized" by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

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The Forman of the Megaphone

(*Continued from page 72*)

ring vehicles which Mr. Forman was directing. But, as it was apparent that he had written many other things besides, we didn't like to ask his name. It was he who opened the door for us and said, "I'm not Mr. Forman. He is in the tub! But come right in, and he wont be long now." So we talked about everything, principally about how very bad, bad pictures can be, and so, when Tommy Meighan came in, he took it for granted that we knew whom we were talking to, and only said, "Hello, everybody. Where's the medicine case? I'll fill it." And we all went on talking about how very bad, bad pictures can be.

Now, of course, when you're not sure of your listener, you have to be careful what you say, for we never shall forget the time we said to an inoffensive young woman: "I wanted to kill the ingénue in that picture." And she replied: "Yes; I thought my work was bad. It was the director's fault." So, whenever we took up a new picture for discussion, we would first say: "Did you write it?" For, even having the courage of one's convictions isn't the same as telling a man to his face that you think his work is rotten. But we're quite sure that we shall like "The Quarry!" The nameless blond young man likes all of our favorite directors, such as David Griffith, Jerome Storm and George Loane Tucker, and, "as a man thinketh, so shall he write scenarios."

Every time we dont see Tommy Meighan for a couple of months we forget how nice he is; so, when he walked into Mr. Forman's apartment the other evening, we had a hundred things to talk about. We both started in simultaneously: "Do you remember that interview at the Astor?" and, "Oh, that night at the Ziegfeld Roof!" "Have you ever seen him since?" and "Did you get there on time?" So when Mr. Forman, pink and white and fair-haired and radiant in his dinner clothes, came into the room no one saw him, and he just had to break right in and say, "Here, I want to be interviewed!" So Tommy Meighan said: "You cant be interviewed now. You haven't time. We'll all have luncheon at the studio on Monday, and you can be interviewed then." But we were quite firm.

"Never mind the story about 'the miracle cat' now. You go and sit down for ten minutes, and then we shall deliver your director into your hands intact, to do with as you will."

We took one look at our victim and said: "It's a shame, you're not going to be a leading man any more. Why do you prefer directing?"

"Well," he answered, "I can answer that question very easily. In the first place, I wasn't a leading man—or only on rare occasions at least. I was always playing second leads—the returned-soldier-who-finds-his-sweetheart-married-to-another-man sort of thing. And then, just as I was being cast for leads, I went away to war, and, I tell you, the war makes a lot of difference."

"You played the lead in the last picture we saw you in. Cant remember the name of it, but you stole Irving Cumming's girl away from him and married her; and then he returned from the war like Enoch Arden. Do you remember? Of course, you were the lead in that, because it is always the leading man who marries the heroine."

"Yes, I played the hero in that; but it isn't possible to be away for two years and then to take things up just where you left off. So it didn't look to me as tho I was ever going to get very far."

"But you were so clever on the screen," we murmured, determined to make this ex-movie hero regret his departure from the drama. He didn't seem a bit elated.

"I never thought so," he answered. "I never liked what I did." And he meant it.

"But, dont you miss seeing yourself in the pictures? Didn't you envy Jack Holt in 'The Sins of Rozanne'? And, wouldn't you rather have been making love to Ethel Clayton than directing her?"

"Well, a story like 'Sins of Rozanne' isn't easy to do, on account of the occult stuff; but I prefer to be the man behind the gun."

"And wont you languish for the plaudits of the well-known public? You know a director never gets the credit he deserves when the picture is good."

"No; but he gets the blame when the picture is bad! And as for the other, I dont care two straws for it. I haven't a bit of vanity. I never was cut out for an actor, anyway. I was born in Texas, and was raised to punch cattle. However, I do like directing. An actor is only so much putty in the hands of his director. He has no will of his own!"

"What's that?" called out Tommy Meighan from the next room. "So, I'm only putty, am I?"

"He wasn't talking of stars," we called back . . . "only of ordinary mortals. Keep quiet in there; our allotted time is not yet up." And then to Mr. Forman we said: "And you preferred being the director to being the putty?" Omar Khayyam has said something very nice which would have been appropriate to the occasion, only we couldn't think of it then. We never can when we want it in a hurry. It's something about the potter's clay.

"Yes, I was saying that there were many reasons why I'd rather be a director than be an actor. You know, the director gets more money than anybody unless it is the star, and we've got to think of that. And a star never expects to retain his following for more than six or eight years. The public is notoriously fickle. I expect to be directing when I'm an infirm old man, walking around with a stick."

"Yes; and, of course, you should begin to plan for the future. You must be all of twenty-five, aren't you?"

"Oh, I never tell my age. I'll tell you where I was born, but not when."

"Why, if we were your age, we should be shouting it from the housetops . . . 'We're only twenty-five! . . . We're only twenty-five!' It's great to be young."

"Yes, but not for a director. They think they cant trust you until your hair begins to turn grey."

"Dont worry," we added. "Your's will begin to turn grey before you've directed many more pictures. Why, dont you know that if the star's work is stilted, or the continuity is bad, or the ingénue is 'too cute for words,' or the titles are bad, everybody says, 'Cherchez le directeur!' Oh, your hair will turn grey fast enough."

"And I'll see to it that it does," called Tommy Meighan from the next room. "Haven't you finished with him yet?"

"Yes. Just one thing more. In enumerating the advantages of being a director, you left out one thing. You know, when you're a star, you have to be careful what you eat so as to keep your waistline where it belongs. But when you're only a director, you can eat anything you like.

"Which is a polite way of telling me that I'm getting fat. I know it; but whether it's because I'm a director, or *vice versa*, I'm not so sure."

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 121*)

Post and Charles Murray, in Mack Sennett's next five-reel feature, "Love, Honor and Behave." Naomi Childers, in California. Thanks, write me again.

Beula.—We all should be both teachers and pupils; no one is so ignorant but he can teach, no one so learned but he can learn. Carol Holloway is playing in "A Good Bad Man." Lottie Pickford did not play in "The Trey of Hearts." You refer to Cleo Madison and George Larkin. William Boyd was Mr. Carpenter in "City of Masks."

Dolly B. Good.—You here again? Eugene O'Brien is 37; Jack Pickford, 25; Constance Talmadge, 21; George Walsh, 29. You're welcome. Myrtle Stedman, and Lawson Butt, in "The Tiger's Coat." Lester Cuneo is playing in "Lone Hand Wilson."

Emily F.—Thanks, indeed, for the fudge. It was very fine, and you are quite a candy maker. As to your question, I think perhaps it is better for you to wait and live in your world of dreams than to join the noisy throng.

George M.—Thanks for the clipping. You say Yonkers is next to the largest city in the U. S. Yes, geographically speaking. Ruth Stonehouse and Eileen Percy, in "The Land of Jazz."

Agnes.—Why, the tomato was formerly called love-apple, was thought to be poisonous, and was grown for decorative purposes. Yes, I know, the other day a very handsome chap called here and told me that Rod LaRocque's name should be spelt just as I have spelt it. You can reach him at the Greenroom Club, New York City.

Zim Zam Zum.—Thanks for your cards. They are much appreciated.

Spectator.—Thank you for the picture of yourself in a bathing suit. You ought to join the Mack Sennett company. You have my sympathy. Sylvia Breamer is playing in "The Devil," with George Arliss. George Beban, in "One Man in a Million."

Mary M.—Your questions in rhyme were interesting to read. About Moreno, I shall proceed. Married, he is not, you see; in serials he will no longer be. Finis. Now, isn't that just too clever for anything?

Lillis St. Clair.—One of the old Pansy Club members. Glad to hear from you again. Be sure to call on me when you come East.

Peggy San Francisco.—They tell me Conrad Nagel is the father of a baby girl, Ruth, which was born on October 29th. E. K. Lincoln and Hazel Dawn are playing in "What Is Love?" I hope they know. Nobody else does. The Bible has been translated into 450 languages and dialects.

Milwaukee.—Thanks kindly for the box of milk chocolates. Sweet of you. Sweets from the sweet to the sour. You want an interview with Cullen Landis soon. You ought to have it. Yes, they do say that there is a device on which a moving hand indicates the direction the car will turn, being designed for use on the rear of motorcars.

Brown Eyes.—Why, it was General Zachary Taylor who led America's victorious troops in the war against Mexico, and he captured Palo Alto May 8th, 1846. Norman Trevor has been signed to make eight pictures for the new Ziegfeld Film Company. Florence Reed and Earle Foxe have also signed with this company. Just forget about that Chaplin question.

Anyone.—Why, I started to work here in November, 1910, but I was with Mr.

Brewster in September, 1910. The first issue of this magazine was the February, 1911, with Thomas Edison's picture on the cover. Wallace Reid has one child. You refer to Bobby Connelly.

BRONX NUT.—Your letter was certainly full of nonsense. God must have loved silly people—he made so many of them.

NUTS, ST. LOUIS.—Glad to hear from you again. So you are married and have two children. Congratulations. Write me again.

DEVIL DOG.—You want to see and hear more of Lillian Walker. So do I.

BERTE FROM MILWAUKEE.—Late suppers and late hours make men unhealthy, unwealthy and otherwise. I dont approve of them. Rockcliffe Fellowes is playing opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession." You refer to Edith Taliaferro and Jack Sherrill. Very interesting, your letter.

The Answer Man insists on our publishing this letter, and not without cause. It seems that H.C. is an inmate of an unmentionable institution and we bought a W.S.S. from him to help him out. Just read what he says and see how eloquent he is: "There's not a person in all the world I could more wish just now to meet than yourself." Terence, *Phormio*. Additional scene.

Which may or may not flatter you, my dear X, but candidly it is the truth; It is a night for companionship for "Th' wind am a howlin' in the pine wood brake." While the spatters of rain against the windows whisper things not understood by human ears and all Camden Town lies silent except two muffled notes borne faintly on the wind from the clock tower.

Of course, by all laws of decency I should be in bed, and yet here I am prowling around in a bathrobe like some ill-begotten spirit doomed for some infinitesimal sin.

I suppose some punishment is due me for not answering your most generous letter, and if you just say the word I'll have the doctor slip some nux vomica into the vile concoctions he now prescribes as medicines and we'll call it square. Confidentially, he's a very accommodating old chap; frank, outspoken and all the rest of those irritating qualities habitual with physicians—and directors.

He quite frankly told me yesterday that if he could make an emulsion of my disposition it would form a culture bed of bacilli that would start a bubonic plague. So I am beginning to wonder whether a plain stone slab or an elaborate granite block would be suitable placed admidship after the gentleman in the over-alls and run-down shoes gives me the final pat in the face with his spade, and it all started because I dared to remark in a fit of despondency that "I was a stranger to everybody except God—and to him I was a disappointment."

Seriously tho, my dear X, if I could find words suitable to express the pleasure your letter gave me, perhaps I would be more content in knowing that *you understood;* but, somehow, for some unknown reason I am left groping helplessly, blindly and can only wonder at my own stupidity.

It was really wonderful of you to pause long enough to shake hands with me and laugh over the interview I sent you. Candidly, I wish there was a phrase more expressive than just "Thank you."

But, my dear X, I am greatly troubled about the check. I did not send the interview to sell. It was not even in Ms. form, but when I received the check I thought that possibly "Ye Editor" would find space for it, and if so the check would be *honestly* mine; but as time passes and the customary six to eight weeks have gone by, (Ah! how many slips have I with that six to eight weeks) and there has been no signs of the article, I have come to the conclusion it has not appealed to him, so I want to return the amount you so kindly sent me; but am in doubt as how to do so.

If sent by registered mail to the "Answer Man" would it reach you safely? A money-order is out of the question (confound this incognito and a registered letter is all I can think of, only I want to be sure you are there and not on your vacation; so please help the dumb.

I sincerely wish I knew you well enough to write often, for at times I get the "willies" so bad that you might think I was Nazimova, and I dont need to ask questions about the pictures nor the stars as I am pretty well versed in astronomy and I get all the movie magazines on the market, but the way you put your act over is a riot; original and well-seasoned and best of all, you're so damnably human. Now do you wonder why I want to know you better.

Please dont think I wish to pry into things I have no business to, for I am not a he—Mrs. Grundy. Your name, age, and color of your eyes I will leave to man's dearest enemy. If you were a convict with the same mentality I would gladly hail you, for candidly speaking I am a mental Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Life.

Did you ever read Ralph Iron's "Story of an African Farm"? If not, may I send it to you? I consider it a wonderful piece of work and am sure you would enjoy it.

Thanking you again for your great kindness and trusting sincerely that you can find time to wave from your hill o' battle in the direction of mine, I am, H. C.

LENORE G.—I wept real salty tears when I read yours. Yes, Casson Ferguson.

EARL, ARK.—You are not educated right if you say that. To have no education is a misfortune. To have a wrong education is a calamity. Lawrence Grant in "To Hell With the Kaiser." You refer to George Chesebro. Why should we complain, since we are so little moved by the complaints of others?

SENONTA NEE-NAH.—Aha, you say you always read my department last, because you always believe in saving the best thing till last. My most gracious thanks. Marin Sais is in Los Angeles.

SMILES.—I am afraid the picture would be too small. I guess you like the gravure printing better. We never forget what we learn with pleasure, and that is why motion pictures are the best kind of education.

G. T. R.—You pay me a high compliment. I try to be happy by learning what I know not and teaching what I know. So you enjoy the Capitol Theater, while I like the Strand. I usually go to pictures every Monday night. The Editor takes me.

RUBY K.—So this is your first letter to me. Come right in; dont be afraid. I like all my friends. Friends unjustly gotten are seldom comfortably enjoyed. And you seem to think that Tom Moore ought to have some of his eyebrows pulled out. The men will all be doing it soon, and most of them need it badly.

INQUISITIVE SONIA.—Thanks, a lot, for your gem of a letter. Yes, Olive Tell is with Selznick, playing opposite Eugene O'Brien in "Regret." Viola Vale, opposite Bill Hart.

THE HAT CITY.—Hats off! The blonde was Doris Pawn. In nude, painted, sculptured, or described, some see only the line of the beautiful; others see always temptation.

W. A. K. FROM THE PINES.—No, my child, I do not want riches. I am very happy getting $10 a week. Surely, it is

(*Continued on page* 126)

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"JUST outside the door the fairies are waiting with their gifts. Let them in. They will weave a magic spell about you and transform you with their deft touches," says a lovely new star, the winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. And she tells who these fairies are in the story,

"In League with the Fairies"

By

CORLISS PALMER

which will appear in

The March Number

of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

This is the first of a series of beauty articles by Miss Palmer, who, as the most beautiful woman of America, is prepared to give her very modern and advanced ideas of acquiring and preserving beauty and health for the benefit of every woman who seeks her shrine. Beginning with the March number, these articles will appear regularly in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

He offers the hand of his adopted daughter, Eva, to "Squire" Rattray, provided Rattray, who is passionately in love with Eva, helps him in securing a great hoard of gold. To do this, they wreck the ship carrying it, having previously loaded the dory, in which they escape, with the treasure. In the meantime, one of the ship's passengers, a George Stevenson Cole, has fallen in love with Eva, and she with him; but, her pleadings notwithstanding, they leave him to perish with the others. Miraculously, his life is saved, but his troubles are by no means over. Because he has a tale to tell, his life still hangs in the balance, and it is not until he escapes thru two or three reels of the deadliest plotting that he wins the girl, and is apparently assured two or three peaceful years, thru the death of Señor Santos and the repentance of "Squire" Rattray.

This is one of the few pictures in which the interiors have actually been filmed inside of the house shown in the story. The winding stairways and large rooms, with exquisitely carved woodwork, are not the product of a studio carpenter's ingenuity, but actually existed. This makes all manner of effective shots possible, with action on the outside—shown thru open doorways and windows—and on the inside, possible at the same time. Perhaps this was necessary . . . for, as may be seen, there is sufficient action.

It is unusual, too, in that it has two climaxes, one in the beginning of the story, in which there is an exceptionally fine ship explosion—and it is not a miniature ship in a tank exploded for the occasion, but the real thing—and a virile fight before the story draws to a close.

Certainly the production does not aim towards the artistically dramatic, and if the artists contributed any subtleties they have been sacrificed to the action, which crams each and every reel. Tom Terris, who directed "Dead Men," may not specialize in emotional scenes, but he does in thrills.

As to the cast: Percy Marmont plays the hero adequately, while Holmes E. Herbert is so very attractive as "Squire" Rattray that you find yourself inadvertently favoring his suit. George von Syffertitz is excellent as the master-mind, the canny Scotchman, who goes his deadly way under the name of Señor Santos.

Catherine Calvert, who plays Eva, deserves a special word of mention. She is quite the most ravishing vision shadowed on the screen for many moons, but the story gives her no opportunity to do much more than look beautiful. However, she does this so ably that you are not inclined to notice anything else.

KISMET—ROBERTSON-COLE

"Kismet" is redeemed by Otis Skinner. Bringing to the screen the beggar, Hajj, which he has created on the stage for so long a time, Otis Skinner's every movement is a joy to behold, his innate grace of bearing and his subtle interpretations of the emotions cause his scenes to stand forth with an artistic radiance. And, fortunately, he appears in many scenes.

Really, "Kismet" should need no redemption—it should have suggested purples and silvers and rose and gold in a setting of amber—instead it suggested a theatric Bagdad and now and then it creaked and lumbered.

The story is that which Edward Knoblock dramatized from the Arabian Nights, and Gasnier has produced it for the silver-

sheet. Too, a few hours reference work would have obliterated the errors in the manners and customs of the distant East which it now contains and which strip it of any reality whatsoever for those who are familiar with that part of the Orient in which the action is laid.

Everyone knows the story of Hajj, the beggar who enjoys the purple for one day, who schemes and plans for his daughter to marry one in high authority. Incidentally, the man he chooses has been in love with his daughter for sometime, wooing her over her garden wall in the guise of the gardener's son. In the end the daughter goes to the palace and Hajj returns to his begging stone outside the temple.

Rosemary Theby plays the favored lady of the harem and Elinor Fair, Marsinah, the daughter of Hajj; Nicholas Dunrer and Herschel Mayall too are entrusted with important rôles, but it is Otis Skinner's characterization only which you take from the theater with you. He shines forth as a gem in a dull setting.

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN—FIRST NATIONAL

This production, which, like "The Master Mind," Lionel Barrymore's last screen offering, was directed by Kenneth Webb, strives toward the artistic; but, except for exquisite photography thruout and the atmosphere of several scenes, its striving is in vain.

The story tells of a postmaster in an English rural district, played by Mr. Barrymore, and his wife, Mavis. His postmastership threatened, Mavis risks their honor to save it. When her husband learns of this, he murders the man involved, but his crime is not discovered. Years later, when his wife brings a little girl of the village into their home to assist her, he finds that the girl tempts his desires, even as his wife had those of the man he murdered. Terrified by the fear of

The Master Mind, Scene

to such a great extent, he is frightfully handicapped by his story material.

Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, listed in the cast as Doris Rankin, also brings an artistry to the screen, and her characterization of the loving wife, Mavis, will linger in the minds of her audiences.

TWIN BEDS—FIRST NATIONAL

If you didn't see "Twin Beds," quite as boudoirish as any bedroom farce before or after, on the stage, it will undoubtedly afford an evening's entertainment—especially if you dont feel that bedroom farces, like the circus, are always the same.

But, on the other hand, if "Twin Beds" amused you from the other side of the footlights, it is safe to say that they wont on the screen, because you'll know that they're not successful, especially in apartments where everybody else has 'em, and husbands coming home in the wee hours, prohibition notwithstanding, get into the wrong door, and, eventually, the wrong twin bed. You'll know, too, just when Señor Monti is going to hide from the husband in the linen basket, and when he

"You look as though you'd just been unwrapped from the tissue-paper!"

Is It Simply a Perversity of Nature That Some Complexions Withstand Whipping Winter Winds? Or Have the Favored Few a Secret of Their Own?

THE long grey car sped purringly through the starlight to where the lights of the Country Club glowed warm and inviting. The girl threw back her head ecstatically and let the crisp, wine-like air stream against her cheeks.

"Oh, Alan! Isn't it simply glorious with the wind-shield open," she gasped to the man behind the wheel, who bent lower as the car almost doubled its speed. "Let's ride around just a tiny bit more before we go in,—it's too heavenly!" The wind took the words almost before they were out of her mouth.

* * * * *

A half hour later they burst breathless and glowing into the club house, where the roaring fire and gay music greeted them cheeringly. In a few short minutes they were gliding out on the floor.

"I say, Corina,—it was simply ripping—that open windshield idea—but didn't it play merry havoc with your complexion? Even my tough old rawhide stings like the deuce, while you—you look as though you'd just been unwrapped from the tissue-paper."

Corina laughed gaily. "You're a dear to say that, Alan,—but it isn't really me you know,—it's Hinds Cream. It soothes the skin so wonderfully I always put lots of it on after motoring. It brings out the natural freshness and softness,—that's all!"

"As though that weren't enough," murmured Alan, who held the usual masculine dislike for cosmetics. "It makes you look a thousand times better than any paint or powder could!"

On every dressing table where you find the daintiest appointments, you also find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. For the cleverest women realize that *natural* loveliness of complexion has a charm high above all others,—and that this Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, long famous for its softening and purifying qualities, is the surest way to a skin of pristine freshness and radiance.

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MEN, who scorn the use of a beauty lotion, find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream ideal after shaving. Ready to use, it heals small cuts and scrapes, soothes, cools and prevents chapping.

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Announcement

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Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

is going to seek refuge under one of the title rôles . . . and you wont be one bit surprised in the very end when the beds are pushed together and wife, with her "new-fangled ideas," agrees that hubby is right, after all.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven have made as much out of the screen possibilities of "Twin Beds" as could be made. Mr. DeHaven, especially, contributes several humorous incidents, but even he is not funny enough to cause us to change what we said some time ago about no farce being material for a five-reel production.

THE CHARM SCHOOL—PARAMOUNT

In his latest offering, Wallie Reid, genial and good-looking as ever, inherits a school. You can imagine the rest. He resigns from his position as automobile salesman and takes the fair inmates of the institution of learning by storm, with countless broken hearts as the result. He determines to teach the young ladies charm first, and geometry and Greek afterwards, provided there is time. In the end, the school is discovered to belong to some one else thru a will which was overlooked, but this does not happen until one of the pupils teaches the new and adored principal the meaning of other things.

This is a picture very different from anything Mr. Reid has done before. In fact, it is not like any other picture we have ever seen, and while the star has an important rôle, he is not constantly on the screen, which means that he is more welcome than ever when he does appear.

Lila Lee plays the girl, and she was eligible for graduation the minute it became a charm school.

WHEN THE PICTURE IN WHICH IS THE HOME-TOWN GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Frank H. Williams

The Girl Who Was Her Best Childhood Friend: "I dont see anything about her part to rave over. I think it's a mighty poor part. And she doesn't treat her old friends right. When I wrote to her and asked her to tell the producers about me so I could become a star right away, she wrote back and told me to work up as she's doing. I didn't think it was nice of her at all."

The Young Man She Turned Down: "I'm not saying anything, mind you, but you know how movie actresses are. You know all the stories you hear about movie high life, and, well, you know how things go."

Her Father: "It's a great picture. I thought at first I might be a little prejudiced in her favor, seeing as how I'm her father, but everybody I've asked about her work in this picture says she sure will be starred before long."

The Woman Who Is an Unsuccessful Writer of Screen Stories: "I dont think she appreciates home-town folks or has the right attitude toward her old home at all. I sent her a beautiful story I've written in which there is a splendid part for her, and I suggested that she get the company she is working for to buy it. And she sent it back to me and told me she wouldn't presume to try and tell the company what to buy, and that I ought to send it thru the 'regular channels.'"

The Manager of the Theater Where the Picture is Shown: "It's great stuff! This city should be proud of its foremost screen actress. She is a coming star! See this picture by all means ! ! ! !"

Her Mother: "Of course I'm delighted that she is making such a big success, but, oh, dear, I do wish Hollywood was nearer home!"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 123*)

always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing. No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want. Dorothy Dalton, yes, in "The Teaser," for Paramount. You want an interview with Harrison Ford.

Ada B.—Ada, how could you? I read every word of your twenty-four-page letter, and I wont seold, because you ought to be encouraged. You are a very promising writer. Hens, did you say? Oh, yes, of course. The eagle is the bird to soar, the hawk is king of the woods; the mockingbird can sing the score, but the hen delivers the goods.

Ernest.—Well, Ernest, there are three sexes—males, females and girls. Why, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are planning to go to Europe again. They are both producing now. Mary, in "Rag Tag and Bob Tail." I suppose it is another of her delightfully grotesque pictures.

Vera W.—You are very good at repartee, Vera. Repartee is perfect when it effects its purpose with a double edge. It is the highest ornament of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the emotions are aroused. Betty Brice was Anne in "The Sagebrusher." No, she is not married.

Madeline.—Yes, naturally, I like to hear the nice things that are said about this department. I believe that it was Bulwer who said, "How a little praise warms out of a man the good that is in him, and the sneer of contempt which he feels to be unjust chills the ardor to excel." Monte Blue, in "The Jucklins." Alice Brady played in "Anna Ascends," on the stage.

owards the artistically dramatic, and if he artists contributed any subtleties they ave been sacrificed to the action, which rams each and every reel. Tom Terris, who directed "Dead Men," may not specialize in emotional scenes, but he does in hrills.

As to the cast: Percy Marmont plays he hero adequately, while Holmes E. Herbert is so very attractive as "Squire" Rattray that you find yourself inadvertently favoring his suit. George von Syfferitz is excellent as the master-mind, the canny Scotchman, who goes his deadly way under the name of Señor Santos.

Catherine Calvert, who plays Eve, do

Barrymore Fan.—Yes, Mlle. Dazie, the dancer.

Ben Turpin Admirer.—My, you want to know at lot. Stuart Holmes, in "The New Moon." Eugene O'Brien, in "Her Only Way." Casson Ferguson, in "The Shuttle." Henry King and Marie Osborne, in "Joy and the Dragon." Bryant Washburn and Marguerite Clayton, in "The Prince of Graustark." Dont mind me; that's what I'm here for. Kindly close the door behind you.

Well Balli.—Send a stamped addressed envelope for list of manufacturers.

Mae V.—You will never be arrested for speeding. Sure thing. Well, if you are on a fruit and vegetable diet, your liver will have three times less work to do than if you were on a meat diet. After all, the way we live depends upon the liver. Why, Bryant Washburn, in "The Road to London." This picture was made in London and the first picture by his own company. Joan Morgan opposite.

Smithy.—Go ahead and tell me the joke. Phyllis Haver is not married, and I dont know whether she is willing to be. You must come in and we will talk it over.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ADAMS

California Fruit

Gum

A CHICLE

Painted for American Chicle Company by C. Coles Phillips. Copyright 1920

Washing for beauty

THIS is to tell you how to make washing your face the most important of all beauty treatments. How to wash so thoroughly that every tiny pore and minute gland is cleansed from poisonous accumulations of dirt and oil. Yet to wash so gently that your complexion is soothed as you cleanse it.

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Wash with Palmolive and your two hands

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Apply as much Palmolive Cold Cream as the skin will absorb, wiping off the surplus. Then look in the mirror and admire the becoming freshness and rosy bloom of your complexion.

Just before going to bed is the ideal time for this thorough cleansing. If your skin is unusually dry, we advise using Palmolive Cold Cream before you begin washing. This supplies the lacking natural oil and keeps your skin smooth and supple.

Why Palmolive is so mild

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Users of Palmolive may wonder why it isn't very expensive. Why this extra fine facial soap can be bought at the price of other soaps.

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MOTION PICTURE.

MARCH

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

RUTH ROLAND

Have a beautiful skin

Follow these simple directions

You must give Nature the aid she needs in keeping the skin pores active. This means washing your face and washing it thoroughly, regularly, every day.

Cold cream alone won't do—you mustn't depend upon it entirely for cleanliness. It catches dust and helps fill up the tiny pores instead of cleansing them.

You needn't be afraid of the effect of soap on the skin—not if your soap is right. Use Palmolive and make washing a daily beauty treatment.

Palmolive is the mildest of soaps and the gentlest of cleansers. Palm and Olive oils —ingredients of Palmolive—were ancient Egyptian cosmetics. Cleopatra used them as beautifiers as well as cleansers.

Use your two hands

This mild, gentle soap produces a profuse creamy lather which you should apply to your face with your two hands.

Massage it softly into your skin, so as not to roughen its delicate, sensitive texture. Then just as gently rinse it away.

It carries with it all dangerous, clogging accumulations—the dust and oil secretions, the remains of the day's rouge and powder. It leaves your skin healthfully, thoroughly clean.

Keep that school-girl complexion

A fine and fresh complexion

The gentle washing and rinsing stimulates minute glands and capillaries to beneficial action. This keeps your complexion fine and fresh and encourages natural, becoming color.

Be liberal with Palmolive Cold Cream if your skin is dry. Apply it before washing and again after, and your skin will be beautifully smooth.

Why Palmolive isn't 50 cents a cake

If made in small quantity it would be. We can't make it better.

The gigantic demand for Palmolive keeps the price moderate It keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, which reduces manufacturing cost.

It permits the purchase of the costly oils, imported from overseas, in such vast volume that the price is much reduced.

Thus Palmolive is popular priced—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

It is for sale by leading dealers everywhere and supplied in guest-room size by America's popular hotels.

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Victrolas $25 to $1500. Victor dealers everywhere.

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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
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What 1921 and Paramount Pictures have in store for you

1921 is going to be a banner year in the motion picture industry.

The extraordinary Paramount Pictures to be released will alone make it such.

All through the past year, and all over the world, the immense plans of Paramount have been in preparation for your 1921 entertainment.

1921 and Paramount will give you a flaming new idea, a totally new and magnificent conception of what the screen can mean to you!

Ideals plus immense organization—basis of Paramount supremacy

The basis of Paramount's supremacy will continue to be one of immense organization both in production and distribution of motion pictures, and unlimited resource of talent, money, physical equipment and imagination.

Paramount has enough studios and producing plants to equip forty ordinary motion picture companies. The chief of these studios are in California, New York, and London, England.

The whole world-wide producing organization of Paramount Pictures proceeds on a basis of assured success for the photoplays produced. That is, thousands of theatres in fifteen civilized countries are waiting and eager to show them, and their audiences to see them.

Only Paramount organization can give Paramount quality

Neither time nor money, neither endless trouble nor terrible hazards of physical danger and difficulty, are spared to achieve striking results.

In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see The Alps, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone you will get.

In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole *groups* of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: in the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than *eight* stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high water-mark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theaters showed *nothing but* Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theaters was paid to enter those theaters which were foresighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

Greatest authors of Europe and America writing for Paramount Pictures

In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

Distinguished artists and connoisseurs of stage design, such as Penrhyn Stanlaws and Paul Iribe (the great Parisian designer), contribute their special talent to Paramount. In short, it is a fact that Paramount utilizes the services of all sorts of skill and craftsmanship whose function ordinary picture producers are not even aware of.

Paramount spends more on the perfect titling of great feature pictures than some producers spend on the whole job.

Paramount has a special fashion *Atelier* in Paris so that the women in the audience of your theatre shall get *le dernier cri* in gowns and hats with every Paramount Picture. See Paramount Pictures and you see the new Paris styles first.

Paramount has first call on the greatest American stories in the greatest American magazines when the stories are suitable for the films.

Every form of printed or spoken drama that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published in Italian, Spanish, German or French is steadily translated. Synopses are made of every stage play produced in America, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Rome.

No one else can give the exhibitor or motion picture enthusiast *half* as much.

It all comes down to immense organization, and Paramount has it.

Every 120th person you meet in the street today will see a Paramount Picture today!

The simple way to tell a good theatre

Not a good theatre anywhere but books as many Paramount Pictures as its patrons can throng to see! Counting foreign theatres, over one hundred million people paid to see Paramount Pictures in 1920.

Your cue is—find the words *"A Paramount Picture"* in the newspaper advertisements of your theatre, or in the lobbies or on billboards.

Find them, before you go in, for *that always means a great show and a crowded house!*

Some of the *coming* PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Forbidden Fruit"

Douglas MacLean in "Chickens" A Thomas H. Ince Production

A Cosmopolitan Production "The Passionate Pilgrim"; with Matt Moore

Charles Maigne's Production "The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.; with Monte Blue

Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession" A Hugh Ford Production

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser"

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"

A George Melford Production "The Faith Healer" William Vaughan Moody's famous play; with Milton Sills and Ann Forrest

A Cosmopolitan Production "Buried Treasure"; with Marion Davies

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman"

A Robert Z. Leonard Production Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"

Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" A John Robertson Production

Sir James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" A William DeMille Production

Wallace Reid in Frank Spearman's Story "The Daughter of a Magnate"

Sydney Chaplin in "King, Queen and Joker" A Sydney Chaplin Production

A Hugh Ford Production "The Great Day" The Famous Drury Lane Melodrama A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Famous-Lasky British Production "The Mystery Road"; with David Powell By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Thomas Meighan in "The Quarry"

A Cosmopolitan Production "The Manifestations of Henry Ort"; with Matt Moore

A George Melford Production "You Can't Fool Your Wife" By Hector Turnbull

A George Loane Tucker Production "Ladies Must Live" By Alice Duer Miller

A Hugh Ford Production "The Call of Youth" By Henry Arthur Jones A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Affairs of Anatol" By Arthur Schnitzler

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Dollar a Year Man"

A Famous-Lasky British Production "Appearances," by Edward Knoblock

A Cosmopolitan Production, "Love Piker"

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute" A Thomas H. Ince Production

A William D. Taylor Production "The Witching Hour"; with Elliott Dexter By Augustus Thomas

Wallace Reid in "Free Air" By Sinclair Lewis

Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love" By Arnold Bennett

Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke"

Gloria Swanson in "Everything For Sale"

A William DeMille Production of an original script by Edward Knoblock

Gloria Swanson in a new story by Elinor Glyn

A George Melford Production Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master" By Sir Gilbert Parker

A Cecil B. DeMille Production of an original story by Avery Hopwood Author of "The Gold Diggers"

Paramount Pictures

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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice-Pres. CECIL B. DEMILLE Director-General
NEW YORK

JAN 29 1921

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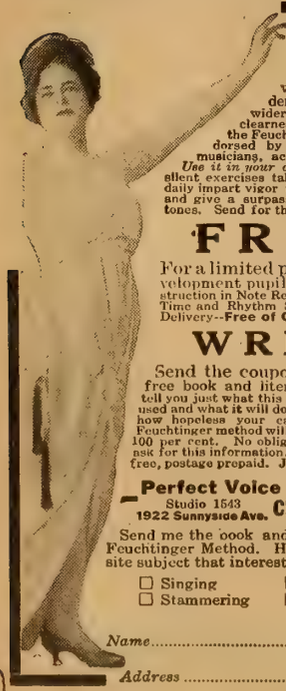

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo. — "Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

Astor. — "Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Dodson Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld and a young woman of society. Far fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco. — "Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomine of the 30's. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplesis, the "Lady of the Camelias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old uncanny stage craft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Mackaye, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Bijou. — "The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late world war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth. — "The Prince and the Pauper," with William Faversham. New adaptation of that interesting Mark Twain fantasy of boyhood in merrie England of the old days. Well staged by Rollo Peters and acted with considerable spirit, particularly by Mr. Faversham.

Casino. — "Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Central. — "Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century. — "Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan. — "The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-Eighth Street. — "The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well done characterization by Alphonze Ethier.

Forty-Fourth Street. — D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest —and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Garrick. — "Heartbreak House." The world premiére of George Bernard Shaw's newest dramatic comment upon world affairs. Talky possibly, but flashing with brilliant wit and decidedly interesting. Very well presented by the Theater Guild.

Fulton. — "Enter, Madame." The best thing — dramatically speaking — in New York at the present moment: a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree," with Nora Bayes. Brisk and tuneful musical show with the ever forceful Nora. Attractive cast, chorus and costuming.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Delightful comedy of three soldiers, reported killed in Flanders, who return home to find surprising problems awaiting them. Adapted by Frederic S. Isham from his own novel. Splendidly played by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Stewart Wilson, Cyril Chadwick and Charles Dalton.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth. — "Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young,

(*Continued on page* 8)

HELENE CHADWICK · CLARA WILLIAMS · LOUISE FAZENDA · RUTH ROLAND · RUTH STONEHOUSE · MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."--MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.

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"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh — but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex--the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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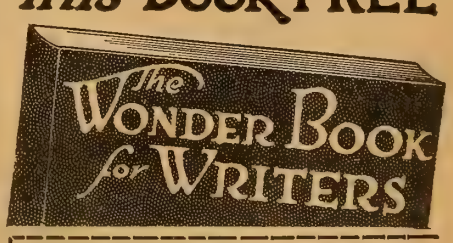

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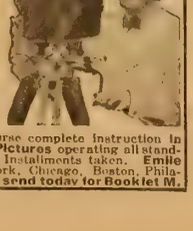

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page* 6)

Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Selwyn.—The Provincetown Players in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinees only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Thirty-Ninth Street.—"Samson and Delilah," with Ben-Ami. A fairly interesting play given the breath of life by the most promising new figure on the stage since Jack Barrymore became John Barrymore. Ben-Ami is making his step from the Yiddish stage and his first appearance in English. His début has been sensational. Ben-Ami is given excellent support by Pauline Lord and an admirable bit is contributed by Edward G. Robinson.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Vanderbilt. — "Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Typical Winter Garden entertainment.

On Tour.

"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

"One," with Frances Starr, Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

"Call the Doctor," Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

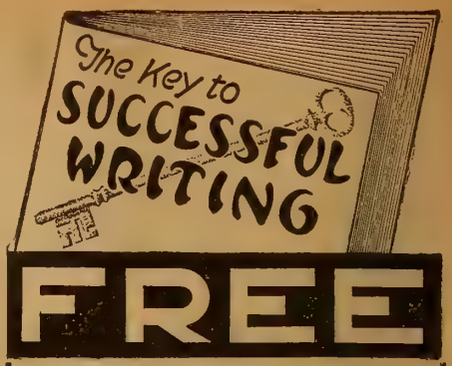
Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand. — Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.



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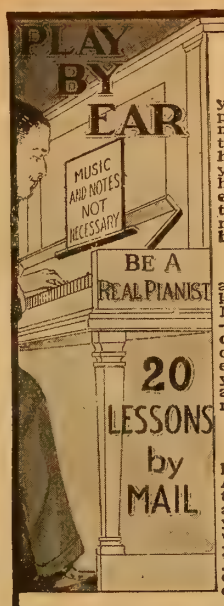

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CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire and her fragile, flower-like beauty have been chosen to adorn the productions of Lois Weber, first among them "To Please One Woman".

Photograph © by Arthur Shirley Studio, L. A.

Motion Picture Magazine

JEANE PAIGE

Jeane Paige completed her stellar rôle in "Black Beauty" to adopt a new and lasting rôle . . . that of Mrs. Albert E. Smith. She married the president of the Vitagraph Company

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

HAROLD LLOYD

Harold Lloyd finds it a serious business supplying the demands for his comedies . . . that's because he has made his character of the bespectacled youth so popular

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna Q. would rather have a fine characterization than stardom any day . . . that's why she free-lances about from one company to another . . . whither a characterization goes, there Anna will follow

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

JAMES KIRKWOOD

It would be altogether fitting and proper to call James Kirkwood "The Man Who Came Back," for he has done so in the recent Allan Dwan production, "The Scoffer" . . . Jimmie returns even more able than he was in the old days

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

MARGARET LOOMIS

Margaret's star is steadily rising in the film firmament, thanks to her consistently colorful portrayals in the Famous Players productions

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

If it hadn't been for that beauty contest in the New Orleans Mardi Gras, Corinne Griffith would never have been discovered by the Vitagraph Company . . . she would never have adorned the shadowscreen . . . and that would have been our loss indeed

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

CLYDE FILLMORE

Clyde Fillmore belongs to the Capitol City, and undoubtedly he was to have moved in diplomatic circles. However, Clyde took things into his own hands and chose a career on the stage . . . He is now playing leading rôles before the cameras of the various Western companies -

Photograph by Ira L. Hill Studios

INA CLAIRE

Ina Claire will make her screen début in Metro's "Polly With a Past," in which she brings the Polly she has long created behind the footlights to the silversheet

Nature's Temple

Posed by Monte Blue
in "The Kentuckians"

The Human Picture

By

Maurice Tourneur

"MY faith in the moving picture industry has been strengthened by two pictures, to such an extent that I am a greater believer now than I ever was, that we are a part of a lasting field of human endeavor.

"The two pictures that have convinced me of this are *Over the Hill* and *Humoresque*. The success of such productions without sensationalism, without mechanical thrills, and the hitherto conventional box-office angles, has convinced me that the picture-going public wants pictures that are simple, human and direct. The call for lavish expenditure on trivial stories, machine-made plots and card indexed features will become lessened as the public emphatically shows its desire to see life as it is lived in the every-day situations that each one of us is called upon to face. The industry owes a debt of thanks to the producers who have dared to get out of the beaten path."

Floating Island on Olympus

Photograph by Royal Atelier, N. Y.

"HOW long does it take to make stew?" Norma Talmadge wanted to know.

I hazarded "About an hour," and wished I had studied the White House Cook Book or some other equally reliable authority. I had prepared intelligent questions and answers on the latest plays, the extreme gowns the importers were showing, exotic perfumes and sachets and touched upon philosophy—and she talked of stew—

The occasion was at the Talmadge studios, tucked in between tenement houses over by the river. Norma and her company were working that evening and dinner was to be prepared in the kitchen adjoining her dressing-room.

Norma Talmadge had come home. When I arrived at the studios I saw her great car before the door, with a baker's dozen of boys and girls crowded about the chauffeur, plying him with questions about the girl who rode behind him in all that scented upholstery. "Dinkie," her adored Pomeranian, was being taken for his walk up and down the street. Inside could be seen the sickly green glare of the studio lights.

The tone of the doorman's "Miss Norma's working on the set" had led me to believe that the studios had been dismal without their mistress—that they had missed her greeting as she arrived and left—the sound of her laugh floating from within as it did then—while she toured Europe and then sailed for Jamaica for the exteriors of her new picture.

I found her working in a scene which resembled the interior of a shack on one of the colorful isles of the southern seas—immediately she had greeted me with the preceding culinary question.

"You mention stew as tho it were the talk of the hour—I didn't know you'd be domestic—do you always cook?" I interrogated.

"I'm hungry," with a wave of her hand, "therefore domestic. I dont always crave a blue-and-white checked apron—I mean I'm not unhappy because I haven't time to reign supreme in a tiny kitchen in a tiny flat. Whenever I read about someone with stacks of money wishing for an apron and a kitchen stove I always wonder why they dont sell *one* Rolls Royce or *one* gown and buy the coveted stove and a perfectly good

"I'm not exactly unhappy because I haven't time to reign supreme in a tiny kitchen in a tiny flat," said Norma. "Whenever I read about someone with stacks of money wishing for an apron and a kitchen stove, I wonder why they dont sell *one* Rolls Royce or *one* gown and get them." Above, a new portrait, and below, in her new picture

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

bungalow apron of pink gingham with a sash and everything all at the same time."

"But tonight you are actually getting the dinner, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes, and there'll be floating island for dessert," she added. "Our fare is a little limited. I cant find the cook-book and I'm only competent in making stews, lemon meringue pies, chocolate cornstarch, fudge and floating islands."

She sat beside me on the arm of another chair, her dark brown hair bobbed and wearing a many colored waist and short skirt, wearing a necklace made from alligators' teeth, not elephant's tusks, as she later informed me with a good-humored disdain. And had it not been for her vivid image I should have felt sure that I was in the wrong studio. The theatrical papers ever describe her as radiant in bespangled creations at this affair *de luxe*—bejeweled, luxuriously clad—the star at whose shrine thousands worship—it is easier to think of her as the little high-school girl who rooted for Erasmus at the football games and wore the chrysanthemum offered by the favored boy.

The director needed her in the scene and she walked over to the set and listened with an understanding smile while he explained to her that she was the girl pleading with her drunken lover—

The director stepped back—the camera started to grind and into the face that a minute ago I had thought a school-girl's there came a touch of pain, pleading, then despair—her eyes lost their sparkle and were beseeching—

"Cut," called the director and Norma came back to where I sat.

She brushed back her hair with her fingers—"I've been meaning to have it bobbed ever since Constance had hers done," she said. "Then finally I sat down, gazed spellbound into the mirror and said, 'Go on—do it.' They did."

Photograph by Royal Atelier, N. Y.

"We love our careers, our successes, and sometimes what others call our failures," smiled Norma, "but, more than these, we love our Loves—our families and our romance." Above, another portrait, and below, at her dressing-table

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Interviewing Norma Talmadge has never been a simple task, for she takes herself seriously only when she is working. At other times she is all girl, eager for the latest bit of news and happy in the talk of inconsequential things; now and then, in quick flashes, sentimental. Almost, she seems unaware of the fact that the bustling studios are because of her, that the new contract which she and Constance have just signed with First National is the talk of the hour because of the enormous figures it contains. If you broach the subject she is enthusiastic, cognizant of all things, but still unconscious of their personal relation.

"I've had such frightful stories," she said, taking up Dinkie, who had returned from his constitutional. "We've done all we could with them, but a story must be interest-

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Importance of Being In Earnest

Photograph (above) by Witzel, L. A.

THE Conrad Nagels are entertaining frequently of late.

You see, they have a maid who left her last place because the people didn't entertain often enough. Fact! This maid likes to have people around her all the time. Moreover, she is a good maid.

"And so," said Conrad Nagel, "we make it a rule to give a dinner at least once a week. We must—we simply must—keep her content."

Conrad Nagel is a rather quiet young man; the last person on earth you would suspect of any inclination towards extensive "stepping out." And Mrs. Nagel, an attractive brunette, with a firm handshake and a comradely way of looking straight at you when she smiles, gives the same impression. Even their house has a wholesome expression, as one would say, "Here is no pretense; in order to be comfortable here you must have done something, or be doing something, of interest to the world."

(I had seen it soon after they made the purchase. It is an eleven-room house, with a broad lawn, a broad veranda, a small, square entrance hall and a long living-room. The ceilings are high and this adds to the suggestion of breadth and comfort. On the table were some New York newspapers and a copy of a well-known work on the bible opened to the chapter on "Marriage.")

No, you would scarcely suspect the Nagels of any inclination towards the high life of the profession, as it is supposed to be. But you would guess that they like to have a good time and enjoy having their friends around them, and so they do.

Conrad Nagel is taking a renewed interest in the study of how people think . . . and why. He has always believed in the power of mind over matter, and as a child he was impressed with the importance of right thinking. Top, a new portrait, and below, in his character in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows"

"Really, our maid suits us in every way," said Nagel. "We enjoy those weekly dinners as much as she does, and we wouldn't give her up for anything.

"And when the dinner is over, we usually have music as well as conversation. Mrs. Nagel sings, you know

By BETH TREPEL

. . . " (Later, he said emphatically that she had no idea of entering pictures, "because she has enough to occupy her with her music.")

Many of their friends are musical and having been reared in a musical family, (his father is a composer of note and also dean of Highland Park College of Des Moines) Nagel considers music an integral part of his life.

"Of course, most of our friends are professional people, because it is with professionals that we have most in common. And then, too, I think professionals are more broad minded. Most men are interested in practically nothing but their own work and that is liable to be all they can talk about. But an actor of experience has a smattering of about everything. If, for instance, he plays a doctor, he must have some knowledge of how a doctor would act so, of necessity, he learns something of the traditions of the medical profession. And, for exactly this same reason, no actor should confine his acquaintance entirely to people of his own profession. For one thing, there is always the possibility of his not knowing how to act, when he gets in with a crowd . . . ," he said this last smilingly.

Photograph (above) by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Conrad Nagel is to be with William de Mille permanently, and it is an association which he declares to be of no small value. Top, another camera study; center and below, two informal poses

To those who have seen Conrad Nagel on the stage, either in "Experience" or with Alice Brady in "Forever After," I need hardly say that he has a cultivated voice and that his diction is free from affectations. Having had a college education, (he graduated from Highland Park at the age of seventeen, thus reflecting much credit on his father) he naturally doesn't go in for the made-in-Hollywood brand of English accent, so much the vogue. He has blue eyes, the pronounced shade of blue, which tell of intellectuality and enthusiasm, but of too light a shade to be the eyes of an emotionalist. He uses very few gestures. He is very generally voted a "splendid chap" by members of every department in the studio. As for pictures, he is just beginning to take a thoro-going interest in them.

"Before . . . well . . . they always seemed to me just . . . pictures. That is, until I started working with Mr. William de Mille. With him it is more like working in the theater. For one thing, he shoots in continuity; something that no other director even thinks of doing. In this way we are enabled to work up to our climax moments in a natural manner. One doesn't have to propose to a girl in the morning and be introduced

(*Continued on page* 100)

Spain Comes To Three Corners

Three Corners and all the sleepy little hamlets thruout the country will glimpse sunny Spain, with its quaint arches, colorful señoritas and old romance in the new Pathé serial, "Rogues and Romance." George B. Seitz took his entire company, including June Caprice and Marguerite Courtot, abroad that they might have the arches of the Alhambra and the gardens of the palaces for their backgrounds

That Continental Flavor

Erich von Stroheim may spend many fortunes in bringing his productions to the screen, but his results are sure. Always in his work there is that continental flavor, so difficult to portray, so delightful to witness. "Foolish Wives," his next endeavor, which is also from his own pen, is said to be all that you would expect . . . with von Stroheim himself playing the hero suave

The Lady of the Big White House

KATHERINE MacDONALD dislikes bungalows. She lives with her mother and sister, (Mary MacLaren) in a two-story white house of colonial architecture, not at all Californian in appearance.

There is about "the American beauty," much of the conservatism of her Scottish forbears. Having become accustomed to two-story houses, she cannot feel really comfortable, or at home, in anything that looks less permanent.

"I like to go upstairs when I go to bed," she said. "The very act seems to rest me. And then I feel that I have more privacy; that my room is more particularly my own. Bungalows are my pet abomination."

We were sitting on the edge of a "set" at the Katherine MacDonald studio on Pico and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles. The scene showed a dining-room; large, well furnished, magnificent with ornate electric fittings, draperies and glassware.

"The American beauty," wore a wrap-cloak of silver cloth that caught and held the light in its folds; shimmering and lovely. You would have guessed that it must photograph exquisitely and,

"It does," she told me later, "there are times when it looks positively alive."

She was on the set when I arrived, moving thru the action with a picturesque, stately grace. She is even more beautiful than she appears to be on the screen. Tall . . . (five-eight) . . . she is yet so perfectly proportioned and so grace-

Katherine MacDonald has studied herself, as all women should study themselves . . . until she knows exactly what she can wear, and she designs all of her own clothes. Below, with her mother and sister, Mary MacLaren, in the living-room of the Big White House

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

ful that she gives the impression of medium height. Her eyes are a decided, tho not a dark, blue; the same color, I noticed, as those of her sisters'.

Miriam MacDonald (Bosley) sat with me on the sidelines and we chatted until the scene was over. She is the eldest of the three sisters and the last to go on the screen. She said that up to a year ago she was the housekeeper of the family. Then she married Clyde Bosley, prominent aviator and former member of the Lafayette Escadrille.

"And now," she added, "I dont know what to do with my time. There isn't enough household managing to keep me busy. So, I am beginning in the usual way, by playing a maid.

"I never thought that I would like it. When Katherine went on location with the Douglas Fairbanks Company for some scenes in 'Headin' South,' I went along and rode in old

"I have worn the same make of sailor hat for the last six years," said Katherine MacDonald, "the only difference being that where it used to cost five dollars, it now costs twenty." Above, a camera study, and left, an informal picture

bumpy wagons as a 'pioneer' until I made up my mind that I would never again have anything to do with moving pictures."

The conversation, as well as the open-air stage and the high board fence around the lot, was reminiscent of earlier days when D. W. Griffith stood on that same stage and directed the activities of the American Biograph.

(There, Mary Pickford made her first "big" pictures. So, too, did Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry B. Walthall, Owen Moore, Bobby Harron, Mae Marsh and Lionel Barrymore . . . the list might go on indefinitely.)

Even the gorgeous set reminded one of stories told by moving picture people whose memories stretch way back to 1909 when actors sometimes built the sets they acted in and, for good measure, painted them too. (The stars we used to know best of all, who worked with the Biograph Company on that same stage frequently made their own gowns.) But now the "heavy" was helping Katherine MacDonald to remove her wrap and underneath it was an evening gown of royal purple made by a famous modiste to enhance her blonde loveliness. So, the scene ended and she joined us.

"No," she said, in answer to a question, "I've only been in moving pictures a little over a year and a half. All I know about the history of this studio is what people have told me. But they do say the old place is haunted. I'm always expecting to see Aunt Mary Bender jump out from behind a piece of scenery or a prop piano."

It seems that "Aunt Mary Bender" was a rabid

(*Continued on page 96*)

Nazimova

By

CERLINE BOLL

By ELTON KELLEY

I'm the Property Man, and it's no fun,
I create the walls of Babylon,
I erect the setting sun,
I make the picture.

I'm the Villain debonair,
I smear pomade upon my hair,
Nothing I do is on the square, but,
I make the picture.

The charming movie Child am I,
I make the audience sniff and cry
In the scene where I almost die,
I make the picture.

I am the little Ingénue,
With curly hair and eyes of blue,
I get a nice fat salary too,
I make the picture.

I'm the guy who turns the crank,
Develops the fil-um in the tank,
So you have all got me to thank,
I make the picture.

Just Folks

Mary Carr is beautiful, too, with a beauty that age cannot wither nor time destroy . . . and she has the charity and understanding of all the mothers of all the world. Above, as the mother in "Over the Hill"

THE subject of mother love has been the inspiration of poets of all generations. Nor has any poet ever revealed a keener, deeper knowledge of this miracle of nature that makes the whole world kin than has Will Carleton, the farm poet, who wrote especially of the inner workings of the minds and hearts of just plain folks, of the homely things of life with which you and I at some time in our lives have been intimately familiar.

In my early youth I had learnt by heart "Over the Hill to the Poor House" and its companion piece. Quite recently I went, with some misgivings, to see it depicted on the screen. "Over the Hill" was making a big hit—that I knew. Probably, I surmised, skeptically, because it had been changed to cheap melodrama, to something unrecognizable but, in my mind during the entire evening was a familiar, constantly recurring phrase: "and those who went to scoff, remained to pray." The old ballad with all its homely pathos and humor was pictured exactly as it was written. The settings were appropriate to the smallest detail. And Mary Carr in her characterization of the mother was unforgetable.

Next day I was admitted to an apartment on Riverside Drive by Mary Carr herself. I found her as poignantly sweet as the young wife and mother I had seen on the screen, as lovable as the tender, tragic figure who went bravely trudging "over the hill." She is beautiful too, with a beauty that age cannot wither nor time destroy—and she has the charity and understanding of all the mothers of all the world.

The apartment was a homey place with every evidence of being intimately and joyously lived in. It spoke of childish frolics, of dancing feet. A piano stood in an alcove. A gilded cage with open door from which a canary ventured forth at will hung in a sunny window. There were shelves of books, a desk and reading lamp in a quiet corner. There were school books, a baseball bat, a pair of boxing gloves, an overflowing sewing basket.

And there was the family. Johnny, a tall youth with a shock of red, curling hair. Little May Beth and sister Rosemary, a year or so older, both of whom were dressed and undressed, fed, petted and put to bed by their mother in "Over the Hill." The maid had not "come" that day, and Rosemary, who had been keeping house was hospitably anxious. Could she not, please, she whispered mother, serve chocolate? She would run out for some milk—and there was cream to whip. To which suggestion, Thomas, hot and dusty from a football game and with the appetite that goes with twelve years, gave hearty approval. And there was Father Carr, intermittently pacing the floor as a man caged in an apartment with nothing to do, invariably does—visibly and paternally proud of his children and his lovely talented wife.

"Am so sorry the other children are not here," said Mrs. Carr. "But Stephen, the impish schoolboy, and Louella, the grown-up Susan of 'Over the Hill' are both away working in pictures. It was unusual, was it not, that I should have had four of my children with me? I was a bit fearful before we started—was afraid I would be so anxious about their work I could not concen-

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

trate on my own—but it worked out splendidly."

"It is all unusual," I said. "Your children all work in pictures and you approve. And they are just normal, happy-go-lucky youngsters—and you are all—just folks."

"If the picture rings true, as the critics say it does—if it teaches the lesson it was intended to teach—it is worth while, and I am most happy that it was my privilege to create Ma Benton in 'Over the Hill,'" said Mary Carr. Above, a portrait study; center and below, as Ma Benton

"Exactly!" she laughed. "Why shouldn't we approve of our children adopting a profession that their father and I adopted years before they were born. We couldn't reasonably expect them to be born with a yearning ambition to become lawyers, doctors, plumbers, could we?

"To my mind," she continued seriously, "it isn't so much what my children take up as their life work—it's how they do it—and the kind of men and women they become while doing it. You know 'Who sweeps a room as by His law, makes that and the action fine.' A butcher, a baker, a candlestickmaker—what does it matter? But it does matter how they do these things. And, being responsible for the children, we want, more than anything else to give them a foundation to build on. A home environment that's conducive to a normal life. To show the doubting world that a supposedly nomadic tribe can keep together, have a happy family life and be as you say—just folks.

"Yes, I was on the stage a considerable time. When I was a very young girl, I did a lot of amateur theatrical work down home near Philadelphia. It led to an engagement in stock and I continued there at the old Chestnut Theater until I married Mr. Carr, who was also of the theater. I loved my work and expected to continue in it, but the babies came, seven in twelve years. Six are living. So I had

(*Continued on page* 103)

Contest Brings Deluge of Beauty

Photograph (above) by Victoria Studio, L. A.

Above, Lorraine Deleval, of San Gabriel, Cal., and below, Florine Findlay Debbart, of Bristol, Va. Right, Aileen Douglass, of Los Angeles

Photograph (above) by Hartsook, L. A.

Photograph (below) by Ira D. Schwarz.

SINCE our magazines are a connecting link between the screen and the spectator, the Fame and Fortune Contest is for the purpose of strengthening this link, by helping the spectators to realize that the field of motion pictures is open to all. Only the surface of this great industry has been scraped; the demand for pictures increases more rapidly than the output, and consequently there is a never diminishing demand for new stars to illuminate the screen.

So thru the door of our contests those with screen ambitions have the opportunity of entering. In each of the past contests the promising contestants were declared winners and placed high up on the ladder to fame, and were given publicity and contracts with prominent film companies. The results of the contests have been far beyond our expectations, and have given an increased incentive for a repetition of the two previous contests.

The contest is open to everyone, child and adult, male and female. We are gratified at receiving a large number of photographs from men and are hoping for many more.

A five-reel picture is one of the features. In it all the members of the Final Honor Roll and, of course, the winners take part.

Contracts will be procured with leading motion picture producing companies for the winners and each winner will be given two years of publicity thru the three Brewster publications, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. This will include personality stories of each winner, picture pages, cover portraits and photographs in the gallery.

In this contest we feel that we are serving both the screen and our readers. And we shall enthusiastically conduct the Fame and Fortune Contest thru the new year, confident of a greater success than ever before.

The fact that the photographs received daily are from all points of the compass, from the North, the

Proves Mecca to Film Aspirants

Northwest, and the Pacific Coast, from the South and from other countries, proves the fact that tens of thousands of people in this world think they were born to illumine the screen and are determined not to blush unseen. And we feel that this belief has been justified in so many cases that we encourage the ambitious and give our help wherever we can.

Apparently the contest is more popular than ever this year and the final honor roll will contain the names of some of the world's finest men and most beautiful women.

Many of these exponents of beauty are now appearing at the Brewster Publications for cinema tests and in a number of cases the results have been very gratifying.

"From Farm to Fame" is the title of the new picture which is being prepared for the contestants and which will be ready for release at about the close of the contest. If the contestants prove as attractive in their camera tests as they do in their photographs, a large number of the early contestants will appear in the picture. A great variety of types will be required, and undoubtedly some of the bright blondes and vivid brunettes that have already sent in their photographs will constitute part of the attraction of the contest motion picture.

In choosing winners, as we have said before, one of the main deciding factors is screen personality. A person may have perfect features and yet entirely lack that illusive thing called personality when reflected on the shadow stage, without which they can never become stars. The only way to discover whether you are a potential Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, Dorothy Gish, Wallace Reid or William S. Hart is to enter the contest and be given a trial.

Photograph (above) by Apeda, N. Y.

Photograph (above) by Leegmueller & Murray, Ohio

Above, Loretta Pettigrew, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; left, Beulah Burnett, of Hamilton, Ohio, and below, Florence Clinton Hulse, of Washington, D. C.

Photograph (below) by Rice

In order to forestall mistakes, we again furnish the information concerning how to enter contest.

Fill out the coupon or a similar one of your own making and paste it on the back of the photograph.

Send your letter with your photograph.

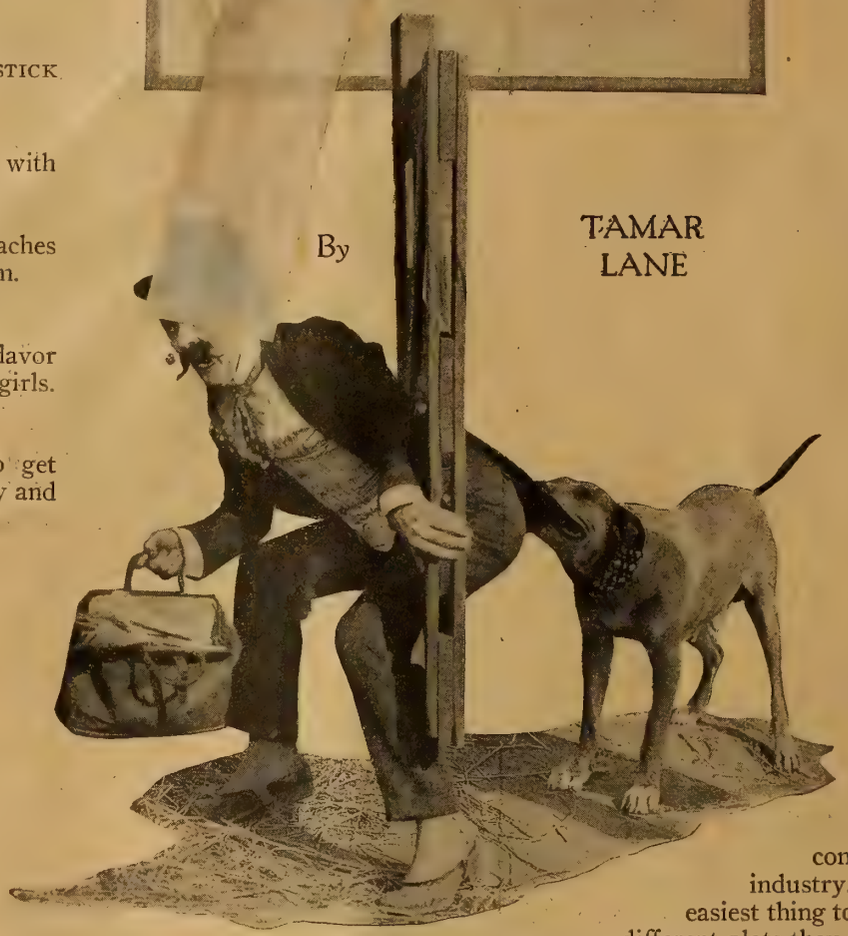
Letters asking for replies are not desired, but if thought necessary, should be accompanied with self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

All communications should be addressed to Contest Manager.

(*Continued on page* 113)

T it's Out

By TAMAR LANE



A LABOR leader in the West has accumulated in his own name the tidy sum of $450,000. Yet there are still some persons who want to go into the movie business.

RECIPE FOR A SLAPSTICK COMEDY

One bedroom.
One bathtub filled with water.
One pretty baby.
Two absurd mustaches with men behind them.
A cat or a dog.
A flivver.
Shake well and flavor with a few bathing girls.

Some day just to get myself some publicity and start everybody talking, I am going to write an attack on the movies. Here I have been going calmly along defending the movies from everybody and everything, and nobody pays any attention to me. But some day, just wait. George Jean Nathan and Walter Prichard Eaton have the right idea. No wonder they make more than I do.

IMAGINARY CLOSE-UPS
No. 1.

Charlie Chaplin spending his money recklessly as if he had a lot of it.

SOME STARS THAT *Will* SHINE

Mary MacAvoy.
Gladys Walton.
Johnny Hines.

One of the college wits is responsible for this one:

"Saw another unhappy ending in the movies last night."

"Did the hero get killed?"

"No, he married the heroine in the last reel."

Wanted—a movie actress who will admit that she is not the best-dressed-woman-on-the-screen.

Ten Commandments of Movie Etiquette

1. Always present a $20 bill at the Box Office—if you haven't a twenty, a ten will do. This holds up the line, and shows your influence over other people.
2. Never go down the aisle indicated by the ticket-taker, as it shows subserviency.
3. Always sit four rows behind the one where the usherette wishes to seat you—because she undoubtedly has a sinister reason in trying to put you there.
4. Do not remove your hat until you have seen at least half a reel. This impresses other movie-goers, with your independence.
5. Always talk to your right-hand neighbor in a loud voice because you know that it does not annoy the actors, nor the people on the street.
6. Be sure to chew Spearmint gum, or eat apples during the play. N. B.—These are times when we must be consistently industrious.
7. Always take in a movie when you have a cold, as you are sure to get the sympathy of the other thousand fans.
8. Read the titles, and conversation aloud, thus showing your education.
9. To show that you have character, applaud when the villain succeeds.
10. On leaving the theater, go to the manager, and criticize the picture—this marks you as a critic.

We suggest to the editors of the various news weeklies that they send their cameramen out to gather some scenes of ship launchings. The novelty of these scenes alone would greatly interest the public.

Five years ago Mary Pickford was the Queen of the movies. Today she is the Empress. The others are still Sir Bartons.

A constant viewer of the films cannot but wonder whether it is possible to make a five-reel production without a ballroom scene.

Filmatically speaking, a vampire is a creature who can make a villain out of a hero. Or any other man who doesn't wear a mustache.

It is said that Henry Ford is going to use his millions to get control of the motion picture industry. We suggest that the easiest thing to do is to buy up the four different plots they are using this season and refuse to allow anyone else to have them. His monopoly will then be complete.

Neal O'Hara wants to know why Doug Fairbanks should get a million-a-year for bouncing around, when Ford patrons do it so much more easily and are glad to pay for the privilege.

THEY ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE

We take great pleasure in announcing that Irene Castle will return to act on the screen.

About the only thing in the movies that cant be improved upon is the Mack Sennett bathing girl.

About the only difference in the movie plots this year is the price the producers are paying for them.

Every new Harold Lloyd comedy causes the fans of Mildred Davis to rejoice that she is not planning to desert the farce for the drama. Herewith are some new informal pictures of her about her home and with her mother

Merry Mildred

The Miracle Girl

Photograph by Abbé

The lucrative films appealed to Betty, and she entered them by way of the Christie Comedies. Then she was starred in Pathé serials. Her best picture is "The Miracle Man." Above, a character study of Betty Compson

MY meeting with Betty Compson, chiefly celebrated as the girl in "The Miracle Man," happened in the usual way. Outside her dressing-room door lolled a luxurious velvet lined limousine. A liveried chauffeur stood, immobile, at attention. A tiny snub-nosed Pekingese spaniel paced impatiently across the blue velvet cushions of her car. I tapped upon her door and entering the shadows of her dimly lighted room was transplanted into an atmosphere intriguing with perfumes, an odor so finely blended that instinctively one knew it was as priceless as the frankincense and myrrh of olden times. A slightly scented blue haze of cigaret smoke lingered in the dim corners.

So when a slight figure, exquisitely garbed in golden brown duvetyn with a hat forming a halo of dull blue feathers about her ruddy, aureole-like hair, advanced to greet me, I said to myself:

"I shall have to chatter blandly about her art and then go home, a little envious of her extravagance, a little dissatisfied that I haven't the courage to buy rare perfumes."

This only shows how mistaken one can be when judging by appearances.

For, regardless of her five-hundred dollar frock, Miss Compson perched uneasily on her chaise longue, where I somehow know she never reclines,—and curling first one foot and then the other under her, looked timidly at me from her great grey eyes, while her attitude was one of quaintly quiet, courteous dignity.

And then all of a sudden I realized that there was a really lovable girl-soul hidden under all this obvious-thing-to-do expenditure of money. Had I not realized this, I am very sure, I should have learned nothing more from Miss Compson than that she was a beauty who liked having her own company, for which she signs all the checks and that she picks out all her own stories and casts them according to her own judgment.

But, suddenly—as I said before—something told me that the girl herself was sweeter than her perfumes.

And Betty Compson immediately sensed this change of attitude in me and haltingly, with now and then a hungry glance for approval, told me of her long working years which preceded the part of the girl in "The Miracle Man" which finally brought her fame and fortune.

Betty Compson was a Salt Lake girl, the daughter of well-to-do parents—not Mormons, however. When she was a high school student, her father was suddenly stricken with tuberculosis. This meant that he had to be taken to a sanatorium. It also meant the cessation of any funds coming into the Compson household. Bit by bit their savings dwindled until Betty realized that she must go to work. She has always taken violin lessons, and so one day she answered an advertisement for a violinist in a vaudeville orchestra, with the result that she was given the place.

Even in her adolescence, wise above the average, Betty

By
HAZEL SIMPSON
NAYLOR

determined that she would not give up her school. Her pride was so intense, however, that she couldn't bear to let the other boys and girls know that she had to go to work. She used to try to conceal from them her violin which she had to lug to school each day, but when found out and questioned by her friends, she told them that she was again taking daily violin lessons.

When Betty was fifteen years old her father died. This necessitated her mother and her moving to a smaller place, and the burden of support fell entirely upon the young girl. Miss Compson is a firm believer in education. "No one can succeed without a background, and good schooling is the best," is one of her axioms.

So she continued her studies.

Then one Sunday, when the orchestra was rehearsing the new acts for the next week's show, the manager discovered he was short one act. Believing in Betty's ability, he asked her if she would fill in with a violin solo act. She said she would. Then came the question of what she should wear. She had no suitable dress, and rather than go in something tacky, conjured up for the occasion, she slit a skirt and waist into rags, tied them together with an old sash over her hips, let her hair fly unbound and went barefoot.

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

Her first appearance on the stage was in a violin solo act, in which she appeared as seen above—ragged costume and hair flying. Left, a camera study of the fair Betty

Then she stepped out upon the stage, and flinging back her rebellious young locks, played her repertoire to the best of her ability. She received a tremendous ovation.

In telling about it, Miss Compson said:

"I knew all of two pieces, but it was my untrammeled youth that made it get over. *Youth* can do anything."

Her act went so well that she was booked thru the whole Western Orpheum circuit and eventually came to Los Angeles.

Of course, the lucrative films appealed to her and she entered them *via* the Christie Comedy route.

That was five years ago—five years which were filled with disillusionments and disappointments. For her booking managers, in whose hands she had placed her fortunes, never boosted her particularly and altho she became renowned for her beauty, her fifth year in the silent drama found Betty Compson starring in a Pathé serial. Betty says there is no more soul-searing experience

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The Sunlit Mount

Carmel Myers has returned to the screen, and Universal pictures, in particular, after a time on the musical comedy stage, where she appeared in "The Magic Melody"

All Photographs by Freulich

THERE are so many native California daughters who have distinguished themselves before the camera that it is no surprise to discover that Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco just nineteen years ago.

Most of her life, however, has been spent in Los Angeles where her father, Isidore Myers, is a brilliant and beloved rabbi. From him the girl undoubtedly derives much of her splendid intelligence, original mode of thinking, her sane balance. From her mother she inherits the emotional depths and temperamental equipment which is carrying her to an enviable position among the cinema stars and even to the glories of a Broadway stage success.

It seemed inevitable that one so richly endowed,—plus a warm, sparkling beauty, a bubbling vitality and ambition, should select a dramatic career. Carmel will tell you quite seriously that she agrees with Shakespeare that a divinity shapes our end, for *everything*—with impetuous emphasis—has come to her so wonderfully.

"I revel in every experience and have evolved a pet philosophy of my own," she confessed. "I believe that our lives are largely mapped out for us, and if we try and try and dont succeed, it must be for a very good reason. Everything is for the best, whether we see it or not at the time. This has proved true so often with me. Sometimes when I have been disappointed, I have later found that it was best as it was, so now when I am tempted with the blues—I banish them. Much depends on how we greet the new day,—so it's smiles at breakfast for me."

All of which reflects her wholesome attitude toward life, and she carries a gay little message for the world shedding it about her thru a sunniness that is captivating.

Carmel is in the midst of her fourth motion picture since her return to Universal City after a successful season in "The Magic Melody," on the New York stage last year.

"It is heavenly to be back in California," sighed the girl, happily, "yet I had such a wonderful year. Ever since I can remember I have dreamed of the stage. It has always been the big influence in my life. Tho it still constitutes my ultimate ambition, I refused a beautiful chance to go to England to play

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

the leading rôle in a clever comedy-drama, and several tempting offers in New York because I wanted to hurry back and put into practise what I had learned. I was afraid if I remained in that fascinating theatrical atmosphere a few years I wouldn't be able to tear myself away, and I want to reach the top in pictures—first. Youth is the vital point with them and every year counts,—the stage holds even greater opportunities later, when one's nature has been deepened by living."

Carmel cheerfully acknowledges that she has encountered few of the crushing experiences that so frequently mark the path of aspirants to dramatic honors. "Perhaps," she remarked, with her shining eyes lovingly caressing her mother, "this is because I have had such a marvelous father and mother back of me at every turn, guiding and protecting me.

"I guess I set a new record on Broadway," she continued, "for mother was with me every minute—why, she didn't miss a single performance of my play. I used to look at the other girls who had no mothers with them and marveled at their courage and strength: they deserve much credit, for it is an uphill struggle—alone."

Photograph (above) by Freulich

Photograph (right) by Freulich

Carmel laughingly refuses to confirm or deny the reports that Romance has come to her, and that wedding bells belong to her history

It was during the filming of his mammoth production, "Intolerance," that D. W. Griffith sought the advice of Rabbi Myers regarding several theological points, and discovered a screen possibility in the Rabbi's pretty daughter. Shortly after this the little girl's name was enrolled in the Fine Arts Stock Company, and she played bits and attended the studio school with Dorothy Gish, Pauline Starke, Mildred Harris, Marjorie Daw and other budding stars. She played with Dorothy in "Stage-Struck," and with Bessie Love in "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," where she made a hit as the gum-chewing waitress. She appeared with the clever comedian, Harold Lloyd, and was engaged to play with the late Harold Lockwood in "The Haunted Pajamas."

(*Continued on page* 113)

The Spirit of Harmony

By
BETSY BRUCE

Photograph (above) by Packard Exchange

THE cloak-room girl nudged her companion.

"Here comes James Rennie," she murmured. "I saw him in 'Spanish Love' the other night. He's grand! Now, he's playin' in pictures, too."

I ceased optically tracing the rug design. The object of my quest had arrived. He checked his soft hat and top coat and looked furtively about as tho he expected his interview-luncheon to resemble nothing more than one of the horrors left over from the Spanish Inquisition.

I introduced myself. The cloak-room girl glared at me. I hadn't meant to hurry him away, but it was Wednesday, and I knew that a matinée performance awaited him. And time was fleeting.

He piloted me to one of the tables and dispensed with the ordering in a manner remarkably efficient. I realized that this luncheon would not be the lingering variety. James Rennie has in his makeup something of the business man who takes keen enjoyment in erasing, by having done them, the things he has to do.

First nights, dress rehearsals and curtain calls had been part of his life before he knew the sputtering lights and the directorial call of "C-a-m-e-r-a!" And at present he is giving his evenings and matinée afternoons to the theater, while the remainder of his waking hours are spent at the studio, where he is playing the leading masculine rôle in Lillian Gish's first starring venture.

"Stage and screen combined are all right," he told

(*Continued on page* 110)

James Rennie has in his makeup something of the business man who takes a keen enjoyment in erasing, by having done them, the things he has to do. Left, a new camera study, and below, an informal picture

Forbidden Fruit

By GLADYS HALL

MRS. James Harrington Mallory was awfully good at business deals. She knew how to put on the feminine touch. So when her husband announced to her that Nelson Rogers was to be their guest at dinner and that it was most important, *most* important, for him to remain on the ground until the proposed merger of the Mallory-Rogers interests was consummated, Mrs. James Harrington cocked a knowing eyebrow, and said, *"I* see!"—and invited the Prettiest Girl in Town to dine with them, and to go in as Nelson Rogers' dinner partner.

Fate took a hand as, in fiction if not in fact, Fate has a way of doing, and the Prettiest Girl sent eleventh hour regrets.

Mrs. James Harrington Mallory was desperate. She bit her manicure and assembled her wits. What to do? There wasn't an available soul who could be entrusted to ensnare into dalliance Nelson Rogers. He would be bored with wining and dining; with gossip of the town; he would make a brief getaway; the Rogers-Mallory merger would fall thru! She had never failed her James Harrington Mallory yet—at that point in her meditations or rather her mental maneuvers, her seamstress entered the room with the gown she had just completed. She found Mrs. James Harrington running a frantic pencil thru a list. She waited. Mrs. James Harrington raised her distracted eyes and caught a momentary glimpse of a wistful, lovely face framed in the misty tulle of her own gown. For an instant she was puzzled. She had never noticed, really noticed, Mary Maddock, save to note that her fingers were nimble and the results thereof satisfactory. Now . . . Her eyes took on the gleam they had when a scheme was taking shape. She said:

"My dear child, have you ever dined out—er—in our way, I mean . . . Please dont think me too personal or without sensibility, but the fact is, I'm in a serious quandary and quite beside myself."

Mary Maddock smiled. "I've dined out quite frequently, Mrs. Mallory," she said; *"in your way.* My family are of the South, and before I married—" she made a little deprecating gesture, but Mrs. Mallory understood. She was taking in details now, and she liked what she saw—slender hand and level brow; lovely lines and a gracious smile—yes, with a manicure; with a hairdresser; with a modiste; perfumes; an hour or so of rest, this girl might well appear to the wealthy young oil magnate as the Prettiest Girl in Town. She could surround her with a sort of mystery, too . . . she would have to, since, obviously, the girl wished to remain obscure.

She began to talk very rapidly. She was thoro, and so she told her little seamstress all about the Mallory-Rogers merger and the business necessity of keeping Rogers in town and in touch as long as possible, and how she had counted on a certain pretty girl who had failed her; and how she wanted Mary Maddock to fill the bill. "I will have my maid make you into the spirit of new New York, my dear," her employer said; "you will be charming. All you will need to do is be nice, very nice indeed, to Nelson Rogers, the rest will follow, I am sure. If you will do this for me you will have conferred a favor upon me and I shall be glad to pay you well for your trouble."

Mary Maddock only hesitated for a fraction of a second; then she consented.

Mrs. James Mallory summoned two maids and put the girl into their expert charge, telling them she was to be all in white and that they were to use their every art. She dismissed them and felt satisfied. There was something about that girl—fine as well as beautiful—spiritual as well as fleshly—yes, Nelson Rogers would go to his western home, she thought, with an image he would have difficulty in effacing from his heart, be it ever so impervious.

Mary Maddock felt as tho a dream had draped itself like gossamer about her. Reality fell away; reality that had been harsh and hurtful since she had left her home in the South to make a new home with Steve Maddock. Aside from the money it would be nice, once again to feel soft silks and move in tender perfumes; to dine where

There followed a crowded hour of manicuring and hairdressing, and gowns hastily commandeered from shops nearby, and silken lingerie, and perfumes and flowers

food was not a grim necessity or an animal provender to be got thru with; but where flowers and the gleam of silver, the pad-pad of service, the sheen of linen all played their parts. Ah, she had not known until now how tired she had become; how disillusioned . . .

Steve Maddock had seemed a sort of god. That was because she had known no other gods, had no standards; he fitted the best-sellers pretty well. He had made love to her, just when to be made love to had become a necessity with her, an urge. It had been summer . . . at the end of the summer she had run away with him. Life had seemed a glittering adventure, with, chiefly, the red flowers of his kisses breaking the monotony. Very soon the red flowers of his kisses *were* the monotony. She had never known that love could turn so stale, kisses so rancid, the whole glamourous business so stripped and unprofitable.

Things had gone rapidly from bad to worse. Steve was no good at pretense, once he had satisfied himself on any particular score. It had been easy to dine with Mary at her charming home, walk with her thru the lovers' lanes of the lazy southern village, tell her what great things he had planned and, with her as inspiration, would shortly execute. It had been his way of spending that summer. At the end of it, he felt the need to go on. It was nice . . . being thought a god by a girl with silver skin and crimson lips, and tender, trustful eyes. He wanted her. He took her. After that, the thing didn't so much matter.

At first he got a job, but very shortly it didn't suit him. Too hard. Not enough scope for his abilities. "What did they think he was?"

Quite soon after that, he got another job. It lasted a month. "One of those family-affairs," he told Mary. "What *do they think I am?*"

Mary had a friend who got Steve his third job within two months, and this time Steve said he was *"prostituting* his abilities. That sort of thing was all right for some fellows, but as for him. What did Mary think he was?" For some weeks they had a pretty bad time of it. It was then that Mary began to look for sewing, and shortly thereafter that she obtained the work at Mrs. Mallory's home.

Steve took to gambling. It was easy money, or easy loss, and required no sustained drag upon his abilities. Also, he was appreciated, save when there was a row, and then the police appreciated that; but usually to Steve's good, as he looked more or less respectable, and Mary was often in the background, keeping watch of him.

She grew to loathe him, but care for him. His weaknesses were his strength . . . with her. She had the protective instinct that cannot leave a man alone when he needs her, however unhealthy and unlovely his needs may be.

Things did not brighten, however. Steve had her to depend upon, and his gambling and drinking to slake his lusts for excitement.

On the day Mrs. Mallory made the request of her, Mary had been more

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount production of the story by Jeanie MacPherson, which was directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast:

Mary Maddock	Agnes Ayres
Steve Maddock	Clarence Burton
James Harrington Mallory	Theodore Roberts
Mrs. Mallory	Kathlyn Williams
Nelson Rogers	Forrest Stanley
Pietro Giuseppe	Theodore Kosloff
Nadia Craig	Shannon Day
John Craig	Bertram Jones
Maid	Julia Faye

than ordinarily upset. That morning the butcher had been insistent upon payment, and, just the evening before, she had caught Steve rifling the little tin bank where she kept what she could save for such utilitarian emergencies. The money for this evening's work . . . was it work? . . . would help.

There followed a crowded hour of manicuring and hairdressing, and gowns hastily commandeered from shops nearby, and silken lingerie, and perfumes and flowers. Two maids sprayed her and arrayed her, whirled her and twirled her; did incomprehensible things to her hands and hair, and arms and throat, and then told her she was as beautiful as the blessed saints, now they'd be praised if she were not!

And Nelson Rogers seemed to agree with them . . . at least, ocularly. He said he had not wanted to stay over, just between him and her, but that he was glad now. He told her that he didn't care much . . . or *hadn't* cared much . . . for women. His had been a busy, money-driving life . . . a mistake, he was beginning to perceive. There hadn't been much of actuality in it, he said, but many dreams. Still, didn't she think so, dreams had to *fit*—had to fit someone, as beautiful gowns fit beautiful forms. He believed, he said, in keeping tryst with dreams . . . didn't she? Mary said she did; said it miserably, with memories of Steve before her; his weak flaccidity, his stale, rancid kisses . . . !

Nelson Rogers said she was like an orchid. He broke one from the table flowers and gave it to her. "It is my simile for you," he said. "You seem white and strange, and remote, and very lovely . . . like this orchid. I . . . men seek very far for orchids, did you know that? Brave great dangers, all that sort of thing. I never thought I'd come to talk of orchids when I came to talk of . . . of oil. Oil and mergers."

Nelson Rogers didn't say anything very original. He was neither poetical nor the pre-ordained lover. He had no method, no finesse. But Mary thrilled to him, because he was tender, considerate, fine. Because he was d strong and true. Things wouldn't happen . . . hings . . . with Nelson Rogers.

Nelson was absorbed, and didn't hesitate to show it. The ways and wiles of pretty little Myrtle Craig were lost upon him.

Mrs. James Mallory perceived that her plan had worked, and worked exceedingly well. She was too delighted at Nelson's interest to feel any apprehension for future catastrophe. Besides, Mary was Mary . . . and what could happen? Mrs. Mallory's was a well-regulated world. Things did not go askew.

Mary, like Cinderella, escaped and went home at midnight. To go home had never seemed so hard, so undesirable. Steve was waiting for her, demanding of her. She told him that she had done some extra work, and had got paid for it. "We need the money very badly," she said, briefly. Steve said *he'd* say so!

He was suspicious, and Mary knew it. But then, she knew, too, sickeningly, that Steve would be!

When he had gone out, Mary put the orchid in a cracked glass, filled with water. She stood and looked up at it, remembering him . . . It was ever so slightly wilted, from the strength of his hand, from the warmth of her breast . . . that was right. She felt ever so slightly wilted, too; weary, very weary. An orchid . . . that was what she might have been . . . instead, she was a very common, fire-escape variety of flower. There was the dust of the city upon her, too; and the hurtfulness of ungentle handling . . . disillusionment.

Still, the orchid had given her something . . . even momentarily . . .

The next morning, Mrs. James Harrington Mallory honored Mary Maddock with

Nelson Rogers said she was like an orchid. He broke one from the table flowers and gave it to her

a visit, a flurried visit. She told Mary that Nelson Rogers had insisted upon seeing Mary again, knowing nothing of her marriage, and that he had implored Mrs. Mallory's aid. "It is important, oh, it is *most* important, Mrs. Maddock," the lady said, "that Nelson Rogers remain in town. I have come to beg you to be my guest for a week or two. In that way he will be able to meet you quite properly under my roof, and we can dine and do the theaters together. It will not be unpleasant for you, and it will be of inestimable benefit to me."

Mary Maddock shook her head. "I'd love to, for your sake, Mrs. Mallory," she said, "but I . . . I dare not."

"But it is important, my dear Mary Maddock; it is *most* important."

"There are other things, Mrs. Mallory," the girl said, "that are most important, too."

"Oh, but surely . . . come, then, what are they?"

Mary smiled. Her eyes sought the orchid. The sun was on it, and its white fragility startled the heavier air.

"Peace of mind," she said.

Mrs. Mallory groaned. "You dont understand," she complained; "if I had statistics to show you . . ."

"Statistics wouldn't induce me, Mrs. Mallory," Mary said, "half so much as just your request of me; but it is impossible. *You* dont understand. Some day . . . some day Nelson Rogers would live to hate you for doing this. You see . . ."

Mrs. Mallory protested. "The mergers would be consummated then," she said.

"I know," said Mary, "so would many other things. Dear Mrs. Mallory . . . you couldn't see this from my point of view, because it is a distressful one, and I dont *want* you to share it; but please believe me. I cannot come."

Mrs. Mallory offered money and made further pleas, and then reluctantly departed, warning Mary to let her know *at once* if she should change her mind.

Mary promised. That evening she did change her mind. Steve, during the interview, had been sleeping in the next room. After their guest had gone, Mary's canary began to sing. Steve bellowed at it, with the result of a still lustier carol. He threw his shoe at it, swearing, and cage and bird went out of the window, to destruction four stories beneath.

Mary didn't speak. She loved the tiny golden bird in all that was left her of a golden way. Her loathing for the inadequate creature she had married met, in that instant, in one concentrated bitter climax. She put away the washing she was doing and walked to a 'phone booth, telling Mrs. Mallory she would come to her that evening in time for dinner.

"I dont care," she told herself, as she made ready to go. "I dont care. I dont care. I dont care. Some day that same thing will happen, in another sense, to me. I, too, shall be broken to little pieces on these dreary pavements . . . by him . . . by his kind."

That night the Mallorys, Nelson and Mary, went to the theater. In the darkened box, while the leading lady had hysterics over the man she "luvved," Nelson Rogers told Mary that he had learned to love her in twenty-four hours. "I can only plead a most rational past," he told her, "to prevent your thinking me eccentric, too impulsive. I'm not. I have a way of knowing what I want. Such success as I have had has been due to that . . . faculty. Mary . . ."

Mary shivered with a sudden cold. It was like glimpsing the delectable gardens, brilliant, warm, laden, and then have a door close to in your face, leaving you in the cold, in the dark . . .

She tore off a bit of her program and handed it to him. He read, "Forbidden Fruit." "She is being shy," he told himself, not taking a deeper import; "women are like that, I suspect, all of them."

Later that night, after the Mallorys had retired, Rogers pleaded his love again.

"It is too great for me, Mary," he said. "I did not know I could be so easily the victim, the glad victim, dear, of anything. I want you to

When he had gone, Mary put the orchid in a cracked glass, filled with water. She stood and looked up at it, remembering him

tell me, just tell me . . . dont you, too, Mary?"

Something sweet and tremendous swept Mary from her feet, obliterating the dull common-sense of the years; obliterating Steve and all that Steve stood for; the rude home, the rude work, the utter lack of all that had made her spirit sing in other days. Here, here, she knew, was her man, her mate; he for whom she had been waiting, the whole god, in whose sacred place she had taken the half god, because he had worn a crown of summer roses upon his careless hair.

"I do," she whispered back, unable to resist the heaven thrust upon her in this moment; "I do, Nelson, with all that I am, my dearest!"

And for a moment nothing mattered, neither past nor future, save the beating of their two hearts, suddenly and miraculously blent. The moment passed and Mary crept away to bed, while Rogers dreamed before the fire a dream in which oil and oil mergers had little part.

Very much later that night Mary stirred in her silken covering, opened her eyes, sat up . . . to face Steve. Unmistakably Steve, despite the mask he wore on his face, and which, after the manner of Steve, had come askew. Before sleep had forsaken her sufficiently for sanity, Mary had screamed. She had reacted to the intruder rather than the man himself.

When they were alone, Rogers came close to her, bent over her. "Once you told me," he said, "that Prince Charming had come into your life . . . now that you are free . . . tell me, dear heart, is he still . . . where he was?"

Steve was upon her. "You've got to hide me, you damned fool," he said, "or we'll be ruined, both of us. Hide me . . . use your head . . . quick . . . quick!"

Mary got him into the clothes-press, and when night-shirted Mr. Mallory, curl-papered Mrs. Mallory and two servants came in, she apologized for nightmare and sent them back to bed.

Then Steve came out. Mary was hunched up, her eyes bright and stricken, like a hunted rabbit's. "What do you mean by this?" she demanded. "Oh, what *do* you mean by this . . . ?"

The man tried bravado, tried crude appeal. "I tried to get a job," he said; "couldn't. Not enough for you. A chap I know at the Club told me there was easy money here . . . I'm a Socialist anyway . . . it's no more than right . . . honest labor going unrewarded, while you . . . say, what th' hell are *you* doing here anyway, dolled up like some street woman, and sleeping like a queen? What's the game, that's what I come to find out? What's the nifty little game you're putting up while old Steve sneaks around and turns thief to protect you. You dress yourself and come out and join me in ten minutes, or I'll squeal, and let the whole thing out of the bag. Mind, now, no monkey-shine. I'll settle with you in the way your kind understands."

Mary nodded. She was numb . . . too much emotion. Her tongue was too large for her mouth. Her head was swimming.

Steve started out the window, but retraced his steps with an oath. A policeman, he muttered, was guarding the entrance. He would have to try the front stairs, take his chances. Mary, believing everyone in bed, and too terrified to think very much about it, nodded again. "You be out in ten minutes," Steve said, and slunk out.

Mary dressed. In her old things. Steve . . . a common burglar. Heaven, how low he had sunk! How low they both had sunk, that any man with whom she was connected could come to this! What was the matter with her that she had not been able to make him see stars rather than mud? Love? She couldn't give him that, when he had trampled it under foot. But help . . . courage . . . the will to live, to *rightly* live . . . why hadn't she given him that?

A crashing noise shattered her own thoughts. Lights, . . . noise . . . the household awake . . . Mary sickened.

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A Toiling Lily

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

INTERVIEWING Dorothy Devore proved to be a fascinating delight, for this youthful comedienne has a very definite and piquant personality and, tho her screen life has been devoted to merry-making, she is in reality a demure and thoughtful girl, with a level head a-top her slight shoulders and with great big ambitions.

"Love and marriage must not come for a long time yet," said Dorothy Devore. "I have so much to do before that should enter my life. Then, I'm old-fashioned, and I will want to be very sure of it all, because I will want my marriage to last"

It was refreshing to get life's viewpoint thru her happy eyes—there is nothing artificial and spoiled about her, she is candid and ingenuous, with a boyish sincerity.

Her motion picture career has extended over two short years, but in that time she has become the idol of a large array of picture fans all over the world as the dainty heroine of those highly amusing one-reel Christie comedies, involving domestic complications, with which she has become identified.

Now, we all knew how delightfully she could play these rôles, but when she flashed forth on the screen recently, as Mary, in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," Charlie Ray's first independent production, we sat up with renewed interest, for we beheld a real actress with subtle and convincing technique.

As the naïve and alluring Mary, Miss Devore reached a new rung in her ladder of achievements and now Al Christie is to star her in a series of two-reel comedies which shows that the Fairy Godmother who watches over her destinies has been busy.

"Isn't it *wonderful?*" demanded Dorothy, as we contemplated her radiant future. "Of course, I do not want to remain in comedies always, but I realized while I was working with Mr. Ray what a valuable training it has been, and if I had it all to do over again I should do exactly as I have done . . . go into comedy, and under Mr. Christie's direction, too. You learn so much that prepares you for the heavier work of emotional and dramatic acting. Chiefly, you learn to space. Do you know what I mean? In our comedies we must put over a situation in a few feet, perhaps six or eight; and this requires a concentration of acting where every move carries its meaning. We work so fast in comedy that I had to keep toning myself down all the time during the making of "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and remem-

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

By MAUDE C[illegible]AM

ber that we had *feet* in which to tell our story, and plenty of time.

"Usually I play the fluffy, ingenuish parts, while in this play I acted on the screen just as I do in real life. I'm not naturally very funny—that's all acting—but as Mary I was myself, and, oh! Mr. Ray is wonderful to work with. I felt gratified when he chose another Christie girl for his next picture . . . . Laura La Plante is playing with him now . . . for it showed that he thought I wasn't so bad."

The lunch hour at Frank's, in Hollywood, becomes something of a studio meet, for on all sides of you are to be found scintillating stars from Lasky's, Micky Neilan's and Christie's, who congregate there. At our right was Marjorie Daw, with a girl friend, giggling over a bunch of letters; to our left sat George Melford, Milton Sills and Jack Holt, deep in some weighty discussion, while the lovely Mabel Juliene Scott, with some friends, sat across the aisle, and other celebrities were generously scattered about.

At our small table, Dorothy glowed and dimpled, while I drew out her short story of dreams and hopes, early efforts and struggles and recent successes.

Naïvely, she announced that this was only her second interview. "The other didn't take," she laughed, mischievously, "for I couldn't think of a thing to say, and, after all, they had to use a group of pictures and leave out the interview."

To begin with, Dorothy Devore isn't her real name at all. "Hold your breath while I tell you the prosaic one with which I was christened," she laughed, "It is Inez Williams! Mr. Christie thought it was too long, so out of the very air I plucked this stagy one. Sounds

Stories or a French dime novel. I would change it again, but do not want to lose all the friends I have made with this one, so am doomed to be Dorothy Devore for the rest of my days."

"Suppose love and marriage should come?" I questioned, thinking of one way out, tho, personally, I think the name suits her vivid, vibrant personality.

"It must not come for a long time yet. I have so much to do before that should enter my life," she replied with girlish frankness. "You see, I've been playing wives with their complications of divorces or near divorces—usually with in-laws interferring—until I have become a little wary. Then, I'm old-fashioned; I want just one marriage, that will *last*. Guess I'll marry an orphan. That will be the safest," and she was again her gay self.

Dorothy is a little, slim, wisp of a girl—measuring all of five feet one inch in height—a floating bit of alluring femininity. Her eyes are of a warm, melting brown, so dark that at times they are black of unfathomable depths. Her nose suggests the up-tilt, which probably explains one reason she has been cast in comedy rôles, and in all ways does she answer the description of a "cute girl."

Over the 'phone, her mother had called me "Honey," with that soft, caressing voice belonging to the South; so I was not surprised to note a decided touch of the Southern accent in Dorothy's voice. She was born in Fort Worth, Texas, and was reared

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"There wasn't anything romantic about my starting to work," said Miss Devore; "it wasn't the result of any compelling artistic urge . . . you know; it was simply because I wanted to take care of Mamma"

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

Photograph by White Studios

DOROTHY GISH

A new Portrait of the delightful Cinema Comedienne

As In Life

By BARBARA BEACH

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Not only Jack but all screen artisans as well, is the belief of King Vidor.

In fact, the Vidor studio gives one the impression of a fun factory rather than a serious temple dedicated to art. Between scenes the actors talk and laugh, tell jokes about one another's acting, compose jazz tunes on the organ and conduct themselves generally like a bunch of high school kids at recess.

The absence of emotional tenseness, of high strung temperament, of heat and drive and hurry, as compared with other studios, struck me as the Sabbath silence of a country town contrasted with the blare and bustle of New York's Broadway.

Mr. Vidor believes that this natural unemotional atmosphere is highly necessary to the production of true-to-life pictures,—and his creed, ten commandments, and beatitudes are all incorporated in that one phrase: "As in life . . ."

"I never use any sure-fire tricks in producing a picture," he told me, "that is why I believe in surrounding myself with young, sincere people, that is why I let them play, and play among themselves, between scenes—then the action never becomes stereotyped.

"I have one great principle—to produce pictures that everyone can understand. Pictures with such universal themes that the inhabitant of the smallest hamlet and the richest home can both place themselves in the story and say, 'There, those experiences might have happened to me!' "

Such wisdom at the age of twenty-seven years is to be marveled at—a charming quality, yet one seldom met.

Besides being a famous producer at twenty-seven, King Vidor is a prodigy in many other ways. His utter lack of any theatricalism has already been touched upon, his humanness and ability to play is another, the fact that he

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

King Vidor believes a natural unemotional atmosphere is highly necessary to the production of true-to-life pictures . . . and his creed, ten commandments and beatitudes are all incorporated in that one phrase, "As in life." Above, a camera study of Mr. Vidor, and left, with Florence Vidor and Suzanne

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

has reached the goal of his long cherished ambitions is a third.

When he was at the age made famous by Booth Tarkington, his first scenario was accepted by Vitagraph and he was paid thirty-five dollars for it. Almost immediately, he migrated to Los Angeles to be in the center of film circles.

When he conceived the idea of branching out for himself, he was just twenty-five years old and rather newly married. It was at this time that he originated the theme of "The Turn in the Road," and had such belief in it that he pooled all their resources in its production.

"The Turn in the Road" might be rightly termed not only the product of King Vidor's brain, but of his brawn as well, for he wrote the scenario, designed the sets, helped erect them on the tiny studio space he rented.

Paralleling the success of "The Turn in the Road," came the birth of Suzanne, his daughter—and since then the road, the King Vidor road, has been pretty smooth traveling. Promoters had such faith in him that without a sign of collateral they handed fifty thousand dollars over to him to make his next picture.

Now King Vidor owns his own spacious studio, but his manner of running it is as simple and sweet as in the old days when he had but one corner to call his own.

He wishes to build up the big tract of land he owns on Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, into a settlement similar to that of the former Elbert Hubbard settlement in East Aurora, New York. He wants to have cottages for his co-workers and a community hall where they can get together.

He is, I might add, a Christian Scientist.

But his picture belief is almost summed up in one sentence:

"There is no room today for the ordinary schedule picture, and I believe in producing only pictures that are true to life."

Now King Vidor owns his own spacious studio, but his manner of running it is as simple and sweet as in the old days, when he had but one corner to call his own. Left, a new photograph, and below, with Colleen Moore

The Editorial Page

Taking the Sun Out of Sunday

Just now a wave of agitation, called puritanical for want of a better word, is sweeping the country. Efforts are under way to make rigid laws aimed at any sort of activity, other than churchgoing, on Sunday. If the so-called "reformers" have their way, Sunday newspapers, baseball, golf, motoring, and even walking, except to and from church, will be made illegal. In other words, we will see a step backward to the days of witch-burning, the ducking stool and the pillory.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE believes in a sane and healthy worship of God on Sunday, along with every other day, and it also believes in enjoyable recreations on that day. It believes that, if communities wish motion pictures on the Sabbath, they should have them.

We advise our readers to watch the newspapers of their localities in regard to this agitation. If it becomes at all serious, we advise our readers to write at once to their Congressmen, Senators and other legislators. Please do not look upon the Government as a thing apart from you. *You are a part of the United States Government.* And, as a part, you have a right to voice your sentiments.

Speak out!

The "Motion Picture Magazine" believes in a sane and healthy worship of God on Sunday, along with every other day, and it also believes in enjoyable recreations on that day

Vogue and Public Taste

It is interesting to note the pendulum swing of public taste. A wave of South Sea lure seeps thru literature, topped at the crest by Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," and, lo, the screen reflects the same vogue of the tropics. Witness the success of David Griffith's "The Idol Dancer," and of other photoplays of the lonely seas.

The stage sees a turn towards the Orient in "Aphrodite," in "Mecca," and in other spectacles, and straightway the silversheet catches it in Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

Just now there is a turn towards the small town story. Note the success of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," and of Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf." Already the same vogue is apparent in the films in the whirlwind hit of Griffith's "'Way Down East."

What will be the next turn?

The Coming of the Romantic Film

Our guess is that the costume picture is dawning. The success of "Passion," the visualization of the life of Du-Barry, alone would bring down a number of similar productions. For such is the way of the film!

The New York stage is buried under a wave of romanticism. There is "Deburau," of gay Paris in the 1830's; "The Prince and the Pauper," of the roistering days when Elizabeth was but a princess; "Little Old New York," built about the era when Manhattan was young, and several highly colored Spanish dramas.

You are going to see the costume play on the screen. Already several are on the horizon. There's "Old Curiosity Shop," with Bessie Love, and "Camille," with Nazimova. Watch for the reign of romance!

Beauty and Horror

Recently the screen saw the appearance of an exceedingly sordid and exotic tale, done by a very able director. It was told with superb cinematographic art, many of the scenes being veritable paintings.

Yet this was all the more unfortunate, since it gilded an opus of exceeding danger. For instance, the heroine becomes a drug fiend. All this may appeal to a certain sophisticated film fan element, but, before the great part of the American public, it will damage the film play.

Let us not lose our perspective. The big part of America is healthy, right thinking and resentful of any exploitation of the sordid.

Silence in the Film Theater

Curiously, no one seems to have stopped to analyze the eternal silence in the film theater. Did you ever attempt to whisper to a neighbor in the gloom of the photoplay, thereby bringing on a circle of angry glances around you? There's a reason.

Pearl White, at a recent dinner, attempted to explain it by saying that the motion picture demands a steady creative effort on the part of the audience . . . a far greater effort than the spoken play. Each spectator must supply dialog and color. To have audible words spoken about one causes a disturbing cross-current.

It is plainly a study in psychology. And it is also an interesting commentary upon the movie's stimulation to the imagination.

What Makes A Photodrama

UNLESS somebody has changed the formula since our Sunday-school days, bricks must be made with straw. Photodramas, too, have their basic elements. The fundamental element in any play, stage or screen, is drama.

It should be explained at the outset that the word "dramatic" as herein used is a technical term of the theater having nothing to do with the common usage as meaning "spectacular" or "theatrical." It is exceedingly hard to grasp exactly what is meant by a playwright or scenarist who speaks of a dramatic story, as the quality is most intangible. But until you do grasp this meaning, you will never write for the stage or the movies, however successful you may be as a short story writer or novelist.

Since the days when Euripides held his amphitheaters spellbound, playwrights and critics have known that there was some quality which differentiated the successful play from the successful story or novel or poem. It became a recognized fact that while the plot of almost any good play could be made into a novel or short story, the converse was not true. Not all novels and short stories make good dramas or photodramas. There are still divergent views, but today most of the authorities agree on the following formulas of stage craft:

The fundamentals of drama are Conflict and Crisis.

Conflict means the struggle which continues between two opposing elements thruout the story. This does not mean a physical struggle. It does not even mean a conscious mental struggle.

For example, the conflict might be between two social orders, as in "The Birth of a Nation," or between Good and Evil, as in "The Miracle Man," or between a man and his Destiny, as in "Kismet," or between racial prejudices, as in "Broken Blossoms," or between youth and age, as in Ibsen's "The Master Builder," or between an artificial moral code and the realities of life, as in "Way Down East." It might be simply between two men who love the same woman, as in French triangle plots.

Photographs by Charlotte Fairbanks

"Unless somebody has changed the formula since our Sunday-school days, bricks must be made with straw. Photodramas, too, have their basic elements. The fundamental element in any play, stage or screen, is drama," say John Emerson and Anita Loos. Left, a new portrait of Anita Loos, and top, Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson, searching for copy in the day's news and examining manuscripts which have been submitted

By
JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

But if there was this element of conflict and nothing more, still there would be no drama, for the struggle would end peacefully in the first half of the first reel. There must be Obstacles—another technical term of playwriting—placed at the outset to prevent the opposing elements from coming together. The obstacles must be absolutely logical and must be of sufficient proportions to convince the audience that they could not lightly be pushed aside.

In "Way Down East," the obstacles are the heroine's unhappy past and the prejudice of the Squire against what he terms "immorality." Together they prevent the lovers from coming together, just as in our own recent adaptation of "Mamma's Affair," for Constance Talmadge, the lovers are separated by the mother's unthinking selfishness. In "The Miracle Man," the crook's own blindness to the good and the beautiful of life prevents his finding the love and happiness for which he seeks. In "Broken Blossoms," the obstacle lay in the fathomless abyss of racial prejudice which yawned between the æsthetic Chinaman and his little Limehouse love. Sometimes the obstacle is merely a misunderstanding. Farces are usually this way; and recently we did a picture for Miss Talmadge — "Dangerous Business" — in which the girl completely misunderstood the character of the man with whom she was, unknown even to herself, in love.

Finally we come to the matter of Crisis.

In drama, the conflict must come to a positive head in some one big scene, preferably in a series of scenes, each one more intense than the one preceding. In the crisis, the matter is fought out once and for all; the conflict is settled. Either the hero vanquishes the villain or, in tragedy, is vanquished by him; either man conquers Destiny, or Destiny conquers man; either the lovers meet

(*Continued on page* 121)

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

"If you are to write scenarios, you must first of all understand dramatic qualities," says Miss Loos, "and the best way to do this is to read the best plays in your local library and write them into five hundred-word synopses." Above, a new portrait of John Emerson; center, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, working on a new film, and below, projecting a picture; reading from left to right, those seated are John Emerson, Conway Tearle, Constance Talmadge, Miss T. Bankhead and Anita Loos

The Muse of the Reel

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

"Inspiration to be perfect must come wholly developed," said Miss Weber. "It is like making a dress. When you begin fixing this, altering that and inserting something else, the pattern is spoiled; it becomes patchy . . ."

WHEN the history of the dramatic early development of motion pictures is written, Lois Weber will occupy a unique position.

Associated with the work since its infancy, she has set a high pace in its growth, for not only is she a producer of some of the most interesting and notable productions we have had, but she writes her own stories and continuity, selects her casts, directs the picture, plans to the minutest detail all the scenic effects, and, finally, titles, cuts and assembles the film. Few men have assumed such a responsibility.

Just what Miss Weber may think of the feminist movement, I do not know, for that is one of the few subjects on which we did not touch during our interview. However, I am quite certain that she has never marched in a parade, carried a banner nor made speeches in its support; yet she is doing a lion's share toward broadening the horizon of women's endeavors, and her brilliant accomplishments should act as a spur for the ambitious but halting ones who long for the freedom of self-expression found in a vocation of their own, but who shrink from the responsibilities and increased obligations which come when they step out among the world workers.

To me, Miss Weber's greatest achievement is that she has retained all her womanly charm; in fact, it might seem that her feminine qualities have been intensified rather than diminished during the development of her rich nature in its artistic and intellectual aims.

Glancing about the cozy study in Miss Weber's own pretty studio in Hollywood . . . from the dancing flames in the fireplace to the great bowls of gorgeous dahlias, the wide couch, heaped with pillows, drawn invitingly near the fire, and the stunning carved teakwood desk before which she sat . . . I felt the definite touch of a woman's hands.

She wore a simple black crepe de chine gown, the soft folds clinging to her superb figure. Her eyes are dark brown and very bright, while soft brown hair frames an animated face, and alluring dimples play in either cheek. Lois Weber is a beautiful woman today, but one can well imagine that she was a superlatively lovely girl.

"No wonder you can woo the muse in these satisfying surroundings," I sighed, contentedly sinking into the depths of a comfortable chair.

"Environment has nothing to do with inspiration," quietly responded Miss Weber.

"Do you really believe that?" I asked, aghast.

Slowly shaking her head, Miss Weber smiled. "I am sure of it. Inspiration just comes . . . out of a clear sky . . . no one knows its route, no one can summon it; least of all, four walls or geographical locality."

"But environment . . . certain things . . . drive the thoughts along channels that invoke this unseen thing . . ." I persisted.

"No. I am quite positive that where we are has nothing to do with inspiration. Once I thought as you do, and I dreamed of a lovely garden, peaceful and far removed from the interruptions of everyday life, where I could catch the harmonies of this creative imagination. Well, I realized my garden . . . it is peaceful . . . looking out on the picturesque Hollywood Mountains. I took my pad and pencil, sat in an artistic bench and waited to respond to the Voice. It did not come; it never has come . . . there. In

By ALINE CARTER

the crowded streets, here in my study, at most unusual moments . . . unsought . . . comes the story . . ." and she smiled as she watched my doubts change to reluctant belief under her decided assurances.

"Another thing," resumed Miss Weber, "inspiration, to be perfect, must bring the story wholly developed, a finished product . . . mentally. It is like making a dress. When you begin fixing this, altering that, and inserting something else, the pattern is spoiled, it becomes patchy . . ."

On the desk before her were strewn pages of the continuity she is writing for her fourth picture under her present contract with the Famous Players-Lasky. The title is intriguing, "Married Strangers." She has taken what she considers a typical cast. There are two women. One a marvelous housekeeper, sincere, loving, unselfishly striving to please, yet failing utterly as a wife. The other woman is frivolous, scheming, playing the marriage game for all it is worth, but making a successful wife by keeping the machinery hidden.

"It hurts to see how frequently good women fail as wives," said Miss Weber, sadly." She wearies him with her loving solicitude. Gratitude does not belong to man. He wants to be let alone and . . . amused.

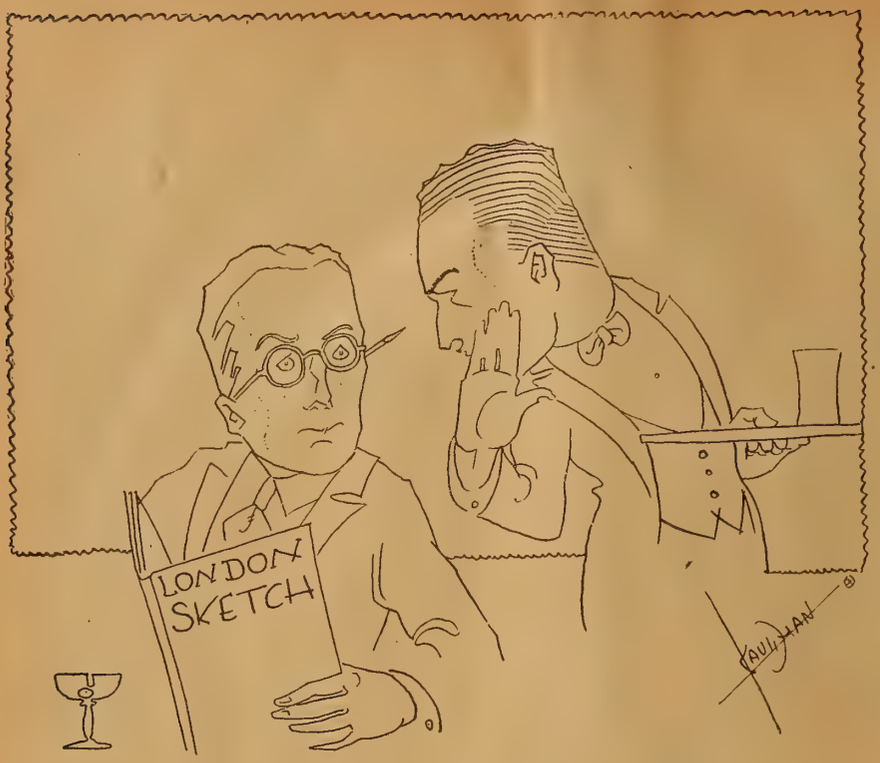
"If women would only understand that many men are not half so interested in a well-ordered house as they are in a well-groomed wife, things might be different. If she looks pretty and is in a cheerful mood at breakfast, ten to one the cold toast will not be noticed . . . that is what I am bringing out in this story.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

"There is no doubt that marriage is the most important event in our lives . . . and, at the same time, the least studied or understood," said Lois Weber. Above, a new portrait, and left, at work on the scene

"The wise wife bids her husband a gay good-bye in the morning and then forgets all about him, while the other watches him from the door, her heart in her eyes, and if he fails to glance back at the corner her day is clouded. When he returns at night, he finds a wilted rose at the dinner table instead of a jolly little pal, full of pleasantries picked up during a day spent in shopping or at the matinée, which makes him forget the day's drudgery at the office.

(Continued on page 105)



Food, Folly and Fame

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

We were just about to pass up the Claridge when the head waiter hurried after us. "Richard Barthelmess was here last night," he said.

We checked this in our notebook, paid twenty-five cents to redeem our hat and started out upon Broadway.

We had been told to seek out Keen's Chop House in 44th Street. Here, it was whispered to us, the big men of the film acting game ate nightly.

We entered. We ordered. Seizing a *London Sketch* from a file, to hide our inquisitive eye, we gazed about. Not a film celebrity in sight!

At the next table two necktie salesmen were engaged in a violent quarrel regarding the spring necktie prospects.

At another table two Wall Street men were noisily trying to select a play for the evening. "Not too highbrow," was their slogan. They finally picked "Afgar," the naughty musical show with the super naughty Delysia, as being the right mental stimulus.

We called Paul Hinkel, the manager. "An off night," said Paul, "altho the actors dont wander around the way they once did — before last July. Dick Barthelmess was in here

(*Continued on page* 119)

We entered. We ordered. Seizing a *London Sketch* from a file to hide our inquisitive eye, we gazed about. Not a film celebrity in sight!

"HOW does the Eastern movie star amuse himself or herself?" writes a screen fan. "We all know that the film folk in the West eat at the Alexandria and the Ship, that they go in bathing at Venice and attend the prize-fights at Vernon, but what does the celluloid celebrity do at night (or even by day), in New York? Please tell us."

Which is fair enough.

Why should unrelenting publicity be given to Pacific coast amusements and nothing be said about the movie star's giddy life in little old Manhattan? Fair enough, said we, gathering pencils and other equipment necessary to a prolonged investigation of the wicked city.

"Go to the Claridge at tea time," confided a person who ought to know. "You'll find 'em all there!"

We went. Not once, but several times. Either we picked off days or the famed ones of the silversheet had dropped oolong for the nonce.

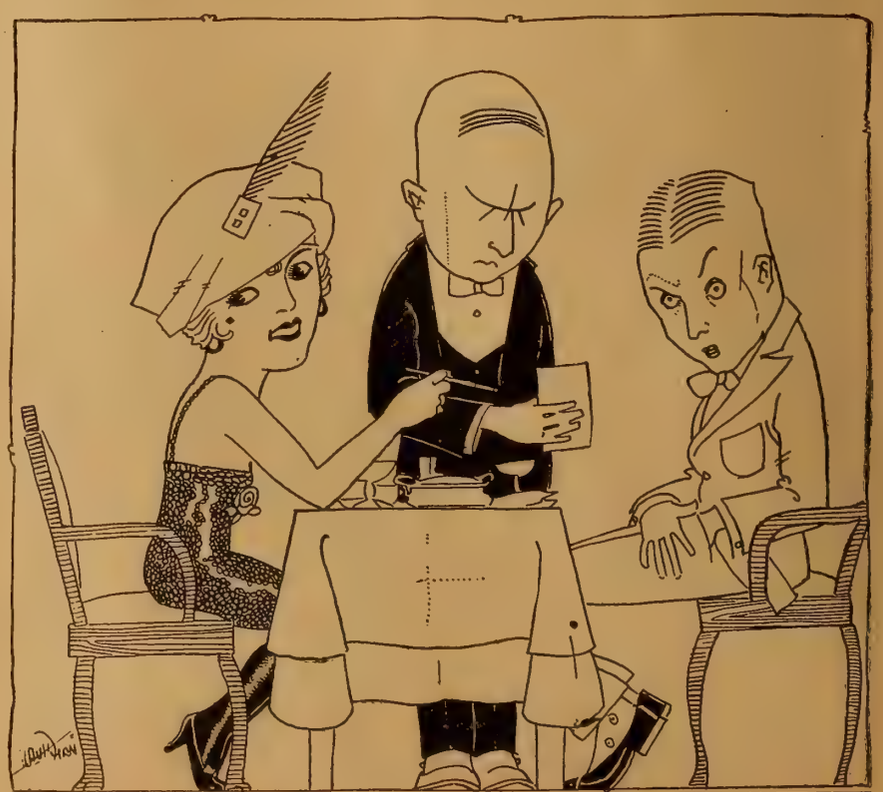
Between slices of cinnamon toast we finally told our troubles to the head waiter.

"Famous people," he responded, impressively. "Of course, they're here. See that blonde over there, the one with the . . . er . . . almost invisible stockings."

We saw. The blonde, that is—not the stockings.

"She's Tessie Vanderbilt of the Winter Garden chorus," at which we gasped.

"And that dashing brunette at the side table. The one with the green cigaret holder. She's Mazie Gould of the Ziegfeld Roof. You can see for yourself that all of the big stage people have tea here."



"See the blonde over there," said the waiter, impressively, "the one with the . . . er . . . almost invisible stockings? . . . She's Tessie Vanderbilt, of the Winter Garden chorus"

Lying Lips

By
JANET REID

NANCE ABBOTT had been brought up with the simplest of creeds by the shallowest and hardest of mothers. At least, however, it can be said for her that she did not complicate Nance's outlook, mental or emotional, by softnesses and sentimentalities.

She taught her that money was the be-all and end-all of any well-regulated existence. She taught her that to be well regulated was absolutely "the thing." And she finished up her basic religion by informing the girl that her own beauty was the cash whereby to purchase the desirable things.

Nance believed her. She was too indolent to do otherwise, and besides one is apt to believe the voice dinned into one's ears from cradlehood on. Especially when it is an easy thing to believe and not unpleasant. Distinctly, the things her mother advocated and her father, being busy and disillusioned, ignored, were not unpleasant to Nance. They consisted, in detail, of expensive dining and wining, soft silk against soft skin, town houses, country houses, entertaining mad and bad enough to beguile the hours that might otherwise have been cursed with the ultimate damnation of ennui.

That Willie Chase represented these things was rather too bad. Still, as her mother pointed out to Nance, such was life. And Willie was not so bad. Admitted, he was a bit obese—too much food and frivolity. He was not superlatively cultured. When a girl dreams amber dreams under a moon of suffering jade it was not of Willie Chase she would dream. Mrs. Abbott admitted all that, too.

Once, Nance said, "Of course, mother, I dont *love* Willie. So it's rather beastly."

And her mother had withered her with a glance and a pile of unpaid bills smothering in their insistence. Nance had remained quiet. Willie Chase was owner of coal mines and various millions, in themselves amply sufficient unto his lack of pedigree and personal perfection. And he was mad for Nance. That he exhibited his appetite in that direction much as he exhibited his appetite for a savory portion of the menu was simply a part of Willie you had to learn to stomach without active nausea. Nance was rather good at that sort of thing. Her training. Her mother. She had *got* to marry Willie Chase. She was fatalist enough to admit to the entire probability of that. Had she not met, just as she was on the point of setting the day, a young army captain, one Conning Godfrey, and from him caught an aura, however faint, of what real romance might be, her life might have taken a different, a more different line.

For a while she thought it quite probable that she was in love with Conning Godfrey. He thrilled her when they danced together, and when he first came into her little drawing-room from the pavements, fit, erect, glowing with his youth and health. When they didn't dance, and when they were merely having tea or talking, his poverty and his probable obscurity took dreary shapes in the foreground of her intelligence. Then, too, her mother spent most of the time, while Nance was with the Captain, in tears. She thought her father looked less important daily. And the tradespeople, evidently having caught wind of the affair and the chronological break with the opulent Willie, were positively threatening.

Nance sent Captain Conning Godfrey about his un-

important business. She admitted that she might have loved him; that he had given her a glimpse of what love might mean, but that the glimpse was neither broad enough, nor rosy enough, to shut out the pale insistent hands of insufficient luxury. When he talked to her of dreams, she came back at him with tradespeople. When he spoke of building, she spoke of the materials necessary thereto and told him how costly they were. She quenched his romanticism with her creed, her mother's creed, and he went away.

After he had gone she felt rather rotten. She missed him. She had thought Willie would be more bearable after the contrast of the Captain and his ineffably hurt blue eyes were removed, but such was not the case. What with the strain of that; her mother's perfumed persistence; her father's irritating if lovable non-importance, and Willie . . . always Willie . . . Nance had the popular, present-day nervous break-down. She begged a vacation. She told Willie and her family that if they would send her to Canada for a brief stay with her Aunt and Uncle Prospect, she would announce her engagement before leaving and consummate the bargain upon her return.

Willie was disconsolate, but agreeable. He really loved Nance after the manner of his kind. Her cool beauty, her slim insolence, her green eyes and white thick skin . . . It was hard for him to look at Nance without a film of passion and of tears clouding his small, beady eyes. It was hard for him to talk to Nance, because his voice choked with the things he felt but could never articulate. His hands were more awkward than was their wont when they touched her, for that she was so elusive, so delicately evasive. For one hour of hot response from her, Willie Chase would have kissed his millions a glad farewell, one by one . . .

Nance went to Canada. On the way she felt as tho shackles were dropping from her, silken shackles, but smothering and breathless.

She liked her Aunt and Uncle Prospect. They had some money, but they had worked for it, hardily and in comradeship. They had not lost their illusions nor their perspective. They still maintained a few sentiments and believed in God. They observed the Holy Sabbath and thought love the mainspring of the gigantic watch of life. They were quite normal persons. With them was Leila Dodson, a poor relation. Leila was something of their kind save that she thought that she was born for better things, which grew to be a passion with her and was productive of all sorts of unpleasantnesses. Otherwise she might have been really a decent sort. Nance did not dislike her. She thought her egotistic and silly over trifles. But as they were both out for self-advancement, each in her own way and her own sphere, they really had very little comeback, the one at the other. They got on.

They rode, Nance on her beautiful black mount, and Blair worshipped her on the way

The night she arrived Nance had an adventure. It was almost the first one she had ever had, at least, alone and it didn't terrify her so much, as it amused her. Her Aunt and Uncle did not meet her, owing to some slip-up on time, and an Indian was walking calmly away with her suitcase, while she pondered directions, when it was rescued and returned to her by a tall young man with keen eyes and a warm smile under his level brow. He said that he was Blair Cornwell, a friend of the Prospects' and that he would be glad to escort her to their home. The way was rather bad, and for a stranger . . . Noting Nance in her slender soft things, his eyes said more . . . they took the long walk together, under

Nance knew better, but she went anyway. It was so pleasurable, this doing of things one knew one shouldn't

the observant stars. Cornwell commented on their observation, all that they had seen, such millions of years . . .

"How *weary* they must be," Nance said. She did not know that her own voice was weary.

Cornwell glanced at her, pale, young . . . His heart contracted. What had put that weariness into her voice? That pallor in her face? That droop to her mouth, to her shoulders? She looked soft and silken. It wasn't her body—no. What, then, had they done to her soul?

Eventually, he was to find out, as one does find out things when one, obsessed, wants to.

He began by coming frequently to the Prospects. As he had been in the habit of dropping in on Leila every now and again, it did not seem strange—at first. And then, because Leila told them so, it became apparent that Blair Cornwell was in love, as, probably, he had never been in love before, with Nance Abbott. The way he looked at her—the way he spoke of her—the way his fingers lingered when it became necessary for him to render her some commonplace service.

Leila, because of vague jealousy of this man she might have had and now could no longer have, dilated to Nance on his poverty and his disregard of it. The things he liked—"crude, ugly things, you know," she told Nance, and her eyes appraised and compared as she spoke of Cornwell's poverty, the silken finish of Nance. Her words implicated—"You—*you* and Blair Cornwell—ridiculous!"

It did seem ridiculous—away from him. But *with him*—dancing in the Prospects' parlor to the abandon of "Mandalay"—ah, it did not seem ridiculous then, nor even difficult. Crude things seemed merely picturesque and primitive. Hardship but romance. Her blood rose to his challenge for the first time in her dilatory life. There was within her a tremendous response of which she was diffident, almost ashamed. She recognized that it was a weakness where it should be strength. It was a weakness, because it would stand, redly and triumphantly, between her and her pre-accepted destiny. Destiny being Willie Chase, coal mines and millions. And so she loved him when she was with him, dancing with him, walking with him, and when she was away from him she fought him and clung on by insistent thinking of them to the splendors that would be made possible by the coal mines and other assets of Willie Chase.

The Prospects favored the potential match. They didn't, they said between themselves, like the look of Nance's eyes; the philosophy she seemed to have evolved; the droop and shrug of her indifferent shoulders. "She is more than wise," they said, "she is *weary* wise. She has ever been a fool, a beautiful fool, living in a fool's beautiful paradise. Blair Cornwell is the man for her. He will teach her to be young."

On the last night of Nance's stay with them, the Prospects gave a dance for their charming niece. They outdid themselves, because they really loved and were proud of Nance and, too, because they thought it might bring about a climax between her and Blair Cornwell.

It did. In a way.

It was a gorgeous night. The stars were individual and made solitary little lakes of gold in a sky supernaturally black. The air was laden with balsam and sweet-smelling things. There seemed to be the flutter of heavy wings about them.

Blair begged Nance to ride with him in his canoe.

LYING LIPS

Told in short story form by permission from the Associated Producers production, based on the scenario of Bradley King; adapted from the novel "The Magic Life," by May Edington, and directed by John Griffith Wray, under the supervision of Thos. H. Ince. The cast:—

Blair Cornwell	House Peters
Nance Abbott	Florence Vidor
William Chase	Joseph Kilgour
Leila Dodson	Margaret Livingston
Mrs. Abbott	Margaret Campbell
Mrs. Prospect	Edith Yorke
Mr. Horace Prospect	Calvert Carter
John Warridge	Emmett C. King

After he had gone, she felt rather rotten. She missed him. She thought Willie would be easier to go to, but such was not the case

"The night was made for it," he pleaded, "and for you—and me . . . "

Nance knew better, but she went anyway. It was so pleasurable, this doing of things one knew one shouldn't. An exhilaration, product, doubtless, of this thrilling new land, crammed full of adventure and men—actual, vital men—men like Blair Cornwell, strong and sane and sufficient.

On the river the canoe split on a rock and Blair had to carry Nance to shore. When he put her on the ground, he held her to him.

"I cant help it," he said, "I—I know something of you. That's why I haven't spoken sooner. I have thought you were not my kind; not for me. Tonight I know differently, know better. It isn't a question of whether you're my *kind* or not. No, that isn't the question at all. You're my *woman*—that's what matters. That's all that matters. Answer me; you are, aren't you? Say it, Nance, say it, for God's sake!"

Nance lost her sense of humor, the only thing that could have saved her with the derisive stars grown melting in the sky and the fire primeval raging in her quickened blood.

"I do say it," she answered, shaken. "Ah, I do—I do—I do . . . "

"You have said it," the man answered; "you have said it—oh, my darling!" and he kissed her on her mouth, on her shut, envisioned eyes, on her dark secretive hair.

London and debts, her mercenary mother, her unimportant father, Willie Chase and coal mines, all seemed very far away, as tho they did not matter, nor had ever mattered. Tomorrow . . . that, too, seemed blessedly far away . . .

That night Leila, who had noted the prolonged absence of the two, more, perhaps, than any of the other guests, made it a point to talk with Nance. She told her of Cornwell's shack, his mode of living. "You'd be all out of *that* picture, Nance," the other girl said. "and Lordy, how you'd hate it, after a while, and then hate him! I know, tho, that you're not the sort to throw your chances away for the flaring of a flame."

"The flaring of a flame—the flaring of a flame . . ." Nance repeated that to herself when Leila had gone, and she was left alone, looking out at the stars. The same stars. Sweet stars. Yes, it had been the flaring of a flame, she supposed—in a sense—such a flame as she had never felt before. The dismissed Captain had been but the vague glimmer of this—"the flaring of a flame"—obviously, one could not give up one's life for that; London and society and the people one knew and the things one did, house-parties and the season and all that. It simply wasn't done. "A flame" . . . they were always transient, flames. Why was it, then, they were so bitterly strong, so bitterly sweet? For that it was sweet, Nance did not for a moment deny—ah, sweet, beyond belief; sweet transcending all experience, all dreaming. Sweet . . . on that word she fell asleep.

In the morning Blair Cornwell called and asked her to go with him to his cabin. "I want you to see, dearest beloved," he said, in his tenderness that seemed to wrap her about as with a blinding warmth; "I want you to see just what you'd be in for—a shack and—and me." They rode, Nance on her beautiful black mount, and Blair worshipped her on the way.

They reached the shack and Nance drew in her breath, sharply, appalled. It was rude; it was desolate; it was primitive. She went within and she was still more appalled. There was a huge fireplace, true, but the ceiling was blackened, giving evidence that it smoked. She could imagine her perfumed hair smelling of soot and her delicate eyes reddened and watering. Her hands, her hands, too . . . women tended the fires, here in this land, grown suddenly unlovely. And the chairs—hard, uncompromising. The pots and pans, evident, ugly . . . Over all there seemed to Nance's luxury-accustomed eyes the bony structure of poverty . . . She did not see it thru Blair's eyes; how that these things were, each one of them, the labor of his own hands; the toil of hours; of days; of weeks. What they represented to him, she could not know.

"Oh!" she burst out; "I could never live like this, in this place; never, never, never!"

She would not have been so hysterical if she had not been so overwrought. She drew forth Willie's diamond that she had removed upon her initial meeting with Blair Cornwell and reinstated it upon her finger. When he came over to her again, he saw it and he understood the significance of the outward token, at least. But other than that—underneath that . . .

"You do love me," he said, "you know you do . . . last night . . . "

Nance stared at him. She felt stupid, dazed. She felt defiant.

"*This*," she cried out on him; "I couldn't stand *this*—the man who gave me the ring, to whom I am engaged—he is Willie Chase—he has millions—*millions*—it is expected of me . . . "

Blair Cornwell drew back. His face was curious.

"I see," he said, "of course. It was presumptuous—folly on my part—but what a damned poor sort you are."

The next day Nance sailed for home—and Willie Chase. She took as cargo a heart that ached with a dull and maddening fury and a mouth stung to hunger for another's mouth.

It wasn't until the accident at sea that she knew Blair Cornwell to be on the boat with her. Then he came to her, and when the ship foundered, fired and went down with, it seemed, all on board lost, he and she were the only ones saved; saved, that is, on a raft that gave them, promised them, with good fortune, at least, three days of life.

"We are going to die," Nance kept saying.

Cornwell looked at her strangely. "Before we die, my beautiful Love," he said, "I think—we are going to—live."

Nance said, "Yes."

She knew how she loved him, now that neither life nor death mattered very much either way. She knew how she wanted him, with the eternal seas threatening at their very feet and the ineffable sky drawing nearer to them with each hour.

And then, in one strange hour . . . "We haven't a ring, dear," the man said, "nor a minister of God—but you are mine and I am yours—forever and ever—amen . . . "

"Amen," whispered Nance, against him . . . Why had anything in the world ever mattered . . . why?

And a little later the man lifted his beatified face and said, "Death doesn't matter to us who have touched with naked lips the secret springs of everlasting life."

"It doesn't matter," Nance assented, "ah, it doesn't, my Lover, my Love . . . "

Three days passed over them. And love was all, for all else had fallen away in that catastrophic hour on the ship. Food and clothing, night and day—all had dropped away—and the man and the woman were one on the fragile raft—w[illegible] the omnipresence of Eternity their all. It w[illegible]

They didn't talk much. They felt no need. They had m[illegible]ed the one into the other and all but that great essential had gone. So close they were, the one to the other, both to the palpitant everlasting sea, and the waiting sky. God seemed near, too. They felt no fear. They had no room for fear who were tasting of perfect love.

On the third day, when the end (or the beginning?) seemed very near, Blair sighted a steamer. At first they were incredulous. Then, terribly, small things began to break thru Nance's face on which the holy beneficence of the sacrament she had lived had lately shone. Small things struggled to mar that surface—customs—her world—things people would say . . . She was going to live who had foresworn life. She was going to *live*—and people would know—*this*. She was going back to London—to Willie Chase's London—to her mother's London, mauve and purple—to her father's London—cowed customary. She was going back to London, *ruined*—yes, in the vernacular of that London—ruined. The ultimate terror, the last shame . . . She screamed. She pulled at Cornwell who was watching her as one might watch the head of Medusa. She shrieked, "Dont let them see us—together. Dont you see—dont you see—what it means—they'll know—they'll know . . . "

Cornwell shook his head. "No," he said, "no, they'd never know—your London—your kind . . . "

Nance did not hear him, did

(*Continued on page* 122)

"Forgive me," she was breathing; "forgive me, Lover, for everything . . . forgive me, and then I'll go . . . "

A new camera study of Corliss Palmer, winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

Photograph by Albin

A Star in the Dawning

By

GLADYS HALL

WAY down South in the land of cotton—Macon, Georgia, to be exact—not so long ago—five girls were having an afternoon fudge party without much thought of anything beyond the last dance, the dance to come, the "new boy" in town and what thus and so had worn. The hostess of the fudge festivity was Corliss Palmer and the five were occupying lazily her chintz-hung room. They were very young. The future was nebulous and enchanted. Their dreams brilliant, but, as yet, unformulated. They were glancing over some current magazines—illustrated ones.

One of the girls remarked, between bites of fudge, "Motion Picture Magazine is running a contest—winner gets a job and two years' publicity—ummmm!"

By such a small, inconsequential pebble may a career be conceived!

The rain dripped without. The girls munched within.

Another girl said, "Let's send in our pictures to the contest—just for fun!"

It was an idea!

Corliss said, nonchalantly, "We'd never hear of them. Anyway, I haven't a picture fit to send. Being photographed hasn't been one of my pastimes."

"Oh, well," the originator of the idea persisted, "what if we dont hear. Nothing ventured—let's rummage around and scare up what photos we have and send them in for a lark."

It was agreed.

Corliss unearthed an inadequate affair, rather amateurish. "This is waste of time," she thought, as she mailed it.

The next day, en route for school, the five admitted, one to the other, that the photographs were on their way to The Brewster Publications.

"Mine was terrible," said Corliss, "antiquated looking, I thought. My mother hopes I never hear of it."

But her mother's hopes and her own pessimism were alike dashed. Corliss *did* hear from the Contest. She was invited to come North as one of the potential winners.

"I had planned a trip to New York with my Auntie, *anyway*," Corliss said, with her unreproducible Southern dialect, which makes her hesitant to speak up here, she told me, so general is the mirth the soft unusual accents seem to inspire; "and so mother let me come, 'but, Corliss,' she told me before I left, 'just forget the contest.' But I didn't. I came to Brooklyn when I arrived and went before the Judges, Mr. Lumiere and Mr. Brewster and Mr. Albin. I dont know how I ever did it. On the way in I met a girl who had failed to get a high mark, and she was crying and I wanted to turn right around and go back, but she just grabbed me by the arm and said, 'you turn around and go up there. I believe,' she said, 'you've got the features and everything they want.' That gave me courage and I went on in.

"The rest is too good to be true. I have to pinch myself every now and then to be sure I'm not just down home, amnin'. The Judges gave me the highest mark, and the next thing I heard was that I was the *winner*. At first I had a hard time persuadin' my mother to let me come back up to stay. I just had to tell her that I *must* go—it was my big chance—and when she saw how much it meant to me, how much in earnest I was, she became reconciled to it and now she is as interested and proud and pleased as I am. Then Mr. Brewster engaged me to play the leading female rôle in his own production of "Ramon the Sailmaker," and I am to play in his next production, too. Before I began to work with him, I was afraid and without much self-confidence. I hadn't had an atom of experience, and it all came so suddenly, but his faith in me and his method of bringing out what is in me have given me the hope and the faith I lacked. Now all my dreams and ambitions are concentrated into the one desire to carve the career those who have had faith in me believe me capable of."

"What type of work do you specially want to do?" I asked.

"I *want to touch the heart-strings*," she said, "emotionally. I want to have something of the same appeal that Lillian Gish has in her Anna in 'Way Down East.' I want to make people conscious of their sympathies, their potential sorrows, and I want to do it beautifully and tenderly."

"What about *life*," I asked, "before this—before the contest and your winning of it—what did you expect of life, from life?"

"Well, I didn't expect *this*," she said, with a characteristic gleam of humor. "I suppose I just expected to get married and have a home sometime—somewhere. But it was very far off in the 'sometime,' because I've never been in love in my life, never have seen a man I could love—and almost everything was dreams to me—everything was Someday. But now Someday is Today and I mean to make the most of it."

E'er repetition shall take the savor from the first telling and other interviews and other interviewers make more than thrice-told tales of Miss Palmer as she is, I shall anticipate them by the virgin resumé of her amber-colored hair, her brown amazing eyes, her skin, her gracious young lines, the Southern softness of her speech, the candor of her outlook, the simplicity of her tastes, which include a love of all that is artistic and music and dancing. She does not claim to be a connoisseur of literature, a devotee of any school, modernistic or archaic. In fact and in truth, when I touched the realm of letters, she very candidly informed me that she only cared for love stories, "and frothy ones at that," I persisted, and she said, "Oh, the magazine kind, with the charming girl and the handsome hero and moonlight and all that sort of thing." She further informed me, with the amazing indulgence of the younger generation for the generation gone before, that her mother deplored her taste in things bibliographical; "She said my mind would grow weeds," she laughed, "if I didn't go in for—well, for Socrates or Plato or something like that!"

She has no thought of marriage. The world, just now, is a soap bubble. She walks on the Hills of Parnassus amid fields of Arcady. She sees the heavens in terms of Stardom and her outstretched hands are groping for the heart-strings of the world . . . She is nineteen.

—With Kings

By
LILLIAN MAY

Photograph by Bradley, Kentucky (right)

NOT with royalty, but with subjects far more interesting—the King family, or the part of it consisting of Mollie King, sister Nellie King and little Kenneth Alexander, jr., Mollie's baby.

An appointment was made for me to interview Mollie King at the Ansonia and the voice on the wire had said, specifically, lunch. When I met the voice, meaning the Publicity Lady at the information desk of the hotel, she was asking, confidently, for Miss Mollie King.

"Not in," said the clerk, nonchalantly.

"But," firmly, "she *must* be in—we have a luncheon engagement."

"Cant help it, she's not in—but there she *comes,*" he said. Down the corridor a tiny little girl figure waved a welcoming hand. She wore a brown charmeuse frock, very smart and very short. Sandals, ribbon laced about trim ankles, a brown squirrel neckpiece, an absurd blue velvet turban atop red-gold hair. It was Mollie King.

"So sorry to keep you waiting—but you know the baby—Nellie was to meet us—probably she has gone up. Come." Twelve flights up a down-going car passed us. "Oh," Mollie cried—"there's Nellie going *down.*" Back to the first floor we went. "Where's my sister?" demanded Mollie of the starter. "Going up, Miss," he grinned.

To the fourteenth floor. Dizzily we followed Mollie—the Publicity Lady snatching a chance to whisper, "at last, lunch!" "We have lived in the country all summer," Mollie was explaining—"but we keep the hotel apartment to have a place to come in town. *Here's* Nellie."

"I feel like the Mad Hatter," said this latest and exceedingly attrac-

(*Continued on page* 101)

Mollie King wishes to keep on with her stage and screen work, but her husband would like her to give it up and "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" . . . which Mrs. Alexander will do, it is hard to say. Left, a new study of her, with Kenneth Alexander, jr., and below, at the Kentucky home with the father of the house

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

The Ideal Screen Baby

Little Barbara Maier, of Los Angeles, has been voted the Ideal Screen Baby in a recent contest conducted by the *Los Angeles Express*... Barbara was chosen from seven thousand children, all of whom have appeared in pictures. She has been cast in "One Man in a Million," with George Beban, and "Oh, Lady, Lady," with Bebe Daniels. Undoubtedly this little doll-like creature is a movie star in the making

Across the Silversheet

The Recent Screen Plays in Review

Above, "The Passionate Pilgrim," an all-Star production, which boasts many notable and worthy players; center, Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Business," which is "Scandal" with new trimmings, and below, Alice Joyce in "Cousin Kate," which Mrs. Sidney Drew has endowed with the everyday human note for which she is so well known

"COUSIN KATE," which comes from the Vitagraph studios with Alice Joyce in the title rôle, owes its touch of vibrant life to Mrs. Sidney Drew, to whom the directorial responsibilities were entrusted. She has given the production the everyday human note with which she endowed her old Polly and Henry stories. The sets look like real rooms where honest-to-goodness people spend their days and the play, which was a talky affair behind the footlights, has a real atmosphere with Alice Joyce a natural and sincere Cousin Kate, altho it must be admitted, she has photographed to better advantage.

Amy Spencer is engaged to Heath Desmond, and if there are two people in this world who shouldn't marry they are Amy and Heath. About a week before the wedding Amy tells Heath that she wont marry him unless he promises to attend church regularly, and in this stand she is aided and abetted by the Rev. James Bartlett. Finally, Amy sends for Cousin Kate who writes novels in the distant city and is gifted with the rare tact of making things right generally. Only this time Cousin Kate arrives to make things more complicated than before, when she and Heath fall in love. Kate insists that he give in to Amy's demands and marry her, but he stubbornly refuses and it looks as tho there could be no end to the complications until the Rev. James Bartlett and Amy announce their engagement, conveniently making it possible for Heath to marry Kate.

The production is as wholesome as the pretty country in which it is laid. As for the subtitles, they are a joy—not the sort of titles so often seen, stilted in a frantic endeavor to be poetic—rather the sort of sentences Kate and Amy and Heath would speak.

"Cousin Kate" is not a great picture. It does not pretend to be great. But it pretends to be real—it is real and, incidentally, wholesome and refreshing.

DINTY—FIRST NATIONAL

"Dinty," the new Marshall Neilan production, stars the famed freckles of Wesley Barry in a story which is a combination of Edgar Allan Poe and Horatio Alger. Only had Poe penned it he would have called it "The Swinging Pendulum," while Alger could never have resisted "From Newsy to Fame."

However, it is not bad for all that, and you feel a real sympathy for the little Irish "Dinty" who sells newspapers

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

to support his invalid mother—and after a while he becomes head of the newsboys' trust and then times are a little better. When the fiancée of the Assistant District Attorney is taken prisoner by the Chinks, with the price of her freedom a cessation of her father's crusade against those Chinaman smuggling opium and pearls into the country, Dinty is most instrumental in her rescue.

Not for a second does the action slow down. There are wild chases, hair-breadth escapes and last minute rescues and thru them all you find yourself watching for Dinty, whose human touch brings laughter and tears. Marjorie Daw as the fiancée of the District Attorney; Pat O'Malley as the District Attorney; and J. Barney Sherry as the father, are well-cast. Colleen Moore does excellent work as the mother of Dinty, and Noah Berry makes Wong Tai, leader of the Tong smugglers, quite as dreadful a person as could be desired. To Wesley Barry, however, goes the major portion of the honors. He fully justifies the confidence Marshall Neilan has placed in him.

Above, "Dinty," which stars the famed freckles of Wesley Barry; center, "Midsummer Madness," which finds Lila Lee most attractive, and below, "Idols of Clay," which is a most improbable story, but with a beauty which will linger

Certainly this is not an artistically dramatic production and it will never take its place in the advance of the screen drama—but it drips with the milk of human kindness and because of this it affords something of a relief in an intensely cynical era.

IDOLS OF CLAY—PARAMOUNT

You cant have everything. Of that we were long ago convinced—yet it sometimes seems a pity that the artistic producer is unfortunate in his selection of story material. Such is the case in "Idols of Clay," the latest George Fitzmaurice production which features Mae Murray and David Powell.

The story tells of Faith Merrill, a young girl on one of those South Sea islands which have furnished so many movie writers with perfectly good plots. Faith lives with her father, an old hypocrite who poses as a sanctimonious soul. One day Dion Holme, a sculptor comes to the island, broken in spirit because one Lady Cray was unfaithful to him. He remains long enough to cause Faith to love him when his old master comes to take him back to civilization

(*Continued on page* 117)

Cooper and Comedy

Many Fox comedies have been more amusing because of Jack Cooper, his eyebrows, mustache, and his antics. And, judging by the bottom photograph, his family finds him every bit as amusing as do his audiences

Jack Cooper says he was determined not to take the earning of his livelihood seriously . . . and he hasn't, unless you believe that it's a serious business being funny

How to fight the little foes which work to mar your skin

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—

There are wind and cold that dry and dull the unprotected skin. There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is dust that clogs the pores. There is time.

Each one of these wicked little foes is striving morning, noon and night to ruin your good looks. Be always on your guard against their wiles.

Exposure to wind, cold and dust roughens and coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

To foil cold, wind and dust, keep your skin protected with a cream without oil

For this a special cream is needed, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the cold will whip out; yet a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made precisely for this protective use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine. Before you go out, lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

This will give your skin such perfect protection that it will remain appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

You never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. To stay powdered the right powder foundation is essential. For this as for protection, you need a cream without oil.

Before powdering, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

Dust is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these you need an entirely different cream from the greaseless cream you need for protection—a cream *with* a good oil base.

Pond's *Cold* Cream contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring. Your skin will be so much clearer, so much fairer, that you will be amazed.

Time, too, seems to have a grudge against us. It is busy every minute etching little lines around the eyes and mouth. After these little lines have once formed it is hard indeed to erase them. But you can keep them from forming by giving your skin the right kind of massage. For this as for cleansing you need a cream *with* oil. Pond's Cold Cream is especially made just the consistency to give a perfect massage. Once or twice a week give your skin a good massage with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way you can keep the wretched enemy, Time, at bay!

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down on the face.

Stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. Every normal skin needs both these creams. By the intelligent use of these two creams you can be freed of the fear of the little foes that work to mar the skin.

Tiny, deepening lines can be kept at bay with a good oil cream massage

Before retiring remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base

Free sample tubes
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Please send me, free, the items checked:
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Cold Cream &
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One with an oil base and one without any oil

California Chatter

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Above, Wallace Reid finds the Yosemite Valley picturesque while on location for his new production; right, Agnes Ayres is interested in having her palm read, and below, an informal photograph of Charles Ray and the studio pets

ONE factor in film progress which augurs well for the future of the cinema is the gradual elimination of the star that was made over night to gratify someone's whim, and the sudden coming into his own of the genius character actor.

Goldwyn seems to be leading the van in this respect. One of the first companies to recognize the value of the author, Goldwyn has been for some time getting away from the star system and adopting the all-around featured cast, any of whose players might be billed as stars by lesser companies.

This does not mean that salaries are being reduced. Quite the opposite. I know one leading man who commands a salary of $1,250 a week, and this is about the minimum.

Truly, the Goldwyn Culver City studio would at present prove home to any cosmopolite. At one end of the lot is an exact replica of the Five Points section of New York City as it looked in 1869. I walked down the cobble-stoned streets the other day at dusk when the players had quit work. A dirty window curtain flapped neglectedly in the breeze, soiled clothes hung on the roofs. It seemed indeed as if the ghosts of departed spirits haunted the place, so realistic was it all. This street scene is being used for Gertrude Atherton's "Noblesse Oblige," a working title which will be changed before release.

Next to this street is a Chinese one being used for the filming of the Boxer uprising in Gouverneur Morris' original story, "The Water Lily," and further still is the reproduction of the Nevskii Prospekt, Russia's largest thorofare. There is much speculation concerning the plans for Helene Chadwick. Will Goldwyn break its rule and star her? At present she is playing the lead in Rupert Hughes' "Mr. and Miserable Jones."

Metro announces that upon May Allison's return from Birmingham, Alabama, where she went to recuperate from two broken ribs, she will begin work on what is expected to be one of the greatest dramatic pictures of the New Year. "Big Game" is the title and its locale is the primitive Northwest. This will be welcome news to the Allison fans who remember her compelling dramatic power opposite Harold Lockwood, prior to her recent series of society comedies.

A couple of years ago Agnes Johnson was just a little girl writing scenarios for Gladys Hulette, then a Pathé star. Today she is a famous writer and has just signed a wonderful contract to write for Viola Dana.

Speaking of Viola Dana reminds me of how dashingly lovely she looked dancing at Sunset Inn the other night. Alice Lake, too, looked charming in a flame-colored gown ornamented with crystal sequins—while she wore a close-fitting turban of flame color, edged with ostrich. Dorothy Wallace was very gorgeous in blue velvet and chinchilla. Among the dancers were also Charles Ray and Larry Semon.

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by ALONZO KIMBALL

Copyright, 1920.
The R. L. W. Co.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly. When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

When the hair is dry always give it a good, thorough brushing

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

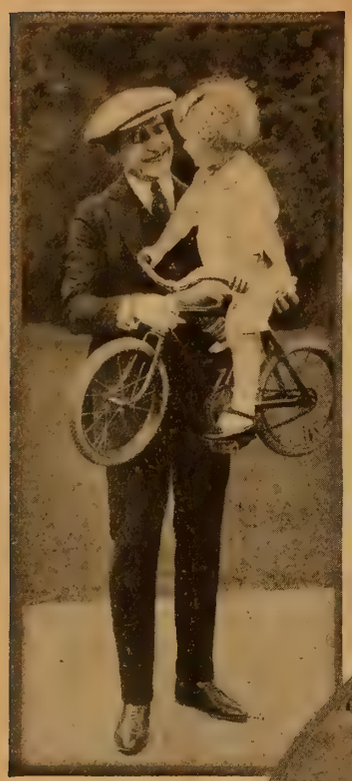
After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Musified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Above, Earle Williams and a little neighbor, and right, Antonio Moreno finds that some animals are quite as stubborn as they are reputed to be

Jeane Paige Smith, who married the president of the Vitagraph Company on December 14 at her home in Illinois. She is not deserting the screen

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe, L. A.

Leatrice Joy is wearing a beautiful diamond engagement ring, but she says she will never marry until she reaches stardom.

I met Ann Forrest out at the Lasky studio the other day. She had her blonde hair brushed back tight and an apron was pinned about her waist. She had been caught cleaning house in her dressing-room. Blushing, she said, "I look ready to pose for a picture of stars as they are at home." Gloria Swanson, who was also present and as gorgeous as ever, protested, "Not as *I* am at home!"

"No, indeed," quoth a reporter standing near-by, "Gloria wears Nile-green chiffon tea-gowns and all that sort of thing."

Monte Blue is again singing around the Lasky studio, and says he is perfectly satisfied to stay in Hollywood for the rest of his life.

H. M. Milcrest, a film actor, was trampled to death by his horse while on location in Arizona with the Marshall Neilan Company. He was only twenty-eight years old and leaves a bride of only a few weeks.

Our friend Herbert Rawlinson is once more in the West. He has been East for a long time, but not so long that the head waiter at the Athletic Club had forgotten him. At present he is playing the lead in Anita Stewart's new picture at the Mayer studio, but it is said that plans for again starring him are under way.

William S. Hart tells me that he still intends to retire at the completion of his present contract. However, I still hope he will change his mind. Meantime he is busy writing. His latest book is written specially for boys and is called "Injun and Whitey."

Arthur Kane, who is one of the backers of the Charles Ray Company, and Mrs. Kane have been visiting in Hollywood.

Lois Weber celebrated the formal opening of her tennis court at her new studio on Santa Monica Boulevard recently by a tennis exhibition, dancing on the production stage and an unheralded preview of the latest product of Miss Weber's pen, a six part production for Famous Players-Lasky, entitled "Painting the Lily."

Los Angeles is all excited over the rumored marriage of pretty Carmel Myers to Isadore B. Kornblum. The film star is the daughter of Rabbi Isadore Myers, who refers all inquirers to his daughter. Miss Myers stated that she is "too wrapped up in her work to consider matrimony." Friends, however, insist the couple were secretly married.

I saw little Billie Rhodes and her new husband, Bill Joberman, a journalist, dining at the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena, the other night. Little Billie, you know, is the widow of "Smiling" Bill Parsons, who had such splendid plans in progress for her as a dramatic star at the time of his death. She is a sweet, pretty, little girl and looked particularly dainty and frail in a black velvet frock and a huge squirrel coat.

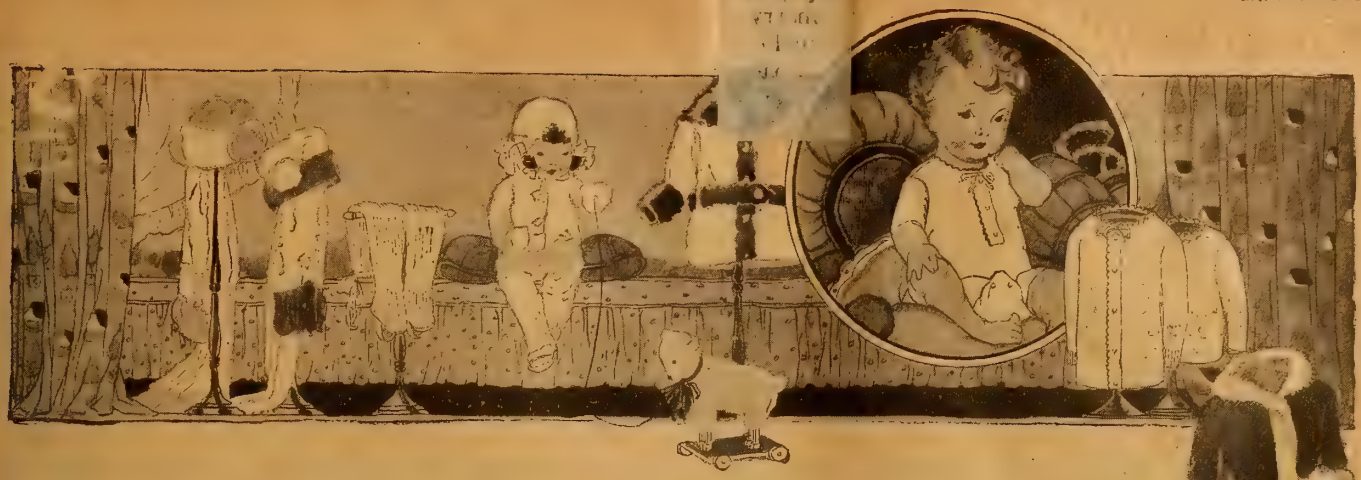
Blanche Sweet has returned from several months in Europe where she pretty well traversed the trodden paths. She is looking well, likes Paris better than London, and Los Angeles better than either. She is a great admirer of Tolstoi and other Russian writers and wanted to get a peek at Russia, but the mean old Bolsheviki wouldn't let her.

The latest news of the Pickford family is that Jack will direct Mary in her new picture. Co-directing and helping the young man a bit at the knotty spots will be Al Green, formerly Jack's director. The story is one written by Mary herself and is the type of picture which first made her famous, viz.: she will play a raggedy little heroine. Following this story, Miss Pickford will start work on the interior scenes of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," before going abroad to make the exteriors of the same picture.

Larry Semon has returned to work at the Vitagraph studio, he and that concern having apparently patched up their difficulties. His new leading lady is Maryon Aye, a very beautiful young woman, formerly in Sunshine Comedies.

Colleen Moore is nothing if not origi-

(*Continued on page 97*)



Two great makers of wool garments tell how woolens should be laundered

The name of Carter stands for the first quality in baby underwear. No matter where you live, when you shop for your baby, the store offers you a Carter shirt or band. Read why this company, one of the oldest and largest in the country, advises you to wash your baby's woolens with Lux.

The finest quality outer knit goods for infants and children have been made by Simon Ascher & Co. for nearly 50 years. Bootees, sacques, sweater-suits, sweaters, all "100 per cent Pure Wool," are found in good stores in all states. Read the way these experts in woolens recommend laundering knitted things.

Keep the detailed directions below which tell you just exactly how to wash woolens. You will find that you will want to refer to them all the time. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To keep woolens soft and unshrunken

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring.* Press with warm iron—never a hot one.

Colored woolens. Try to set colors as follows: Use ½ cup of vinegar to a gallon of water and soak for two hours.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage.

Flannels may be dried flat and stretched to shape, or, when absolutely dry, pressed. Place a damp cheesecloth over material. Use a warm iron.

Shirts and stockings should be dried on wooden forms.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out, and pull and pat garment into shape. Never hang. Spread carefully on a towel to dry.

LUX

Won't injure anything that pure water alone won't harm

The makers of Carter's Knit Underwear tell how to wash woolens

"Sometimes we receive complaints," says the Carter Company, "that our woolens have shrunk. This, of course, is a mechanical process and due to the wrong way of washing.

"We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in the safe way set forth in the Lux advertising.

"We have had Lux analyzed and know there is nothing in it which could injure the delicate wool fibre. A soap with free alkali or an ordinary harsh soap will make wool shrink.

"Lux is also excellent for woolens because its thin flakes dissolve so completely that no solid soap can stick to the wool and yellow it.

"We are glad to endorse Lux; its use on our garments means greater satisfaction to our customers, and thus to ourselves."

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods tell safest way to wash knitted things

"Infants and children soil their clothes so quickly," says Simon Ascher & Company, "that we give special attention to the way our garments are laundered.

"Woolens will not shrink or stiffen if they are washed the proper way. When you find a knitted garment with the surface matted up, it usually means that a harsh soap has been used or that the garment has been rubbed.

"Lux is ideal for woolens because it meets both conditions. It is so pure that it cannot injure the sensitive wool fibre. Its thick lather does away with the rubbing of the garment even between the hands. This means that the delicate softness and beauty of the wool is preserved.

"We are very glad that the Lux advertising is teaching women the safe way to launder woolens."

SIMON ASCHER & COMPANY

Greenroom Jottings

Cupid never goes on a strike or runs out of his deadly darts. As we go to press we learn that Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish have kept their girlhood pact and had a double wedding. It happened at Greenwich, Conn., on December 26, a justice of the peace officiating. Constance is now Mrs. John Pialoglou, and Dorothy Mrs. James Rennie. James Rennie has played opposite Dorothy in a number of her pictures, among them "Flying Pat," and at present he is appearing in "Spanish Love" on the New York stage. Mr. Pialoglou is a tobacco importer.

In "The Fascinating Widow" Julian Eltinge will be directed by Harry Beaumont. They say that widows are free to marry again, but not to believe all over again. However, they can always be fascinating.

Anita Stewart's leading man in "The Tornado" is Herbert Rawlinson. It is easy to imagine the vivid Anita in a tornado, but rather a strain on the faculties to picture a typical Englishman in anything so disorderly as a storm of any kind.

Corliss Palmer, adjudged the most beautiful woman in America, takes the leading female rôle in "Ramon, the Sailmaker." This is the picture in which Miss Palmer makes her screen début and proves herself an actress of ability.

Goldwyn is producing "Rip Van Winkle," in which Will Rogers plays the title rôle. No one but an acrobatic artist like Will could make the jump from "Boys Will Be Boys" to "Rip Van Winkle."

Alice Lake finds that a director, however youthful, is something to be reckoned with. In Wesley Ruggle's absence, a youthful co-worker takes the directorial chair . . . and megaphone

Gloria Swanson's next stellar vehicle will be "A Sheltered Daughter," a story from the pen of Elinor Glyn, especially written for Miss Swanson.

Allene Ray, a winner in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, has signed a contract to play the leading rôle in a series of six pictures from the Tex O'Reilly stories. The first of the series, "Honeymoon Ranch," has already been made.

Jimmie Harrison, of the Christie comedies, who has played leads with many famous stars, is now taking the leading male rôle in one of Constance Talmadge's new pictures.

"Wanted—A Girl," the second special comedy released by Legend Film Productions, Inc., featuring Edna Shipman and John Junior, will follow close upon the heels of the first, which was "A Million—More or Less."

Shirley Mason is working on her new picture, "Chin Toy," which is the third written for her by Pearl Doles Bell. This title may be changed before release by Fox.

Harold Lloyd's picture, "Number, Please?" has been heralded with delight, and is proving more popular even than "Bumping Into Broadway."

Buck Jones, who plays the stellar rôle in "Just Pals," proves his versatility in an emotional rôle entirely new to him, that of a character described as "a golden-hearted ne'er-do-well."

Louise Glaum, who, rumor has declared, was to launch her own producing company, has signed a new contract to star in J. Parker Read, Jr., productions for several years. Her current production is "Love."

Violet Mersereau and Edmund Cobb star in "Finders are Keepers," a new release of the Pioneer Film Corporation. This is expected to be a greater success than any picture in which either star has ever appeared before.

Mae Marsh is the delightful star of "The Little 'Fraid Lady." The return of this artiste to the screen receives the applause of a large following. In this play the mural decorations on the walls are really painted by Miss Marsh, who is as capable with the brush and palette as she is in acting.

"Worlds Apart" is the new Selznick picture, starring Eugene O'Brien. Adding to the interest of the picture is the fact that fifty well-known horsemen and horsewomen of Virginia will appear as extras in fox-hunting scenes.

"Velvet Fingers," a picture of high-class burglary, stars George B. Seitz and Marguerite Courtot. Pictures of evil doers are popular, because if there were no sinners, there could be no redemption.

"The Empire of Diamonds" is said to be a most thrilling and original series of detective romances. The scenes are laid in three of the world's leading capitals, and the master-photography of the picture enhances the dramatic moments of the story.

Dr. Leonard J. Vandenbergh, missionary and explorer, who headed the Vandenbergh-Paramount expedition into Central Africa, brought back the first motion pictures ever taken of the African Congo.

"Thoughtless Women" is breaking the record for the year in bookings. It is a feature production, starring Alma Rubens. Perhaps this picture will help men to get rid of their delusions. We want men without delusions, but none need apply, for there are none—yet.

Blanche Sweet, in "Her Unwilling Husband," is a charming character in an attractive part, in which she surpasses her former work.

Katherine MacDonald has been enjoying a six weeks' vacation in New York, following the completion of her eighth production, "Conscience." It seems that everyone who has an overdose of conscience has to take a vacation now and then.

Buescher is the oldest maker of Saxophones and makes more of these instruments than the combined products of all other manufacturers.

TOM BROWN
Famous Comedian and Saxophonist, Six Brown Brothers

JOHN GUREWICH
Sousa's Noted Saxophone Soloist and Composer, New York, N. Y.

CHARLES FRY
Noted Band Director, Fry's Celebrated Band, Philadelphia

CLAY SMITH
Trombone Soloist, Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet

The greatest of all Professionals throughout the musical world use Buescher Band Instruments. In satisfying this most of all particular element, Buescher achievement has been doubly successful and effective in the recognition by the most noted Master Musicians of True-Tone quality pre-eminence. The illustrations on the left show a few of the many prominent ones who use Buescher True-Tone Band and Orchestra instruments.

BUESCHER TRUE-TONE TRADE MARK ELKHART, IND.

BUESCHER

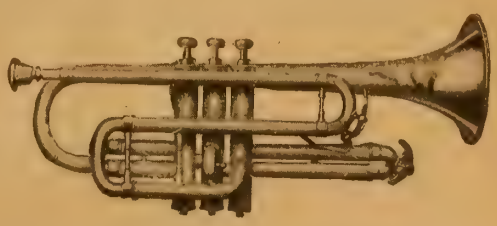
True-Tone Band Instruments

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to double your income, double your opportunities, and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

Get This Free Saxophone Book

It tells you what each Saxophone is best adapted for, when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family from Bb and Eb Soprano Saxophone to Contra Bass. Ask for your copy.

Buescher-Grand Cornet



With all its wonderful volume the Buescher-Grand Cornet is exceptionally easy to blow, requiring so little exertion to start the tones, or to keep them sounding, that jumps of thirds, fifths or octaves can be taken without the slightest stopping or breaking or spacing between the tones. Its "Split-No-Tone" Bell is an exclusive and patented feature.

The **Buescher-Grand Tombone** enables you to do bigger things musically. Possesses an unrivaled smoothness and velvety ease in the slides and perfect balance.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Ask us to send you names of users in your locality. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Buescher Band Instrument Co., Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2119 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Greenroom Jottings

E. O. Hoppe, the noted English artist-photographer, who is an expert judge of feminine beauty, came to America several months ago and announced his intention of selecting the five finest examples of American beauty and comparing them with those he had chosen in England. Mr. Hoppe declares that up to the present he has been unable to do this, because he finds so many diverse types of beauty of different nationalities, whereas in England there was only the Anglo-Saxon type to be considered.

The Christie Studios in Hollywood celebrated "Golden Wedding Day," for the ninth anniversary of the first motion picture studio in that territory, started by Christie in 1911. More than a hundred couples who have been married fifty years or more attended, and prizes were awarded.

Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, was selected by Mr. Hoppe as England's most beautiful woman. She has been celebrated for years as England's most exquisite type of feminine loveliness, and has inspired more artists, sculptors and photographers than any other woman in the world, it is said. Lady Diana Manners has signed a contract with J. Stuart Blackton in London to appear in a series of pictures.

Little Johnny Jones entertains Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., at the Goldwyn Studios between the scenes of his new Edgar story

Viola Dana's next starring production will be "Home Stuff," an original story by Agnes Johnston and Frank Dazey. Viola should be dazzling in domestic rôles.

Mr. and Mrs. Philander Beatty were married six years before Grant fought his biggest battles. They say the first fifty years of wedded life are the hardest, and they are used to each other now. These sentiments will cheer a lot of newlyweds, who have only a silver wedding to their credit.

Agnes Johnston, whose work for the screen has made her name universally familiar to picture-goers, has signed a contract to write a series of stories for Metro.

"Broadway and Home," Eugene O'Brien's new Selznick picture, shows scenes taken in the heart of the Bohemian quarter of New York, and on the high seas, with wind and rain and rolling waves buffeting him about on the ship of fate.

Metro has leased the premises of one of the commodious city armories of New York as a studio, in order to have a place where large and expensive motion picture settings may be protected from the elements.

Elinor Fair takes the leading rôle opposite Eugene O'Brien in his new picture. Warren Cook, Ellen Cassity and Frank Losee are included in the cast.

Buster Keaton has completed his first comedy, "The Haunted House." Virginia Fox appears opposite the agile comedian, and, as usual, Joe Roberts is the "vilyun."

George Fitzmaurice, Paramount director, recently sailed for London, where he is making a picture for Famous Players-Lasky, British Producers, Ltd. Here he joined his wife, Ouida Bergere, who has written and adapted many of his pictures.

The United States Army has a school to teach soldiers all branches of moving picture production and presentation. It has been established in Fort Point, San Francisco, Cal.

Owen Moore's new Selznick picture, "The Chicken in the Case," has been released and is now being shown.

Mutt and Jeff are highly amusing in their new animated picture, "Cleopatra," in which they enter a mummy case and are transported to ancient Egypt.

"The Brute Master" is a dramatic picturization of man's animalism. Hobart Bosworth takes the stellar rôle. Sometimes an honest brute is a pleasant change from a flatterer, who may love you some, but loves himself more.

William Fox is featured in a five-reel Fox production of the Wild West type, "The Iron Rider." It is not so good as many of Mr. Russell's previous productions.

"Her Husband's Friend" is Enid Bennett's new starring vehicle.

Elaine Hammerstein radiates in a beautiful characterization of wifehood, as the star of "The Daughter Pays." It was said many years ago that it was good for some men to be alone, but that was before there were any Elaine Hammersteins in the world.

"The Devil to Pay" is one of the best mystery stories shown on the screen for some time.

Fred Burton takes the leading rôle in "Heliotrope," wherein he has the distinction of being a crook addicted to heliotrope perfume. We are changeable creatures, liking variety and, therefore, we like "Heliotrope."

Edith Stockton plays the second female lead in "Out of the Chorus," and now considers going to the California studios. Well, everybody's still doing it.

Dainty Charlotte Dawn plays the leading female role in "The Punch of the Irish." Even the studio crew were thrilled during the filming of the scenes where Billie Ritchie tries to evade seven hungry roaring lions.

Fannie Ward is starred in "She Played and Paid," an intense melodrama, produced from Henri Bernstein's play, "La Rafale."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

The phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND has firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be carried on for the year 1921.

The Golden Key of Opportunity Is in Your Hands—
Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Send Your Photograph in at Once

The honor roll winners appear in SHADOWLAND, CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month until the end of the contest.

Men, women and children are eligible, married or single.

Send in Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Take notice of the following conditions of the contest:

No photographs will be returned.
Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
Letters are not desired, but if they are sent they must accompany photographs.
Those wishing replies should enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes.
Do *not* send tinted portraits.
Address all communications to Contest Manager.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

Remember, by writing to me, you in no way obligate yourself to accept my instructions, while on the other hand, I will give you solid, fearless advice that will be many times worth the few minutes it took you to write me. Without another moment's hesitation cross the free consultation coupon herewith opposite what you consider to be your main ailment, sign and mail with your name and address written plainly thereon. You will hear from me at once, and you will hear something well worth while.

GET THIS BOOK—IT'S FREE

If you will send me a 10c piece (one dime) to cover mailing expenses, I will forward free my book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY." You should not be without it. It contains many truthful facts and helpful hints.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist.
Dept. 258 **NEWARK, N. J.**

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. M.P.M. 258

..Colds	..Easy Childbirth	..Vital Depletion
..Catarrh	..Pimples	..Impotency
..Asthma	..Blackheads	..Failing Hair
..Hay Fever	..Insomnia	..Weak Eyes
..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Female Disorders
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (describe)	..Poor Memory	..Increased Height
..Increased Height	..Rheumatism	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Youthful Errors	..Muscular Development
		..Great Strength

Name .....

Age..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City..... State.....

uncertainities. "East Lynne" is to be filmed by Hugo Ballin with Mabel Ballin in the lead opposite Edward Earle.

MURIEL K.—Yes, I am one of the celebrated authors of the day. Among other classics I am responsible for "The Lost Gumdrop, or the Candy Woman's Revenge," "A Hand to Hand Encounter with a Flea." "What to do if Stuffed Olive Bites You," "Guyed for Fans," and other tragedies not yet written. None of these masterpieces have been published yet. Try Los Angeles.

D. H. S.—No need making apologies about your paper, even if your father did buy it. No, it is not true that Pearl White wears a wig. How could she lose her hair in a fire without losing her head? You say Anita Stewart and Ethel Clayton are your favorites. No accounting for tastes. Well, if you like this department, tell others; if you dont like it, tell me.

MARGARET S.—I dont know just how many appointments the President has to make, but I know he has to make many disappointments. Lew Cody has his own company now with Elinor Fair and Cleo Ridgely. Their first picture is "A Dangerous Pastime." Yes, I am eighty but I dont expect the undertaker to overtake me just yet.

AMUZO.—You just write to me whenever you feel like it. I cant tell you whether Hope Hampton ever lived in Trenton, N. J. Yes, she is a beautiful girl, and I have enjoyed the pleasure of meeting her several times. She doesn't look to me as if she ever lived in Trenton.

FLOY MERRY.—But ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices, which accounts for the fact that climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping. I am as full of ambition as I ever will be. There's about 1000 feet to a one-reel picture. "Iris in" means beginning with a closed lens and gradually opening it with a circular iris, giving the effect of small round picture which grows gradually larger in circumference.

MAYOR'S STENO.—It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it's the life of a spider. Yes, I miss not being able to comb my hair. Feel as tho I had forgotten something when I'm leaving mornings. Saves lots of time, however. Wanda Hawley is playing in "Her First Elopement." You bet I remember when Maurice Costello was the big noise in the hero line.

LONESOME SEVENTEEN.—Your letter was great. Write me some more.

VICTOR S.—Well, every man desires to live long; but no man would be old. I have lived eighty years but am not old yet. Thanks for the picture. Good of you. Also thanks for the kind things you say about our magazines.

TIDBITS THE FIRST.—No, Tidbits, I'm not a woman. I dont see how you could pay me such a compliment, because I am neither dainty nor delicate, neither gentle nor soft. I am a hardened sinner with red corpuscles and a carmine liver. Well, in love, it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that one finds pleasure in frequently recommenting. Lucy Cotton and Sylvia Breamer in "The Devil." Yes, Irene Castle is back in pictures. Peggy Hyland is playing in "The Price of Silence." Do write me again.

GALIKEL.—Well, I liked "Midsummer Madness" pretty much. Lois Wilson is all right, and Conrad Nagel was very good, and the whole thing was beautifully done and contained some wonderful settings. Yes, an interview with Olive Thomas in March 1920 CLASSIC. Aha, I see!

FLORENCE VIDOR BOOSTER.—Go to it! Write her again. Owen Moore has just finished "The Chicken in the Case." Absurd title.

JACK H., New Zealand.—You refer to Mohammed the Great, who cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers who taxed him for preferring her love to his glory. Yes, Martha Mansfield and Conway Tearle in a series for Selznick. No, they dont really dress like that here in our West. You want to know if our Arizona cowboys wear a two-feet six-inch hat. Not many of them, I guess—except in pictures.

ANITA G.—No, I am not a society man. The conversation of women in society resembles the straw used in packing china; it is nothing, yet, without it, everything would be broken. I go to a dance once in a while. Glad you liked Seena Owen and Jack Holt in "Victory."

ANGLO.—Of course I believe in marriage, but love in marriage would be the realization of a beautiful dream if marriage were not too often the end of it. Yes, Tom Moore and Eugene O'Brien. H. E. Herbert and Florence La Badie had the leads in "A Man Without a Country." Please write me again.

LILIAS ST. CLAIR.—Oh yes, you will like the Scroll Club. They have a very interesting paper.

LAURA J. W.—Why, the last I heard of Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman they were playing at Egan's Little Theater, Los Angeles, Cal., in "Marry the Poor Girl." But I believe they are soon to appear in pictures again. "The Tiger's Cub" was taken from the book by George Goodchild.

BLACK EYES.—Of course, I will be glad to take the place of your daddy. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is producing pictures in London with Lady Diana Manners as leading woman. Hobart Bosworth is playing in "A Thousand to One." William Russell and Mary Thurman in "Brute McGuire." You're very welcome.

BILLIE.—Billie, the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, and not in making cages. Pauline Frederick is the only name I know she ever had besides her marriage names. Send a stamped addressed envelope.

PHANTOM-PEKING.—Well, Woodrow Wilson has been editor, author, lawyer, professor of history, political science and political economy, president of Princeton University, Governor of New Jersey, member of the Peace Conference, and was the first president of the United States to cross the Atlantic, yet he was defeated by the biggest majority ever. You also refer to Grace Cunard who played in "Lucille Love."

MYSTIFIED.—Cooper-Hewitt is the name of the lights used in taking motion pictures. But life has surprises at every age. Corinne Griffith is playing in "It Isn't Being Done this Season." There's lots of people who are tho. Enjoyed yours very much.

GRACE.—You're all to the mustard, Grace. No, his wife is not a professional. Better get that idea out of your head because a coquette is to a man what a toy is to a child; as long as it pleases him, he keeps it; when it ceases to please him, he discards it.

ZUFFOLD KNUTT.—Your letter was a humdinger and I enjoyed every word of it. I would really like to shake paws with you. I agree with you that the Hippodrome, Mecca, etc., are like olives—acquired tastes.

H. A. L.—Idleness is the door to all vices, and that's why I'm always busy. So you say you didn't care for Wallace Reid in "Sick-a-Bed." Well, I cant say that I cared for it either, nor for "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway." Ray has done much better work than that. Clever jingle in yours, and I hope you write me again.

Y. A. K.—Yes, I think so too.

RUTH MC.—Yes, I am 80 in years, but not in feeling and looks. Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards and pretences are useful to foretell events. Eugene O'Brien's "Regret" has been changed to "World's Apart." Some regrets do make you feel that way. I'd make a nice daddy for somebody. Write me again, Ruthie.

BONNIE.—Well, in 1918 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs announced that there were 328,111 Indians in the United States. This number did not include the Indians in States in which the Indian office had no representative. In those States there were about 8,000 Indians. I understand that Ethel Barrymore is going to make a series of pictures for Lasky.

A PEPPY QUAKER MAID.—Didn't know there were any. Oh I see. You are not in favor of my knocking Philadelphia. Well, Philadelphia cant help it because it's a slow town, and others cant help observing that it is! You also say that diplomacy should be my motto. Thanks. Why didn't you sign your name?

FRANK MCC.—You can reach Betty Compson at Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that initials only be used, we shall be glad to take care of this, if it is so specified.

One of the fair sex of "The Flowery Kingdom" sends her regards to stars and magazines, and tells the readers who the favorites are with the fans of Japan.

DEAR EDITOR—I am an ardent reader of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, and I take great interest in your department, having read it for two years.

All fans seem to have certain stars whom they either praise or criticize, without regard for the stars' feelings. I have many favorites, but the star I select for praise is Pearl White. Truly, she is an actress the movie world may be proud of. I dont see how anyone could see her in such plays as "The Lightning Raider" and "The House of Hate" and then not have a feeling of admiration and sympathy for her. I, for one, hope she will make more serials, and that Marie Walcamp, Ruth Roland and Elmo Lincoln will do the same, for all are well liked here.

In Tokyo, our capital city, the following pictures are being shown: "The Whirlwind," "The Mystery of 13," "The Busher," "The False Faces," "The Tiger Band," "Her Kingdom of Dreams," "The Grim Game," "The A. B. C. of Love," "For Better, for Worse," "The Gray Horizon" and many others.

I wish every future success to the movie stars, one and all, and also to the publishers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

Sincerely,
MISS YAE KAMEYAMA,
Shinagawaya, 81, Konyacko,
Shiznoka, Japan.

Where is the director who can give everyone just what he wants? Some people want melodrama, some society drama, some comedy drama and others prefer plain comedy or farce. Nevertheless, wise directors listen to the demands and go as far as they can toward filling them.

DEAR SIR—With prices of all our investments going down every day, and collections not so good as they used to be, there is a general feeling of despondency permeating the atmosphere. Why, in the name of High Heaven, doesn't the moving picture show give us a little joy once in a while, a funny picture now and then, instead of these painful, sad love epochs that we find in all the movies from Fourteenth Street to Albany?

In an unguarded moment, one Sunday evening, I attended a very prominent movie on Thirty-fourth Street. They were advertising a double-feature bill, and this is what I got:

One picture showing some sort of artist marrying a chorus girl. This chorus girl had been befriended by Mr. Goldberg. The other picture was a popular matinée hero sort of fellow, who turned out to be a society doctor, and the dame ran after him. He went to the Dakka Islands to discover some wonderful medicine, and this girl rushed there, too, swimming part of the way.

I am giving this outline of the two pictures as I cant recall the name of the actors; but it was the saddest and gloomiest junk I ever saw, and it has almost cured me of the movie habit.

I am writing this to give you some idea of the pain that envelopes one when these terrible love heroes, who look so sad and gloomy and soulful—whatever that it—come mooning onto the screen. What on earth is it that makes these matinée idols look so bad? After a few sittings at one of these love-and-soul affairs, I am frequently ill for several days.

Mr. Editor, please tell these moving picture directors to give us something funny or William S. Hart-ish.

Yours very truly,
WYNNE FERGUSON,
Union League Club, New York City.

There is such a large number of bright, shining stars that it is not possible to give each one of them all the space they deserve, and their apparent neglect is usually unavoidable. However . . .

DEAR EDITOR—I have been a reader and admirer of your magazine for years, and enjoy it very much, always reading it from cover to cover, and really do not know which department I like best.

All these years that I have been reading your magazine I have never found cause to complain or "kick," but now I am certainly going to kick, and kick hard.

You know, we all have our favorites, and like to read about them. Some of us are fickle and jump around from one star to another, but as long as I have been a movie fan I have had one favorite, namely, Miss Ethel Clayton.

Now, what I am kicking about it this: Why is it that I do not see more about this charming young lady in your magazine? Perhaps you will say, "She is so well known that she doesn't need publicity. Well, that may be true, but who can pick up one of your magazines without seeing it full of Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Alice Brady, Pauline Frederick, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks and others, who are not one bit more talented or more popular than Miss Clayton?

Every month, when your magazine comes, I look thru it before I read it, thinking I will find something about my favorite, but always I am disappointed.

I ask you again, why is it? Is it because she is not always figuring in divorce courts? Surely this should be to her credit.

So, in conclusion, let me say that if your magazine isn't large enough for them all, let some of the others rest a while and let us have more of Miss Clayton.

Wishing you the best of luck for the coming year, I am,

Very sincerely,
MISS TERESA BROCK,
623 Mildred St., Montgomery, Ala.

There are comedies and comedies. Those that are good are the best form of entertainment and those that are bad are the worst, according to this reader.

DEAR EDITOR—I am a constant reader of your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and I should be glad to correspond with other readers, especially Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks admirers.

In your June MAGAZINE I noticed a letter concerning country movies. The town where I live is somewhat similar in its "movie palace," the library, councilors'

Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Combat it daily

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The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

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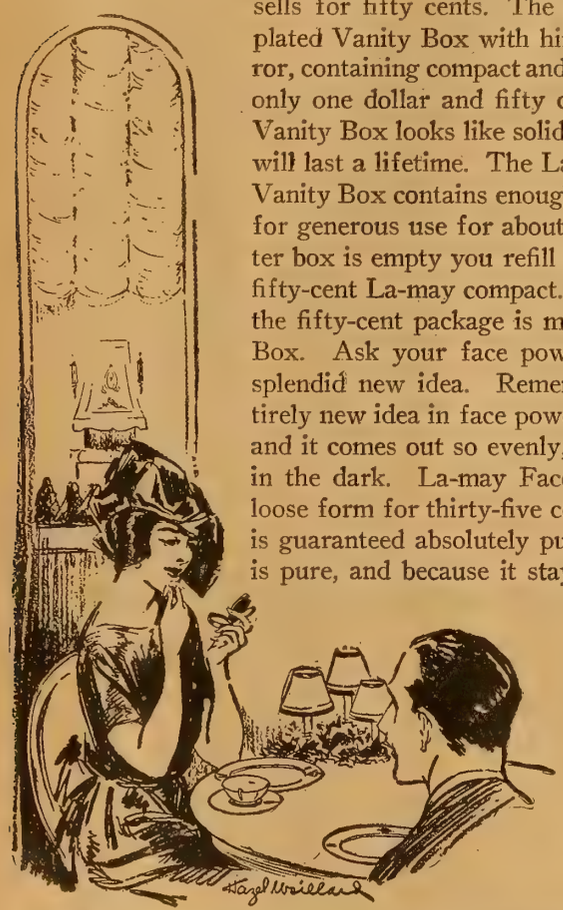

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meeting rooms and band room being all in the same building. The seats are pretty hard, but we have good pictures, so that makes up for the chairs.

I think the Mack Sennett Comedies are silly, so silly in fact that I can not laugh at them. I am jolly glad Mary Thurman and Marie Prevost are trying drama, for it was a shame for such pretty girls to be in Mack Sennett's.

And there are the Billy West Comedies, another idiot so funny you can not laugh at him. Why cant he get a rig of his own instead of mimicking Charles Chaplin?

Everybody like Charles Chaplin. His picture, "Sunnyside," is being shown at the Liberty Theater next week.

Here's to less vulgar and better Mack Sennetts, and always a welcome to the Christies. Hoping to have the pleasure of corresponding with other readers, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
CONNIE BAMFORD,
Grafton St., Sumner,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

London is not always foggy. Undoubtedly there is scenery there worth showing on the screen. Pictures with English settings showing both exteriors and interiors of homes, clubs and places of historic interest are so seldom seen that one does get the idea that a director thinks he is faithfully depicting London when he shows a fog and a bridge.

DEAR EDITOR—It is quite a few months since I wrote you last—some time in 1918, when I was "fed up" and "far from home." Now, that I am settled again, I have just begun to think how long it is since I really did write to you.

At a movie in England, I happened to be in the rear of an aged lady. We were watching the film entitled "Vengeance and the Woman," with Carol Holloway and William Duncan taking the leading rôles, when the woman became so excited she shouted out, "Look! There is a bear behind you!" Everyone in the theater turned to see the bear before they realized that she was referring to the one in the picture.

Another couple were talking about the following week's program, and I happened to hear the woman say, "Dustin Farnum is here next week. Are you coming to see it?" "Oh," said the man, "I dont like 'agricultural farming'." I think Dustin ought to take his hat off to that couple.

There was a picture here not long ago entitled "Suds." How is it that producers always have the same setting to represent London? A fog, a big lamp, a bridge about twelve feet high, and lastly a cop resting against the lamp? That is London. The producers must have been in London only on a foggy day, and that is all they know about the city. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if they had never seen the place. Kinda hard on London, I think. The lamp, too, is more like a piece of cardboard, and is far too large for the post that is supporting it. Dont you think people would rather see scenery than a fog?

Another film, "The Yanks in Berlin," was exhibited and advertised as "Jack Canuck in Berlin." Of course, people went to see it, hoping to see the Canadian troops, but they didn't see even one Canadian in the picture. They have not arrived there yet, according to the film. Then, where are they?

I wish every success to your magazine.
Sincerely yours,
ALFRED W. BOWKER,
20 McGill St., Toronto, Canada.

An optimist is usually liked, especially when his optimism is based on something real. The only knock this optimistic reader makes is directed toward the knockers in general.

DEAR EDITOR—I take pleasure in writing for the first time to you. I have been a constant reader of the magazines and I never wish to read better periodicals.

I read with much interest the "Letters to the Editor" column, and notice the varying fancies of the many picture followers. Why do some folks persist in abusing the poor old movies? I constantly notice harsh, and sometimes unnecessary criticism of many photoplays of more than usual merit.

Surely, these critics remember the day not long ago when everyone raved over old Edison, Bison and Lubin films. Compare these films to the productions of today, and note the miraculous strides.

We, on this side of the world, are not hard in our criticisms, as we think of the time, worry and hard work lavished on a production. We feel indebted in no small way to DeMille, Tourneur and Griffith.

Just recently I saw Rex Beach's "Girl from Outside," and enjoyed the production thoroly, the direction and photography being of the best.

Clara Horton was sweet and likable as the girl, and Cullen Landis, to my mind, was admirably well cast. His acting was convincing thruout the entire picture, and he deserves a higher place in filmdom.

I enjoy very much Wallie Reid, George Walsh, Thomas Meighan, Harrison Ford and William Russell.

I should be pleased to hear from any reader interested in the photoplay.

I also hope the day is not far distant when even the most caustic critic can not find a complaint to make against the dear old movies.

Thanking you for your kind indulgence in reading my letter, and wishing good luck to the magazines, I am

Yours most sincerely,
TOM KING.
40 King William St., Kent Town, Adelaide, South Australia.

It is not possible to publish all the letters sent to the editor each month, but the names and addresses of all who write asking for correspondents will appear in the space below if the letter is not published.

Agnes H. Ismail,
41 Wong Nei Ching Rd., Hong Kong, China.
Hatsutato Ishiwatari,
c./o. Mitsukoshi, Ltd., Nihombashiku, Tokyo, Japan.
Lisa Lesage,
166 Route d'Esch, Hollerich, Luxembourg, Europe.
Muriel Hawkins,
Sherburne, N. Y. Box 75.
Anita McPhail,
312 Jones Street, Pyrmont, Sydney.
Hazel M. Hart,
Box 208. Vale, Oregon.
Marion Oppenheim and Dolly Schneider,
242 E. 94th Street, New York City.
Velma Tamme,
111 E. Main Street, Genesco, Ill.
Myra Comstock,
Sherburne, New York. Box 329.

Posed by Corinne Griffith, Film Star

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Robertson-Cole.
BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Juliene Scott—Paramount.
BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLACKMAIL—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
BRANDING IRON, THE—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.
BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith.
BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Production—All Star.
BURNT WINGS—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
CHARM SCHOOL, THE—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
CINEMA MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
CIVILIAN CLOTHES—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH—D-8.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
COST, THE—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Starke—Vitagraph.
CURTAIN—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
DANCIN' FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DANGEROUS BUSINESS.—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DARLING MINE—C-8.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWN—D-7.
Sylvia Breamer—Pathé.
DEADLIER SEX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
DEVIL'S PASSKEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—1st National.
DINTY—WESLEY BARRY—MD-8.
Marshall Neilan Production—1st Nat'l.
DONT EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EASTERN WESTERNER—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
EARTHBOUND—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.
EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical-6.
All Star—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.
FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.
FIGHTING CHANCE, THE—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
FLYING PAT.—CD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
FLAPPER, THE—C-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
FOOD FOR SCANDAL.—CD-7.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National
FURNACE, THE—SD-7.
Agnes Ayres—Paramount.
GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
John Cumberland—Pathé.
GIRL IN ROOM 29—CD-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.
GOING SOME—CD-6.
All-Star—Goldwyn.
GOOD REFERENCES—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
GREAT ACCIDENT, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
GREAT ADVENTURE, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
HALF AN HOUR—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
HAIRPINS—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

Make the Pennies Bigger

When James Buchanan was President and tall beaver hats were in vogue; when gentlemen wore broad cravats and ladies wore hoop skirts, the pennies they tossed to children were as big as quarters. But the cart-wheel coppers your grandfather got for keeping his lace collar clean were not as big in buying power as the pennies of today.

A penny then might buy a pastry, or ten of them take one to the Fair, but your great-aunt and great-uncle couldn't have gone to a movie at any price.

Your great-gran'ther may have driven the fastest horse in the country and paid a tidy sum for it. But the price of a stable of thoroughbreds would not have bought him a flivver.

Sixty years ago the ladies could go shopping for dry goods and buy silks that would make you green with envy, linens that were linens and broadcloths that beggar description. But what their favorite store did not have they usually got along without.

Times have changed, and so have merchandise and business methods. One of the influences that has helped to bring about so much of change, that has helped to multiply opportunities and increased the spending size of our pennies is advertising.

Every merchant, every manufacturer knows that advertising materially reduces selling costs by increasing the demand for and the distribution of the products of hundreds of thousands of factories. Indeed many of the things we count today as necessities or luxuries could not be made and sold at their reasonable prices except as advertising has created a broad market for them, making millions of sales at little prices and little profits.

And so you owe very much to advertising. You owe much to the people of yesterday who have read and been influenced by past advertising and so have made possible the economies and varieties and wide distribution of merchandise that you enjoy.

You owe present advertising a thorough reading. A greater familiarity with advertising, with advertisers and advertised merchandise makes continually for the increasing size of your pennies.

Gladys Walton, Universal Film Star, noted for her expressive eyes.

Eloquent EYES

DARING eyes that glance sidelong through dark lashes. Eyes that flash "Beware" from beneath a shadowing fringe. Languorous eyes with sleepy lids that sweep their silken lashes upon the cheek.

Always the eyes that are eloquent have long, beautiful lashes to intensify their light, be it sparkling or softly lambent.

You can make your eyes luminous, fascinating, by nourishing the lashes and aiding their growth with Lashlux. In Brown or Dark, it darkens them immediately, making them appear heavy and glossy. Brown, Dark, or Colorless, 50c. At drug or department stores, or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY
22 East 23d Street, New York City

LASHLUX
means luxuriant lashes
50¢

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER

Do you want more money than you ever possessed? If so, learn to make nut and fruit bonbons—the business will net you $90.00 to $300.00 per month. You can work from your own home; all who sample your bonbons become regular customers. You start by investing less than $10.00 for supplies. Mary Elizabeth started her candy kitchen with $5.00, and has made a fortune. Cannot you do likewise? I will tell you all about the business and help you start, so you can become independent. Now is the psychological time to make big money, as sugar is cheaper and fine bonbons command phenomenal prices. Write to-day.

ISABELLE INEZ
383 Morewood Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Save Your Body — **Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First**

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **MEN** and **WOMEN.** Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. **Keep Yourself Fit.** Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

The Lady of the Big White House

(*Continued from page 29*)

spiritualist, and their mother used to frighten them by telling them that if they didn't come home early from school, Aunt Mary Bender would be waiting for them behind the piano. This was, of course, when she and her sisters were children.

"But even now, when I'm a little late, I expect to see Aunt Mary Bender jumping up at me."

One's first impression of Katherine MacDonald is liable to be that she is cold. But after talking with her for a little while, one realizes that she is rather impulsive and imaginative. For instance, (still speaking of her childhood.)

"I used to tell the most extraordinary lies and the funny thing about it was that I believed them myself. On the piano there was a picture of a little boy; I've forgotten who he really was, but I claimed him before everybody as my little brother who had died. After a while I really believed in that little brother I never had, and made other people believe in him; death and all." She has, I think, a keen sense of the dramatic and the spectacular. But then, too, she has her share of common sense and poise.

She has studied herself, as all women should study themselves, until she knows exactly what she can wear, and she designs all of her own clothes. Hers is a queenly, regal, type of beauty; she never wears anything bizarre or extreme. Just as the white colonial house serves to express something of her personality, so the conservativeness in dress most appeals to her.

"I've worn the same make of sailor hat for the last six years," she said. "The only difference being that where it used to cost five dollars it now costs twenty.

"I do not believe that anything at all extreme is good taste," she went on, "I think that this rule applies to one's actions as well as to the clothes one wears. After all, it is the little individualistic touches that count; the things that mark a gown as subtly rather than blaringly, unusual. The best dressed women wear practically the same things year after year, with only slight changes to mark the changing modes.

"I've heard people say of a bizarre gown, 'Well, that's all right for the stage.' Why is it all right for the stage? Why should one portraying a society woman have a right to wear a gown that no woman of good taste would wear under any circumstances? That is the trouble with so many society dramas; the women dress like mannequins intended to attract attention to the window of a store.

"Did you know that there are certain shops in Paris that do nothing but design things for the American trade? There are; a friend who lived over there for several years told me about them. You see, many of the American buyers will not accept a thing as Parisian unless it is ridiculously impossible as a garment. So, these shops design 'Parisian models' that only Americans would wear."

(We had left the set and were walking slowly across the open air stage to her dressing-room. It was almost dark. Mr. and Mrs. Bosley had left some time before, as had also the various members of the company.)

Her dressing-room was warm and cozy. A tiny nook in the center of which stood her dressing-table, opened into a long, narrow, comfortably furnished sitting-room, with a large, roomy clothes-closet beyond.

Looped, cretonne curtains in pastel shades separated the three apartments.

Mary MacLaren was the first of three sisters on the screen.

"I did not start until Mary became quite successful. I was living in New York and came out here to visit Mother and my sisters. I loved it, of course, so I decided to follow Mary's example and stay."

Her first part was with Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of '17." Followed leading parts for Douglas Fairbanks and "Bill" Hart, also, "The Squaw Man," and "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." It was in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" that, according to many critics, she first showed evidence of dramatic artistry. Her rise has been very rapid. Some of her starring vehicles that come most readily to mind are, "The Thunderbolt," "The Beauty Market," "Passion's Playground," "Curtain," "The Notorious Miss Lisle," "The Second Latchkey," and, a picture by Harry S. Sheldon which, when I saw her, bore the temporary title of "Conscience."

She was born in Pittsburgh, Penn., and educated at Blairsville College. She is unmarried.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 80)

nal, for while we others diet, she eats. She told me the other day that the doctor had ordered her to eat all the sweets she could: cream puffs, hot chocolate, fudge. "I'm going to have another order of chocolate, wont you?" she pleaded. . . and we were at the Alexandria!

The most recent celebrity to seek fame in the shadows is Rosabelle Laemmle, nineteen-year-old daughter of Carl Laemmle, president of Universal. Mr. Laemmle says he has just the story for his daughter's début if she persists in her desire to work for a living, tho goodness knows it isn't necessary.

Grace Darmond, the beautiful, has just signed a contract with Christie. Negotiations are under way to secure the motion picture rights to "Irene" and "Up in Mabel's Room" for Miss Darmond's use. This is rather reversing the usual precedent of comedy queens turning to drama, for Miss Darmond has always been a dramatic star and now turns to comedy.

"The Millionaire Kid," a modern version of "The Prince and the Pauper," which was written by J. G. Hawks for Mary Pickford, but which was released by her, owing to a change in plans, has been purchased by Universal as a starring vehicle for Gladys Walton and is now being produced by Harry B. Harris. Miss Walton's two leading men are Antrim Short and Howard Austin. Mr. Short is playing with his wrist in a plaster cast, having recently broken it.

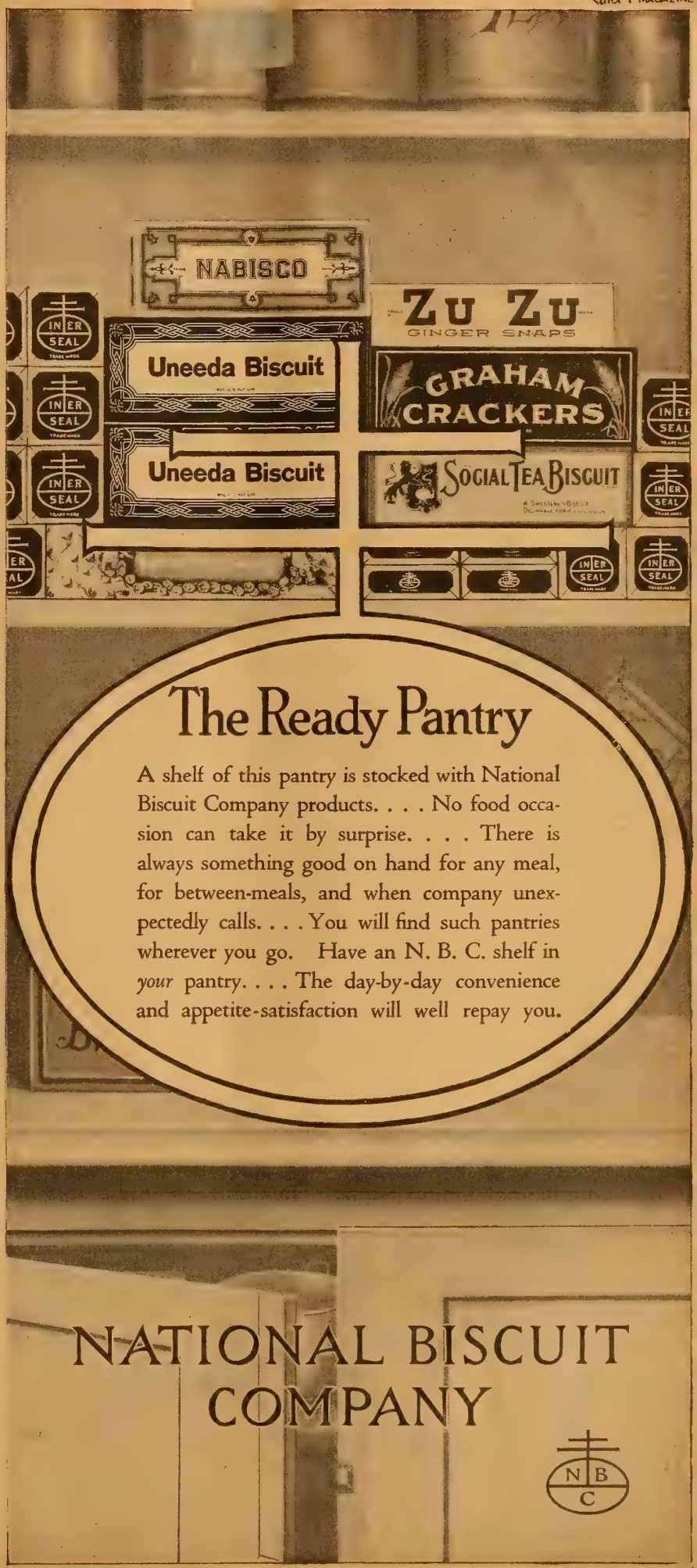
Mabel Normand is expected to arrive here any day now to resume her picture work. She has been in poor health, but after treatment in New York is ready to get down to the grindstone of starring once more.

One of the Fox Sunshine Comedy girls, Alta Allen, won the heart of her director, Hampton del Ruth, and they were married Thanksgiving day. Our only surprise is that it didn't happen sooner—knowing Alta's charms.

Louis J. Gasnier, who made such a success of Otis Skinner's "Kismet," has begun directing a new picture entitled "Good Women." Rosemary Theby has the leading rôle.

Betty Compson tells me she always selects her casts with a view to total harmony during production, and she maintains this

(*Continued on page* 111)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The Ready Pantry
A shelf of this pantry is stocked with National Biscuit Company products. . . . No food occasion can take it by surprise. . . . There is always something good on hand for any meal, for between-meals, and when company unexpectedly calls. . . . You will find such pantries wherever you go. Have an N. B. C. shelf in *your* pantry. . . . The day-by-day convenience and appetite-satisfaction will well repay you.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
N B C

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 94)

HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
HELIOTROPE—MD-12.
All Star—Paramount.
HIGH AND DIZZY—C-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
HONEST HUTCH—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
HUMORESQUE—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
IF I WERE KING—D-8.
William Farnum—Fox.
INFERIOR SEX, THE—CD-8.
Mildred Harris—First National.
IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
IT'S A GREAT LIFE—CD-8.
All-Star—Goldwyn.
JAILBIRD, THE—CD-5.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
JACK-KNIFE MAN, THE—D-11.
King Vidor Production—First National.
JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
KISMET—D-8.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.
LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—D-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
LAST OF THE MOHICANS—D-9.
Maurice Tourneur—Associated Prod.
LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—C-7.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
LOVE FLOWER, THE—D-7.
Carol Dempster—Griffith Production.
LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MADAM PEACOCK—MD-6.
Nazimova—Metro.
MADAM X.—MD-7.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.
MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MASTER MIND—D-9.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
MIDSUMMER MADNESS—D-9.
All Star—Paramount.
MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson and Meighan—Tucker Prod.
MISFIT WIFE, THE—D-7.
Alice Lake—Metro.
MISS HOBBS—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
NOMADS OF THE NORTH—D-7.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
NURSE MARJORIE—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
OLD-FASHIONED BOY, AN—F-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—D-5.
H. B. Warner—Pathé.
ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
OVER THE HILL—MD-10.
Mary Carr—Fox.
PAGAN LOVE—D-7.
Mabel Ballin—Hugo Ballin Production.
PASSERS-BY—D-7.
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.
PASSION'S PLAYGROUND—MD-7.
Wesley Barry—First National.
PASSION—TRAGEDY DRAMA—11.
Pola Negri—First National.
PASSIONATE PILGRIM, THE—D-7.
Cosmopolitan Prod.
PEACEFUL VALLEY—D-11.
Charles Ray—First National.
PERFECT WOMAN, THE—C-6.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
PENALTY, THE—MD-6.
Lon Chaney—Goldwyn.
PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
RESTLESS SEX, THE—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—D-8.
Mae Murray and David Powell—Param.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
ROMANCE—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
SEA WOLF, THE—D-9.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
SEX—SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
SHARK, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
SHORE ACRES—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
SILVER HORDE, THE—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SIMPLE SOULS—CD-7.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
SINS OF ST. ANTHONY, THE—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SINS OF ROZANNE—MD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
SO LONG LETTY—F-7.
All Star—Robertson-Cole.
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-10.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—
Cecil de Mille Production.
SONG OF THE SOUL—D-8.
Vivian Martin—Goldwyn.
STOLEN KISS, THE—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Paramount.
STOP THIEF—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP., MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
SWEET LAVENDER—D-10.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
SUDS—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
TEXAN, THE—MD-7.
Tom Mix—Fox.
THIRD GENERATION, THE—C-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
THE TESTING BLOCK—MD-10.
William S. Hart Prod.
39 EAST—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
TIGER'S CUB—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.
TOBY'S BOW—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
TOLL GATE, THE—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN—
Claire Windsor—Lois Weber Prod.
TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Production.
THRU EYES OF MEN—D-8.
Frank Mayo—Taylor Production.
TWIN BEDS—F-6.
Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven—First
National.
VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
VILLAGE SLEUTH, THE—C-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—SP., MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
VIRTUOUS VAMP, THE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
WHAT WOMEN LOVE—CD-5.
Annette Kellermann—First National.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.
WILLOW TREE, THE—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
WOMAN AND THE PUPPET, THE—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD, THE—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.
YELLOW TYPHOON—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
YES OR NO—CD-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

READERS' CRITIQUE

BLACKMAIL—MD-10.
Viola Dana—Metro.
BLACKBIRDS—D-7.
Justine Johnson—Realart.
CUP OF FURY, THE—D-10.
Helene Chadwick—Goldwyn.
DARK MIRROR, THE—D-5.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
DAUGHTER PAYS, THE—D-8.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
DEVIL'S PASSKEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Production—Universal.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EVERYBODY'S SWEETHEART—D-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-10.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—First National.
HELIOTROPE—D-12.
All-Star—Paramount.
HUMORESQUE—D-12.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
IDOL DANCER, THE—D-5.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
INVISIBLE BOND, THE—SD-6.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
LADDER OF LIES—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—SD-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.

(*Continued on page* 106)

A List of Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of MOTION PICTURES

Prepared for the convenience of the Readers of Motion Picture Magazine

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42nd St.
Astra Film Corp, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio).
Authors' Film Co., Times Building.

Beach, Rex, Pictures Co., 16 East 42nd St.
Beck Productions, 135 West 44th St.
Beecroft, Chester, 501 Fifth Ave.
Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St. Studio, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn.
Bray Studios, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Burlingham, Frederick, Travel Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.

Callaghan, Andrew J., 25 West 43rd St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42nd St.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio).
Educational Films Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky Co., 485 Fifth Ave.
Famous Players, 128 West 56th St. (Studio).
Film Market, Inc., 403 Times Building.
First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Fox Film Co., 126 West 46th St., executive offices, 10th Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Building.

Garson, Harry, Productions, Aeolian Bldg.
Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, Longacre Building.

Hatch, J. Frank, Enterprises, 729 Seventh Ave.
Hodkinson, W. W., Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

Ivan Film Productions, 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42nd St.

Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Leonce, Perret, Productions, 220 West 42nd Street.

Macauley Photoplays, 516 Fifth Ave.
Mayflower, 1465 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.

Outing, Chester, Pictures, 120 West 41st St.

Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th Street.
Post Film Co., 527 Fifth Ave.
Prizma, Inc., 71 West 23rd St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Republic Films, 130 West 46th St.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.
Rolfe, B. A., Productions, 18 East 41st St.

S. L. Pictures, Longacre Building.
Schomer Photoplay Producing Co., 130 West 46th St.
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave. Studio, Fort Lee, N. J.
Sherry Service, 729 Seventh Ave.
Stewart, Anita, Productions, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Sunshine Film, Inc., 111 West 42nd St.
State Rights Distributors, Inc., Longacre Building.

Talmadge Film Co., 318 East 48th St. (Studio).
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp, 1459 Broadway.
Tyrad Pictures, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., Broadway and 48th St.

Vitagraph Co., East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Studio); Office, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42nd St.
Western Import Co., 1457 Broadway.
Wilk, Jacob, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.

Young, Clara Kimball, 1211 Aeolian Building.

OUT OF TOWN

American Film Co., 7227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
American Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Artcraft Pictures Corp., Hollywood, Calif.

Bear State Film Co., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.
Brunton, Robert, Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Chaplin Studios, LaBrea and Delongpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.
Christie Film Corp., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.

Essanay Film Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Illinois.

Fairbanks Pictures Corp., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.
Fox Film Co., 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif.

Ince Studios, Thomas, Culver City, Calif.

Kleine, George, 166 North State St., Chicago, Ill.

Lasky Feature Film Co., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Metro Pictures Corp., 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pathe Freres, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio).

Ray, Charles, Studio, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rolin Film Studio, Court and Hill Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

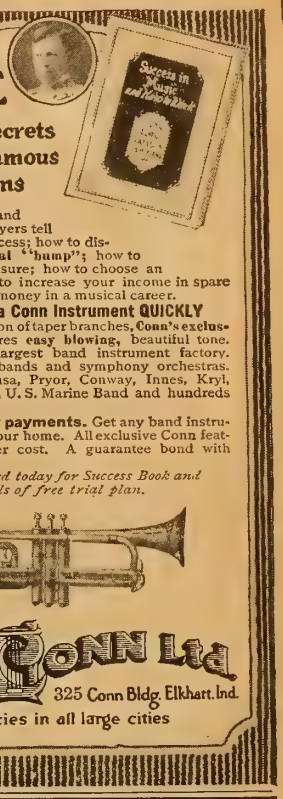
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Building, Chicago, Ill.; also 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Sennett, Mack, Studio, 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Tourneur's Film Co., Productions, Inc., Universal City, Calif.

Universal Film Co., Universal City, Calif.

Vidor, King, Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Vitagraph Company of America, Hollywood, Calif.

Walleene Film Comedies, 25th and Lehigh Aves., Philadelphia, Pa.
Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, New York.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The Importance of Being in Earnest

(*Continued from page* 25)

to her after lunch, for instance. He will leave any set, no matter how expensive it is, to go on an out-of-the-way location and shoot one scene in its natural sequence. And then he treats his people as if they were actors, not just types. He likes to keep the same people with him all the time and he expects you to play anything he gives you. I've found all of this particularly interesting and it has been much easier for me to be spontaneous."

The stage was his first love and, sooner or later, he said he will probably go back to it again, if only for a little while.

We were sitting in the living-room of an old Scottish home. At least, it looked like the living-room of an old Scottish home. In reality it was a set for the first act of Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows." There were stiff-backed chairs in the room and equally stiff-backed family portraits on the walls.

At my feet was a work basket with a sock half knit and a ball of grey yarn.

At Nagel's hand was a large family bible with a reading glass completely covering a page in a chapter of Isaiah at which the book was opened.

Subtly, Conrad Nagel seemed different in appearance from my recollection of him as he had looked several months before. It was some little time before I noticed that this was due to his hair. Before, he had worn it clipped short and brushed to a glossy slickness. Now, it was long, for purposes of the picture, doubtless, and the wind had blown it every which way. He had been driving without a hat. Also, when I said something about his being idolized in New York during the run of "Forever After," he turned a becoming pink and lost, for an instant, the thread of what he was saying. His hair, by the way, is yellow in some lights and light brown in shadow. Taffy colored I suppose you would call it. I noticed that fact particularly when he blushed.

"I . . . ah . . . people see you on the stage and they forget that the lines you are speaking were written for you. They forget to disassociate you from your part. And it is hard not to unconsciously absorb their viewpoint," he paused for a instant and then went on in a different tone, obviously losing the personal application in his interest in the psychological problem. "It is possible for a man to become conceited without knowing it, especially if he has no close friends outside the profession. He has acquaintances, of course, and he goes to luncheons and receptions and teas. These acquaintances are always thinking of him as the character they have seen him play. They believe that he is wonderful; not quite human; and gradually, subconsciously, he begins to believe it himself. The only way to spot this in yourself is by the little false touches that begin to creep into your work."

I noticed that the word "psychology" crept frequently into his conversation. Apparently, he is taking a renewed interest in the study of how people think and why. He has always believed in the power of mind over matter. His parents early impressed both him and his brother with the importance of right thinking. His brother, several years younger than he, is also an actor..

"I am to be with Mr. William de Mille permanently, now," Conrad Nagel went on, "and that means I'll have a chance to play various characters. Besides, (enthusiastically) an association with him couldn't help being valuable. We were speaking a little

while ago about the importance of keeping your interest varied, and he is a good example. (In conversation, Nagel avoids the passive tense, possibly because it nearly always sounds like an affection.) For instance he is an enthusiastic advocate of the Single Tax. Mrs. de Mille is a daughter of Henry George, you know. Twice a week, regardless of how hard he has been working, Mr. de Mille gives up an evening to lecture. I'm not a believer in the single tax but I do enjoy hearing him talk about it. He is not only brilliant but he is also very much in earnest."

Another man Nagel sees frequently is Albert Reese Williams, a prominent war correspondent who recently returned from Russia, "I love to hear him talk," by this it may be seen that, tho his profession comes first, he is sincerely interested in many things outside of it.

Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1896. His first professional engagement was with a stock company in Des Moines, tho he made quite a reputation as an amateur actor and producer while in college. (In athletics, he made a number of records as a sprinter.) His success was assured from the start. He appeared in "The Natural Law," "Experience," "The Man Who Came Back" and "Forever After." Pictures he has made are, "Little Women," "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce; "Redhead," with Alice Brady; "The Fighting Chance," "Athalie" and, under his contract with Famous Players-Lasky, "Midsummer Madness" and "What Every Woman Knows."

—With Kings

(*Continued from page 72*)

tive arrival of the Kings. "Why didn't you stay in one place? Are we assembled? Is the interview on? Remember the interviewee is not a celebrity of stage and screen but the wife of Kenneth Alexander and mother of the most wonderful baby in the world."

"It is very difficult," I said, "to imagine her with a baby."

"Is it?" said Mollie, "then I'll show you. I'm going to take two doctors home with me—they come out every two weeks—one to see that the baby's food is all right—the other to see that *he's* all right. You shall both go out and see the baby."

"I'd rather see him than eat," I said. The Publicity Lady was ominously quiet. I knew from her expression she was visualizing the possibility of getting the interview over and hieing us to Childs — the Automat—anywhere——.

Now the Kings are Irish and the Irish are not slow and the sisters spoke together. "You haven't had lunch!" they accused. "I understood," began the Publicity Lady, determinedly drowning my polite murmurs—"Of *course*," they chorused. "How stupid of us—" dragging us to the elevator—to the dining-room. "Soup," they told the waiter, "chops, salad, coffee, pastry, coffee, bring it quickly. We'll go for the doctors and come back. Now eat."

We did, thankfully. We did everything but sign the check—we left that for Mollie. Outside the car, with the two doctors and the two sisters, was waiting. And all the way to Forest Hills, Mollie King, vibrant with youth and happiness, talked of her career, her family, her ambitions, and now and then, in unexpected places were interludes of "Ken" and the baby.

"Isn't it odd?"—she said, "that Kenneth Alexander, Kentucky gentleman, should come up here and fall in love with me? You see, he belongs to the wealth and aris-

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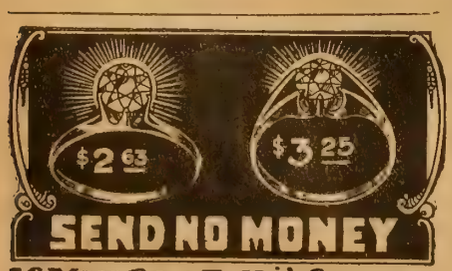

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tocrac[illegible] of Kentucky. He is well known as a sportsman, owner of famous racing horses, clubman. He lived all alone, except for a houseful of servants on a beautiful old estate—and he is so very attractive—I know perfectly well that all the mothers of all the débutantes were hoping he would fancy one of their daughters. But what did he do but come to New York and insist upon marrying me!

"Afterward, we went south to his home and spent four wonderful months. Then, baby was coming and I was lonely for my family—you see we Kings have almost never been separated. So Ken said we would come to New York for a time and he would transact business from here. He and his family—who live on an adjoining estate down there in Kentucky have always been in the coffee business. And then baby came.

"See?" she said, as we approached an attractive bungalow—"see the baby carriage in Mollie's yard?" And before the car had fairly stopped she had hopped out and flown like a bird to its nest and was plying the nurse with questions as to just how the baby had been during her absence.

"Yes, Mrs. Alexander, you may carry him upstairs," said the nurse indulgently—and the procession formed—Mollie and the baby, sister Nellie and the two doctors. When the Publicity Lady and myself were summoned to the nursery, Mollie was seated in a low chair, the baby held closely, in her eyes a wonderful light, on her face a brooding tenderness as unconscious as it was beautiful

"Isn't he the most precious thing?" she said, "and to think he is mine. He is such a tiny morsel—but he is more to me than all the diamonds, pearls, money and careers in the world. And the doctors say he is absolutely perfect—not a thing to worry about"—laying him reluctantly down. "Now I must hurry back to town as I'm meeting Ken at six."

"Have you decided upon the baby's career?" asked the Publicity Lady as we sped away.

"Oh, yes!" said Mollie. "He's going to West Point, then to Princeton and then, I'd like him to be a lawyer, a good one."

"He might choose the stage," I suggested.

"No," she said emphatically. "Not a boy—if he were a girl—but I shall not have a girl until I am older—and wiser. Girls are difficult.

"Nellie and I know, dont we? We have both been on the stage since we were children. I went to England with Maxine Elliott when I was seven and have been on the stage or in pictures ever since, except for the intervals when I was in school. Nellie and I were in vaudeville together two years and in my last stage play 'Good Morning Judge,' brother Charlie was with me. But I liked best of all perhaps, 'The Belle of Bond Street' in which I starred after understudying Gaby Deslys."

"And what about your career now?" I wanted to know. We had dropped the two doctors and the Publicity Lady at their respective corners and Mollie was relaxing comfortably in the big car between Nellie and me.

"Well," she said, a bit wistfully, "Ken doesn't want me to go back. It isn't that he objects to the profession—but you know how Southerners are—they want their women to 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam.' He says I dont have to work—but that isn't the idea. I worked very hard to get my start and I love the stage and, dearly as I love Ken, I dont want to give it up. So, we are trying to compromise. I did two pictures for American Cinema a couple of years ago and I've promised them to do another. And I'm planning to go on the stage in a musical play early in the year.

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Then we will see how it works out. I *think* I can reconcile Ken to a careering wife—when he knows it will make me happier."

After leaving Mollie King, I wondered. She is beautiful as a flower is beautiful. She is the kind of an idealist, such as her southern husband would place on a pinnacle to love, admire and worship. But, she is the Mollie King of stage and screen—vivid as a flame—who has sung and danced herself into the hearts of thousands and is adored by picture fans the world over.

Will she, in course of time, be content to 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam'? Or will her aristocrat husband reconcile himself to Mollie and a career? We have an idea which it will be—but only time can tell.

Just Folks

(*Continued from page 39*)

little chance to work altho I did get in a few weeks now and then.

"Then, I decided to take up pictures. That way I could keep my family with me and bring them up regularly. So I began at Lubin's in Philadelphia. That was eight years ago, not long after May Beth was born. After a few years we came to New York, and we have kept pretty steadily at work. Johnny here, has grown so tall you would hardly recognize him as the 'Skinny' in the Briggs comedies—nor Thomas as the little son of many Alice Joyce pictures. And would you know Rosemary as the little blind girl that appeared with Lionel Barrymore? The 'Carr children' have been in demand—but, they have kept up with their school—we have seen to that."

"And aren't you thrilled at finding yourself become suddenly famous?"

"Not so much thrilled as satisfied at having done a piece of outstanding work," she replied. "I have had such marvelous letters about it. People stop me on the street and speak to me on the cars to tell me how much the picture meant to them. And one day a minister came all the way from a suburban town to ask me to his church—to speak to his people. Wasn't that wonderful? It proves that a big majority of people like plain, simple stories of everyday things. Stories with heart interest, with good triumphing over evil. They *prefer* that kind of picture.

"We were a long time making the picture, but it was a very happy experience. Mr. Millarde was such a fine director. He welcomed suggestions and worked with us—not over us. 'Now mother,' he would say—'you know how women used to dress up the chairs in tidies and set the table and dress the children for school—go ahead and fix things up and tell *me* what to do!' And I did.

"The first part of the picture with the children, was easy. I had only to be natural and do the things I had done hundreds of times before. But the later scenes, my grief at having my son arrested for horse stealing, at leaving my children to go 'over the hill' was very hard, because I had to really feel it.

"But, if the picture rings true, as the critics say it does—if it teaches the lesson it was intended to teach—it was worth while and I am happy that it was my privilege to create Ma Benton.

"So you see, we are not unusual, and I dont want you to think we are," she said, when I had drained the last drop of Rosemary's chocolate and eaten the last crumb of the delicious cakes and was reluctantly departing. "We are all doing the thing we can do best and doing it the best we can. And we're just like hundreds of other families—just regular folks."

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Out of the Chorus

(*Continued from page* 35)

ried in and o: importantly. Somewhere within a woman was shrieking in hysterics. As they came to a jarring stop by the steps, a doctor, carrying his satchel hustled out. He was talking to a police sergeant and the light from within struck sparks from the polished brass buttons of the Law.

"What has happened?" asked Ross Van Beekman quietly. He was grey of face but quite composed. He even lighted a cigar with a steady hand.

"Bad business!" the doctor clipped off his words economically, "Ned Ormsby, New York man—shot!"

"Dead?" Ross was equally laconic.

"Quite." The doctor nodded, "shot thru the lungs. Dragged in here fifteen minutes ago and collapsed in his room. Not a word before he died. I'm afraid the chances of finding the murderer are small."

"No," said Ross, and smiling, flung away his cigar, expanding his hands, "I should say they were excellent. In fact if the Sergeant here has handcuffs with him he can make the capture now!"

The trial of Ross Van Beekman for the murder of Ned Ormsby was quite the choicest thing of its kind the newspapers had ever had. They made full use of their opportunities. There were the usual pictures of the victim at the age of four, holding a rubber ball and wearing curls. There were interviews with the Van Beekman family butler and the chorus girls who had shared the same rabbit's foot with the beautiful Mrs. Van Beekman, *née* Flo of the Winter Palace. There were sob-stories of the prisoner's handsome person, his tastes, his education, his romantic marriage, and his inexplicable refusal to explain his motive for the shooting. There were pictures of the jurymen, which gave them the pleasing appearance of a dozen ex-convicts from the Rogues' Gallery, diagrams of the murdered man's quarter's at the Inn, and discreet references to certain spicy episodes in the victim's past.

When the police searched the Van Beekman house, all signs of violence had been removed. A silken curtain took the place of the shattered door, and the carpet had just been taken up from the mistress' room for cleaning, so the butler explained. No, he hadn't heard any sounds, seen any sights or entertained any suspicions. He was dismissed from the witness stand, and it may be here remarked, disappeared soon after to return to England with a tidy little sum which enabled him to purchase a pub and live happily ever after.

One by one the servants denied any knowledge of the whole affair, until the only two left to be examined were the prisoner's wife and Ross Van Beekman himself. When her name was called, Flo rose, but before she could ascend the witness stand her husband was on his feet. He did not glance at the white, troubled beauty of the face under the black hat brim. "May I ask the court a favor?" he questioned, and then while the courtroom strained forward to catch the low, calm words, "I should like to spare my wife the ordeal of being questioned about something of which she knows nothing. The quarrel between Ned Ormsby and myself was a personal affair only. The reason for it I prefer to keep to myself, but there is no doubt that I shot him. Surely there can be no need of torturing a woman who has already suffered enough."

A ringing cry filled the room, gripping the nerves. "No! No! He is trying to spare me but he shall not throw his life away! I am to blame for Ned Ormsby's death—my husband only did what any husband has a right to do when he finds his wife's lover hiding in her closet——"

Once more Flo Maddis held the center of the stage! Slender and tragic in her black dress she faced them all, forgetting self, unmindful of triumphant eyes that gloated over her public shame. Perhaps she did not see them, only the judge, nodding kindly at her, and the lawyers waving frenzied hands, and Ross, looking at her impersonally, as if at a stranger with that little, chill smile on his lips. Once more the hopelessness of words to deal with situations swept her. How could she protest her real innocence? What could she say that would explain away the little evil thoughts going on behind those faces? But she didn't count anyway, only Ross—only Ross——

Very far away someone was speaking. She caught a word or two—"Your honor, 'twas I was hiding there! I heard it all—him threatening her and she telling him to go."

Flo turned her head with a great effort and saw thru the blurring of the world a little sharp anxious face under a monster bandage, the face of old Daniel Maddis who had been freed from prison for good behavior in time to save his girl once more.

The afternoon extras had the story for the home-going stenographers and office boys to read, and gloat sentimentally over the old Daniel's story of his first rescue of his daughter from Ned Ormsby, his railroading to prison, his return to find her new happiness imperiled by the same man. He had stood by the window, he testified, and heard Ormsby's threats and his daughter's final defiance. Then, fearing further trouble he had climbed to her room and hidden in the closet where Ross had shot him in the belief that he was defending his honor. Afterward he had managed to drag himself down the trellis, and into the underbrush where he had come upon Ormsby hiding.

"And I shot him, your honor!" old Daniel had shrilled, "shot him like the dog he was! I ain't ashamed of it. I'm glad! Glad and proud."

The newspapers made the Van Beekman case as long as possible. They discussed the action of the judge in dismissing the charge against Ross Van Beekman, and the action of the jury in refusing to indict old Daniel Maddis. Sob ladies wrote syrupy accounts of his self-sacrifice and devotion, entitled "A Father's Heart," or "Love Laughs at Prison Locks." But it could not last forever. The final word of the affair appeared in the form of a terse paragraph on the society page.

"It is hinted that certain recent events have quite changed the attitude of the Van Beekman family toward their new daughter-in-law. According to rumor the young couple have received the parental blessing, likewise the blessings of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts. They will take up their residence in their palatial home in an exclusive Westchester suburb whose residents have, it is said, already signified their willingness to make the acquaintance of young Mrs. Ross."

And with this, the Van Beekman's disappeared from the public page, and the public eye alike. What is there to interest the weary business man, and the blondined stenographer in the domestic affairs of a tiresomely contented married couple who actually prefer each other's company to that of any one else's and are both most devoted to a plain little old man who limps about the grounds of the beautiful house, pottering with spring radishes and fall bulbs?

The Muse of the Reel

(*Continued from page 63*)

"There is no doubt that marriage is the most important event in our lives and the least studied or understood. It presents so many problems that it offers an endless array of plots for human stories."

"Plots! How do you think of so many new ones?" I ventured, with something like envy in my voice.

"They are *everywhere!*" she replied. "All around us—everyone and everything holds a plot. I've been at it for years and yet I come to each with a fresh enthusiasm. Each proposition thrills and interests me—its possibilities. I'll never be convinced that the general public does not want serious entertainment rather than frivolous, and if I can sow a few helpful seeds in my pictures, which will appeal to some man or woman in my audience, I shall be satisfied.

"That is why I go on in this work, I want to present my own ideas, and again, that is the reason I can not be happy to direct someone else's story, that would be only half a creation.

"I have a marvelous team of actors to work with now,—Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern, and I believe they will prove great favorites and that brilliant futures await them. Claire came to me directly from playing extra in an Allen Dwan picture. A friend saw her and brought her to me, believing she was the exact type I was looking for. When she came she didn't burst into a voluble recital of all she could do but stood quietly before me. It was like gazing into a mirror, I could read her very soul and I saw that she had great emotional and dramatic ability, with fine poise and pliability.

"Louis has had splendid stage success and possesses a charming personality as well as rare talent. I must have players who will let me lead them; I go so fast they must put their hands in mine and run with me. Both Claire and Louis do this and we work beautifully together."

Lois Weber was born in Allegheny City, Pa. Reared in a God-fearing atmosphere, she spent her young life studying music. She sang in church and, her intense nature stirred by a religious fervor, she became a Church Home Missionary, donning the habit and plunging zealously into the work.

Then, things went frightfully to smash, and she suddenly found she had to earn her own living.

Over in Chicago there was an Uncle who has always seen great possibilities in Lois and he hastened to Allegheny and carried the girl back to Chicago determined to see her properly launched upon a career of his choosing.

Miss Weber's eyes twinkled as she resumed her story, "It always delights me to recall how Uncle overcame my many arguments and finally landed me on the stage. As I was convinced that the theatrical profession needed a missionary, he suggested that the best way to reach them was to become one of them, so I went on the stage filled with a great desire to convert my fellowmen. How green, how inexperienced was that girl—that was I!"

Then came the meeting of Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley. It was love at first sight and after a tumultuous courtship extending over an entire week, they were married. In those days few companies would take husband and wife and they finally decided to separate in their dramatic work. Miss Weber was engaged as the first prima donna of the New York Hippodrome and they hastened to Mr. Smalley's mother to tell her the news. There they found Ellen Terry as her guest. The great actress realized the sorrows of the young couple and earnestly implored them to keep together, regardless of any sacrifice, declaring that did they part now their married happiness would soon die.

So impressed was the young wife with this picture that she resigned from the Hippodrome, giving up what seemed a beckoning career, and for two years sat in hotel rooms waiting—waiting for her opportunity.

"To keep my mind off the horror of our first separation," said Miss Weber, "I went out to the Gaumont Talking Pictures. I wrote the story for my first picture, besides directing it and playing the lead. When Mr. Smalley returned—and by the way, this was our last as well as our first separation—he joined me and we co-directed and played leads in a long list of films. That was thirteen years ago and we are the only team that is still working together, brain to brain, shoulder to shoulder in all our endeavors."

Watching the logs settle down into a steady glow, Miss Weber said, "Speaking of plots, what stories I have heard in this little study of mine. It has become a confessional, for it seems to me all the women with burdens come to me. I've made some interesting deductions. We are all too apt to confuse happiness with passion. Love is constant hunger—friendship alone brings happiness of lasting satisfaction. Life began to be more beautiful for me, when I found friendship in my husband's love and we have developed into the most wonderful friends in the world, so close in our thoughts and sympathies that words are hardly necessary. The touch of the hand, the raised eyebrow carrying a whole volume of meaning to the other.

"The thing I am always planning to do," began Miss Weber, after another pause, "is to seek some quiet nook, buckle down and write the play that is in my heart."

"The theme of this play?" I queried.

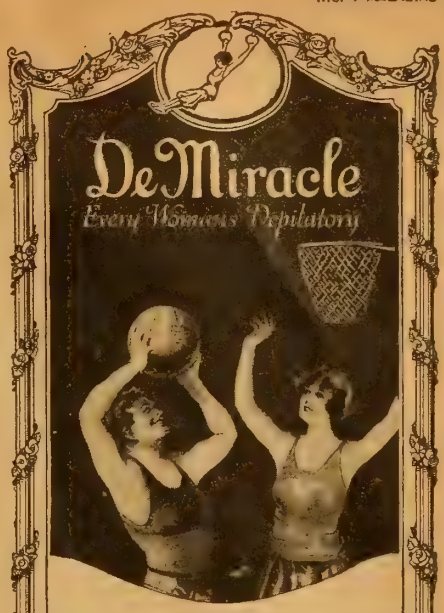
"Ordinary problems of ordinary people—else it could never be a great play!"

Miss Weber has not sacrificed her home life for her public career. Always she has made a home, now a very beautiful one in the shadows of the Hollywood foothills. Again she displays her feminine charms by confessing that she would rather cook than eat, merrily declaring she is the original woman who loves to linger over the table and ask for recipes.

"For the first time in my life I am beginning to learn to play. I've always been too busy before. See the new tennis court?" and beckoning me to the window she pointed with pride to the spacious court and artistic little club house beyond, which form an added attraction to the beautiful setting of sweeping lawns, fine old trees and rows of flaming dahlias which surround the cottage studio.

"I can not begin to tell you the delicious sense of luxury, *leisure* luxury, that comes over me when I clasp a racket in my hand," and she laughed like a child over her new toy.

"We must work and we must play," summed up Miss Weber, "if we would strike the proper balance. We must ever hold ourselves as the open channel, for all intelligence comes from the Divine source, and we must always be ready for—inspirations!"



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New Contest To Be Inaugurated

A contest is designed primarily to stimulate interest. Its profit and pleasure are incidental but necessary factors of its existence. It is an established fact that competition is vital to success, and as long as this holds true, there will be contests of one sort or another, for no one is beyond the eternal lure of them. They are the direct response to a fundamental need of human nature.

Our last great Popularity Contest demonstrated this to our complete satisfaction. The interest displayed was unusual. Such was its unparalleled success that we have been led to devise another, and we believe an even greater contest, and we are convinced that in this case the interest will be overwhelming. It is to be called *The Ideal Cast Contest.*

In anticipation of the flood-tide of votes we expect to pour into the office—the last contest nearly swamped an efficient and willing force—we have an experienced corps of girls ready to tabulate and count the votes as fast as they come in. Each month may bring its staggering quota, and it will be successfully handled. Every little detail, however trivial, will be taken care of with expedition and dispatch. We mean to overlook nothing that will help to make this contest as nearly perfect as is humanly possible.

This time, instead of voting for one favorite, you may vote for all of them. We believe that this is the fairest and most comprehensive sort of contest we could severally conceive of; because every player of any sort of rôle has an equal chance for success.

It is, after all, rather absurd to compare and bracket together men like Charles Chaplin and the inimitable Theodore Roberts. Each is expert in his line, but their lines are as far apart as the poles! There is of necessity a place for both of them. Neither is it wholly fair to cast your vote for the winsome Connie Talmadge, who has won your heart in her engaging rôles, when your mind pays tribute to the rare genius of the vibrant Nazimova. Our new contest is designed to remedy this state of affairs; for it is in the respective lines the various actors and actresses of the screen have elected to follow that you shall vote for them.

Suppose, for instance, you were a producer of unlimited wealth and power, contemplating the making of the greatest moving picture of all time, and could select your cast at will. Lend it your critical thought. It is a game of Make-Believe, but its result is real. You are amused, you are instructed, your wits are sharpened, and you know that wherever your vote is cast, it will bring gratification and pleasure to someone. You *are* for the moment The Great Producer! Who will be your leading woman, Mary the immortal, or Mae Marsh of many moods? And your leading man, Bill Hart, the King of the World, or Wallie the debonair?

You are privileged to vote for the entire cast, from the leading lady down to the juvenile, not overlooking the all-important director himself. The ballot is as follows:

THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

NOTE:—This is a sample ballot and cannot be used, as the contest has not yet been actually inaugurated.
It will open officially in the April issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, when more definite information will be furnished.

The rules for *The Ideal Cast Contest* are few and simple:

1. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

2. In voting for the Ideal Child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or a girl.

3. It is permissible to vote for one person twice. For instance, Dorothy Gish may be your ideal Woman Comedian as well as your favorite Leading Lady. You may vote for her in both parts.

Watch the MAGAZINE for further announcements regarding this great contest.

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 98)

LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-10.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MADAM X—MD-11.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MIDCHANNEL—D-7.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM—CD-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—D-7.
Dorothy Phillips—Universal.
OFFICER 666—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
PENALTY, THE—MD-11.
Lon Chaney—Goldwyn.
PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-12.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
ROMANCE—D-8.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
SCRATCH MY BACK—CD-9.
Helene Chadwick—Goldwyn.
SILVER HORDE, THE—D-7.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SINS OF ROZANNE—MD-12.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
SINS OF ST. ANTHONY—CD-3.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-11.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—Cecil DeMille Prod.
SUDS—D-8.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
SWEET LAVENDER—D-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
TEST OF HONOR, THE—SD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
TREASURE ISLAND—MD-7.
Shirley Mason—Paramount.
WHITE MOLL, THE—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE—D-11.
Swanson-Meighan—De Mille Prod.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-6.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

Announcement

IT has been found necessary to change our plans regarding the picture play "Love's Redemption." This play was originally intended to carry the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest but it is now quite clear that justice cannot possibly be done to both in the same picture, for reasons that will be quite obvious to those who see either picture. We are therefore compelled to release "Love's Redemption" as a straight, five reel photodrama with the original cast including Blanche McGarity and Anita Getwell, winners of the 1919 contest and many of the 1920 Honor Roll as announced. The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be released in a Two-Reel Picture to be called

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in which *Corliss Palmer* will be featured and in which, several hundred other contestants will be shown, including all of the Final Honor Roll, Gold Medalists and Honorable Mentions.

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The Miracle Girl

(*Continued from page* 45)

than to play in a serial. Not only her soul but her body was bruised.

"I dont often tell about my participation in serials," she told me quietly, "I am not proud of it."

It was at this time that George Loane Tucker was hunting for a girl to play in "The Miracle Man." He had searched the Hollywood studios and besieged the booking agents, all to no avail. Nowhere could he find the ideal girl. On the very last day before he had to start his picture he went to the one remaining booking agent.

"Show me every portrait you have in the place," he said in desperation.

Then it was that he came across a print of Betty Compson.

"I'll try her," he said and took her address and 'phone number.

When Betty returned home worn out from a day of serialing, her mother told her that George Loane Tucker had called her up and wanted to meet her that evening. It was very important, he had said.

Now Betty, if the truth must be told, had heard only vaguely of a Mr. Tucker and so she wasn't particularly impressed.

"I couldn't see the King of England himself tonight," she said, shedding tears of hopeless fatigue.

"Better go," counseled her mother, "it's business."

So Betty, with no heart in the task, powdered her nose and smoothed her hair as best as she could and trotted down to the Los Angeles Athletic Club where she was to meet Tucker. Told to wait, she flopped down in one of the big hall chairs. She felt ages old, disillusioned, worn out physically. If this engagement didn't turn out well, she determined to herself that she would give it all up. Presently Mr. Tucker approached and introduced himself. He had been watching her unobserved. He spoke to her of beautiful and interesting things: books, music, certain plays. Gradually she forgot herself and all her old enthusiasm and idealism flared up and she joined in the conversation.

"You are the very girl I want for my great picture," said Tucker. "This will be the making of you."

Even then Betty chameleoned into her old skeptic self. So many directors—in fact, all directors had told her that self-same thing.

But finally she accepted Tucker's offer.

The Miracle Girl was Betty Compson herself. For when she started work she was skeptical, disillusioned—but as work progressed she became interested, enthusiastic. All her old ideals were reborn.

When Betty and her mother were shown a preview of "The Miracle Man," her mother groaned:

"Oh, Betty, you look so homely."

And Betty thought the same thing. You see their standard had been beauties in comedies.

When "The Miracle Man" was given to the public and the reviews began coming in—wonderful reviews, each better than the last—Betty could scarcely believe it all.

Then came offers, tremendous offers at enormous salaries. Betty was thrilled to the core of her being. At last she had arrived.

She played one more rôle in a George Loane Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live," a part which she herself says does not stand out like the girl in "The Miracle Man." Then her own company was formed.

"All my hopes and ambitions and yearnings were put into my first production, 'Prisoners of Love,'" recounted Miss

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Compson—"I am terrified for fear it will not equal 'The Miracle Man,' and yet I love it. I like 'Reincarnation,' my second production, too, but not with the same feeling. You see 'Prisoners of Love' was the *first.*"

So after all her struggles neither you nor I can blame Betty Compson for her lavish expenditure on luxuries, rich perfumes, rare fabrics.

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Betty Compson is at present a radiant beauty because, as she says, she is so happy she can scarcely breathe—she is tasting the champagne of having fame, fortune and the whole world at her feet, but do you want me to whisper to you her one remaining ambition?

To have children of her very own! But so far she has failed to find a man whom she would wish to be their father.

"Could you give it all up?" I asked—for marriage, because she had confided her belief that marriage and a career do not go together.

"Well," she said hesitantly and looked a little dubious, but in her eyes lingered a longing assent.

However you look at her, Betty Compson is a great actress, a girl of tremendous emotions, and she can make you think whatever she wills, for all the magnetism of superb femininity is expressed thru her eyes, the windows of her soul.

Floating Island on Olympus

(*Continued from page 23*)

ing, with the elements of good drama in the very beginning or you're helpless. I've done the best I knew how in them tho and worn beautiful clothes—but after all——" She dismissed the explanation with a toss of her head. "Now I'm about to have really fine vehicles, 'The Passion Flower,' next; then 'The Sign on the Door' and after that 'Smilin' Thru.'"

Later we went up to her dressing-room where she showed me some shawls she had bought for "The Passion-Flower," exquisite things they were, with stories embroidered into their silken folds in threads of silver and purple, crimson and gold——.

She wrapped a black one about her and she personified the passion-flower. We dont know just what one looks like but we know, at least, what one should look like.

Then with the city outside the curtained windows growing indistinct in the dusk we talked of other things—the poetry of life—.

"After all," said Norma laying the shawl away with the others, "It is, all of it, for nothing if you miss happiness. We love our careers, our successes, and sometimes, strange as it may seem, what others call our failures, but more than these, we love our Loves. Our families and our romance. In her love, I think, a woman gives her soul. And in the very giving of it, she finds it."

This was Norma, the woman speaking—the Norma whose feet are at last treading the heights, the Norma who rejoices that she did not leave her beloveds of her ideals on the way——.

She switched off the lights at the dressing-table and darted towards the adjoining kitchenette.

"My pudding," she sang, "my nautical pudding—two tablespoons of cornstarch will make it for six——"

Outside in the dusk I thought of her again—the young girl treading the heights of Olympus, head high, eyes bright with hope—who stops to talk of stews and Floating Island.

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Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
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The Spirit of Harmony

(*Continued from page* 48)

me, "I expect to keep on with both, too, for a while, but eventually I want to direct. Looking back on the early part of my life when I was a kid in Toronto, I remember that I did little else but read—even to the neglect of my routine studies. Until recently I had apparently forgotten everything I read then, but since I've been in the studio I find bits apropos of some scene here and there coming back to me—pieces of 'business,' I think you call it, which help the action of that episode.

"Essentially, I think I am the business man,—the methodist at any rate. Already I've planned how I'll work things out, provided the chance to direct comes to me. It seems to me that all the details should be figured out before the director sets his foot on the stage. With these attended to, he can devote his entire time to his players. And I think the director should have been the player. Then he knows his players—their actions and reactions."

He seemed sure that in directing he would find his nook and I asked him if he thought it was ego which caused one to feel of a surety that they could do some certain thing.

"Perhaps," he smiled, "but I dont think so. The greatest artists in the world have had to find a place for themselves. Their gifts haven't always been hereditary so that they've stepped into the place they coveted. Good Lord, what would happen if no one felt they could do that thing which they can do. I believe in believing, if you understand me. For myself, I call it the spirit of harmony—that feeling we have when everything is in tune when we think of some certain thing. When a person feels that he can do something, he should be encouraged, no matter how ridiculous his belief seems to others."

I asked him to tell me more about his spirit of harmony. He had mentioned it as you mention your pet theory and belief.

He grinned boyishly and studied me for a fraction of a minute before he began:—

"It was when I was in the Flying Service during the war that I first became acutely conscious of what I call my spirit of harmony," he said. "I knew very little about aeroplanes—yet I often went up alone, and for a time I was flying instructor. 'Way up there I'd bend forward in the cockpit to *feel* if everything was all right. It wasn't for any miss in the engines that I would listen. I'm quite sure of that. It was, actually, to *feel* whether I was safe. Two or three times that spirit of harmony or whatever you want to call it was missing and I landed in time to save my life because I felt that something was wrong."

He had written a short poem about it, but he could not be persuaded to permit its use.

"People will think I'm trying to wax poetic," he said. "I know I cant write poetry, but I wanted to explain it all to myself, primarily, and that seemed the way to do it. You say the public will not criticize the mode of expression when there is a thought there. I like to think that. I like to think that we are receptive to thoughts and not supercritical of the presentation, but I'm not sure, quite."

On the way to the theater I learned in a summary fashion about his boyhood home in Canada and his present home, an apartment in conservative Grammercy Square which he has bought on the co-operative plan and which he takes a joy in furnishing. There are books there too in great numbers, penned by authors old and new, each holding its individual message.

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Outside of the theater crowds were already arriving. Groups of girls stood chatting; opera-glassed for the acts and chocolate stocked for the intermissions——

—— In this scheme of things where all are giving something, he gives romance. And, he says, "it is a very pleasant business."

California Chatter

(*Continued from page 97*)

harmony thruout the working days. Lon Chaney has just completed another picture with Miss Compson. Emory Johnson will be her new leading man.

The opening of the new Mission Theater in Los Angeles, at Broadway near Ninth, was the event of the season in film circles. Admission was by invitation only and all the prominent stars were there beautifully gowned (*cela va sans dire, n'est ce pas?*) Among those noticed were Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Mary Miles Minter, Gloria Swanson, Katherine MacDonald, May Allison, Bebe Daniels, H. B. Warner, Thomas Meighan, House Peters, Betty Compson, Lew Cody, William S. Hart, Wanda Hawley and others. Mayor Meredith P. Snyder made an interesting address. Everyone voted the Mission the most artistic theater in the West.

Marshall Neilan has introduced a novel stunt in the direction of big scenes covering large areas and in which many people appear. In order to get his instructions to various distant points in filming a spectacular scene, Mr. Neilan used four semaphore experts, sailors from San Pedro. One sailor was stationed on the camera platform with Mr. Neilan and the other three at distant points just outside the camera lines. This is the first time the semaphore system of communication has been used in staging a film production.

Margaret Loomis is Douglas MacLean's new leading lady in his next Thomas Ince comedy, "Bellboy Thirteen."

Helene Chadwick was overheard chatting with Will Rogers the other day: "I hear it was wet in Jackson when you went there to do 'Boys Will Be Boys'?"

Rogers, guilelessly, "Yes, indeed. It rained all the time."

Elsie Ferguson has arrived in Hollywood; so has Dorothy Dalton and Ethel Clayton and the Lasky studio is hard put to it to find sufficient dressing-rooms until the new addition to their already huge plant is built. I saw Gloria Swanson on her first day back at work wandering around the lot followed by the studio's official hair dresser. "I'm sure I dont know where to take you," she said rather bewilderedly. "My dressing-room isn't ready yet."

Julia Faye came to the rescue and loaned hers, as she had finished work for the day.

Everyone knows how realistic the Bosworth screen fights are, but no one better than Bosworth himself, for he is suffering from an injured hand, having broken several of the bones in a fight scene staged with Nigel Barrie for his new picture.

Priscilla Dean and her husband, Wheeler Oakman, have purchased a lot in fashionable Beverly Hills and plan to build a southern colonial style home in the spring.

Fred Niblo is busy directing a new special production at the Thomas Ince studios. Included in the cast are Lloyd Hughes, Betty Blythe, Joseph Kilgour and Betty Ross Clark.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are starring in "Marry the Poor Girl," an Oliver Morosco "speakie," which had its première in Los Angeles. All the critics were firm in their praise of the excellent work of Beverly. The play will probably be seen on tour.

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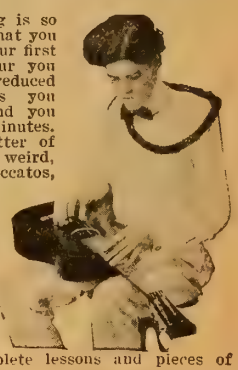

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A Toiling Lily

(*Continued from page* 55)

by the same old colored mammy who had cared for her mother down in Louisiana.

"I came to California when I was eleven to enter a girl's school," she told me. "I had always dreamed of being a great singer, for I had a little voice and had appeared in church and amateur entertainments from infancy, I remember how mamma used to spend hours making wonderful cheesecloth dresses for me to trail about in.

"There wasn't anything romantic about my starting to work; it wasn't the result of any compelling artistic urge—you know, so many say that—it was simply that I wanted to take care of mamma. There are just the two of us, so it was natural that I should turn to my voice as the means."

Dorothy sang in vaudeville in Los Angeles and nearby towns, and attracted attention, receiving an offer to go on the Orpheum's big time. Just when she was about to go to New York, Lee and Moran sent for her to come out to Universal and make a picture with them. Practically considering all sides, she decided she would try this and take the money to develop her voice.

"I'll never forget my first experience. We were making 'House Cleaning,' and I couldn't keep my face toward the camera but gave the best little exhibition of the back of my neck and left ear that you ever saw. I aged fifteen years when I saw that picture in the projection room," she laughed merrily at the memory.

After four pictures with this jolly comedy team, Al Christie saw her possibilities and she trotted over to the Christie lot where she has been ever since, with about sixty pictures to her credit, then came her recent flight into the five-reel realms with Charlie Ray.

"So many comedy girls have stepped right into dramatic work and that is where you'll see me some day," and Dorothy emphasized her words with care. "I am going to stay with Mr. Christie, for he knows my ability and I am sure will give me my best chance. Several companies have asked to have me loaned to them and in this way I'll get other experiences gradually."

Dorothy and her mother live quietly in a pretty flat in Hollywood and are the best of chums. Up in the mountains back of Pasadena they have a little log house where they spend many week ends, taking along their books, for both love to read. Right now, Dorothy is reading "Sentimental Tommy," and is deep in a twelve volume history of Europe which she says is written in a most entertaining manner without too many dates, and she is fascinated with this glimpse into the past. She has arranged to take French this winter, for some day, when she has earned it, she plans to take her mother and travel for a year.

"I have never been even to New York," she deplored, "and I'm crazy to see some of the plays. So much can be learned in this way and I am determined to go on studying and advancing until I reach the top.

But Dorothy isn't always so serious and the next minute she gaily confided that with a million other girls she was heartbroken when Dick Barthelmess was married. "I always call him 'Dick' and get a thrill out of it," she giggled—. "I had a terrible case—tho of course he didn't know it, and if he hadn't married such a sweet girl I'd feel worse. I'm going to see ''Way Down East,' just to see her—and *him*," and the eyes were mockingly serious.

So, you see, Dorothy Devore is just all girl, natural, winning, attractive. Here is a wish that the great Heights of which she dreams may be successfully scaled!

Contest Brings Deluge of Beauty

(*Continued from page* 41)

More than one photograph may be sent in. A coupon should be pasted to the back of each.

We now take pleasure in presenting the winners who constitute the first honor roll for this magazine:

Florine Findlay Debbart, of 333 Moore Street, Bristol, Va., a violet-eyed beauty with golden brown hair, deep coloring, and olive complexion. She has had experience in interpretative, toe, character and nation dancing in private theatricals.

Aileen Douglass, of 1579 West 49th St., Los Angeles, Cal., who has the unusual combination of black hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. She has had no stage or screen experience.

Lorraine Deleval, of San Gabriel, Cal., who has had dramatic training, and is a charming, petite brunette.

Beulah Burnett, of 931 Main Street, Hamilton, Ohio, a brunette, who has had some dramatic experience, and whose picture has been shown on the screen of the Hamilton theaters.

Loretta Pettigrew, of 568 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., a blonde, whose previous experience has been small parts on the screen.

Florence Clinton Hulse, of 2028 P. St., N. W., Washington, D. C., whose previous experience has been in amateur comic opera. She is a fair brown-eyed, brown-haired maid of very apparent attraction.

The Sunlit Mount

(*Continued from page* 47)

Carmel might be called The Girl Who Cried Herself Into Stardom, or something like that—tho we all admit she has remained because of her smile—for when she discovered she was to play a small rôle in "The Haunted Pajamas," she began to cry, tremblingly declaring she thought she was to play opposite the hero. So genuine was her grief and so charming was she in her weeping that she completely won her point and was given the leading rôle.

"I still cry when I want anything," laughed Carmel.

"Stage life turns everything topsy-turvy," she went on telling of her stage flight. "The day is spent in sleeping, the night in working, with meals at queer hours, but, oh, the fascination of it all.

"I had enough thrills to last me for a lifetime. The biggest one came on the opening night of 'The Magic Melody.' It happened that one of my songs, 'Little Church Around the Corner,' was to become one of the big hits of the play and the first night's audiences encored it again and again. I was so happy, yet frightened, was afraid I would fall down or stumble or *cry*. I still feel the joy and rapture of it all.

"My New York season was a revelation for me, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. You must be at your best at every performance if you want to win, for subconsciously the audience catches your own spirit. You cant say, 'Please stop the camera, I've forgotten the action,' nor are there any retakes. You must win or lose at that very moment. It keeps you on your mettle and it builds to bigger things—guess that is what everything means anyway."

Just at this point, Carl Laemmle, who was on one of his fleeting visits to Universal City, came thru the wide doorway headed

(*Continued on page* 116)

Can You Write a Photoplay?

Neither could Martha Lord—at least so she thought until—

Martha Lord, a "novice," did not know that she could write a photoplay, but she desired to *try*, and so decided that she *would*. *Six weeks later* she sold her first play, "Hold Your Husband," to Selznick.

Then came "A Gamble With Innocence," to the same organization. Then, "The Inner Sight" to Ince. Each one brought a handsome check. But, more than that—those "undreamed of" successes began a brilliant *new career* for her.

Can *you* do as well as she—will *you*, man or woman, make a simple test to try *your* fitness—free?

Will You Make—

This Home Test

If We Send It *Free?*

THE Palmer Plan of Instruction in Photoplay Writing now introduces for the first time in the history of education by correspondence, a *new new method of discovering in men and women who may least suspect it, the presence of CREATIVE IMAGINATION—that fundamental qualification which is the photoplay-wright's "key to success."*

If you have it in you, you should develop it.

If you lack it you should give up the idea of ever writing photoplays, for creative imagination is inborn and cannot be acquired.

Our simple test comes to you in the form of a confidential questionnaire prepared especially for us by Professor Malcom Shaw MacLean, former instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University and University of Minnesota, in collaboration with H. H. Van Loan, America's most prolific photoplay writer, author of "The Virgin of Stamboul," "The Great Redeemer," etcetera.

You simply send for it and try it in the privacy of your home and without expense.

* * * *

TO those who answer it successfully, will be offered an opportunity to obtain competent training in photoplay authorship through the Department of Education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

We will tell you frankly if you have or if you lack the essentials to success—for this institution serves the great producers who *buy* photoplays, as well as those who wish to learn the art of writing them; and, therefore, we must seek only those who are fitted for real achievement in this field.

We are now beginning a search of the nation through this New-Method Test. And this is *your* opportunity to try that test—to learn if *you* are fitted for this profitable work. A new career awaits those who are so fitted and who will *develop* their inborn abilities by studying during spare time at home.

Thousands of new stories for photoplays are needed for next year's production and the present writers cannot possibly supply this large number of scenarios.

Your chance, therefore, if you succeed, is *generously ample* and insures an ever waiting market for your plays.

* * * *

WHEN your creative imagination is determined, the Palmer Plan is available to you. It then teaches you the technique of photoplay construction. "Technique" is the *form* of writing which producers insist upon in the scenario before they will even *read* the play.

The Palmer Plan is Frederick Palmer's method of instruction—a method conceived and perfected by a man who, himself, wrote, sold and had produced fifty-two scenarios in one year. This course is of university calibre throughout and turns out fully equipped and finished writers.

The Palmer Advisory Council—the men and women who direct the policies of this recognized institution—consists of Cecil B. DeMille, director general Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thos. H. Ince, head of Ince Studios; Lois Weber, foremost woman director, and Rob Wagner, widely known writer and film expert.

The Palmer Plan includes the largest photoplay sales bureau in the world, through which students sell and producers buy their plays.

The Plan has already developed many new writers and is developing new ones constantly. G. Le Roi Clarke, a former minister, sold his first play for $3000 before he had completed the Palmer Plan, and he is but one Palmer student whose name has been but lately placed upon the screen.

* * * *

THESE are facts, and yet there are more to tell which we can disclose to you, however, only after you have sent for and completed the Palmer "New-Method" Test.

Succeed in this preliminary test, the most courageous test of this kind ever adopted by an educational institution, and we will send you two intensely interesting books, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which describes the Palmer course in detail, and "Proof Positive," containing the stories of successful students written by themselves.

Remember, the new Palmer Confidential Questionnaire is not a "literary" test. Clever "style" and polished diction are of secondary importance in the writing of acceptable photoplays. Hardly a word of what you *write* appears upon the screen.

Many have ability who do not know it. The thing to do first is to learn if you have *creative imagination*.

If you have you should learn to write scenarios. The Palmer test will tell. Since it costs you but two cents to find out, it is certainly worth while to send this coupon. Send it now.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education,
2011 I. W. Hellman Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your New-Method Confidential Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your perusal and subsequent advice to me without charge. If successful, I am to receive further information about the Palmer Plan without any obligation on my part to enroll for the course.

Name.....
(3-21)

Address.....

City.....State.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

The March Issue
of
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

AN inspiring friend for the duties of the day.

An enchanting friend for the evening's relaxation.

Into the kingdom of shadows, far from the realm of monotony, this friend will lead you.

It is a friend you can afford to have always and cannot afford to be without.

If you do not have it sent into your home, look for it at the magazine stands. The bright face on the cover and the name "CLASSIC" and your friend is discovered!

The March number will be out the middle of February and will go to every corner of the world and be read by everybody who is interested in motion pictures.

Of special inspiration is the story of

LIONEL BARRYMORE
by
Frederick James Smith

because it is the first interview granted by him for six years. It is a master picture of a great screen favorite.

The interview with

CORINNE GRIFFITH
by
Adele Whitely Fletcher

is a fascinating revelation of a delightful personality.

Wallace Reid, too, is interviewed by Hazel Shelley for March CLASSIC.

The novelizations are valuable because they give in advance the stories of the newest and best photoplays.

More than one happy and profitable evening will be yours if you get

The March Number
of
Motion Picture CLASSIC

Model Form Letters

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

From a Man Who Has Been Cheated by a Scenario Department.

To the Manager Scenario Dept.,
Mammoth Pictures Corporation
Dear Sir:

Say you, what dya mean by cribbing my stuff? I sent you a story for the movies called "Ain't It Awful?" and you sent it back to me and here I see your company is producing a picture called "The Inferno," by Dante! Who is this guy Dante, anyhow? Some gink in your office, I'll bet. Altho the plot of your "Inferno" is different, I'll bet any money you swiped the idea for it from my story and then changed the title. My title was better, anyhow. I hope you croak.

A YOUNG WRYTER.

From a Man Whose Stuff Has Been Swiped Without Credit.

Dear Parexcellence Pictures Company.

Last evening I attended the movies and saw one of your pictures in which you represent a couple of birds making a nest in a gent's whiskers. I have for years had birds nesting in my whiskers and I feel that your picture is a direct infringement of my rights. Kindly send me check at once to cover damages before I sic the law on ye.

CHARLES LUXURIANT ALFALFA.

From an Individual Who Feels the Crying Need of Censorship.

Super-Superior Film Company,
Fort Lee, N. C.
Gents:

I'm going to start a movie censorship in this town of Squeedunk. Last night my young son, aged seven years and three months, went to see your picture, "Three for Two," in which you give a representation of the methods adopted by the world's champion fly swatter in eliminating flies. Upon coming home, my son immediately got busy with a rolling-pin showing how the champion manipulated his swatter and in the course of the demonstration hit me a wallop on the bean and raised a bump the size of a ripe tomato just above my left eye, thereby spoiling my appearance and making the Widow Perkins, whom I was about to ask to become my second wife, turn me down cold. Said censorship will see to it strictly that all representations of fly swatting are totally cut out of each and all motion pictures coming to this said town of Squeedunk. This is fair warning. Govern yourselves accordingly.

ARTHUR A. AMOROUS.

The Same Old Story

By HELEN G. SMITH

In "The Eggsposure of Eggbert," a lady carries a market basket full of eggs down the main street of a city, and the next day a character is shown reading the daily newspaper and the headlines of same are shown on the screen. 'Tis hard to believe, but not a line is shown telling of how desperate bandits, risking life and liberty in pursuit of valuable spoil, had held up and murdered an unprotected female laden down with riches untold. Really, the chances movie men lose in making their pictures is unbelievable, when you consider the way things happen in real life. It was most eggasperating!

Hensfoot Crossing, Ill. POLLIE PINCH.

Directors who presumably wear beards or shave at one time or another in their lives should be more careful and truer to life when they have their characters shave. I saw Harold Lemondrop shaving in a picture the other day and in all the space of time that elapsed until he had removed a day's growth of beard, there appeared never a title or a bit of action to show his feelings—never a curse appeared nor even a hint of displeasure or discomfort. You cant tell me that movie stars can shave without omitting at least one little cuss. No man ever did. It cant be done. Usually at least six good blue syllables accompany every self-imposed shave. I have a husband and know whereof I speak.

MRS. HEN CUPE.
Allagowangowishgoway, Me.

The worst example of ignorance in directors was shown me last night when I glimpsed Manwaring Gooseplatz in his latest thriller "The Gal of Glory Gulch." In the Eastern scene, after he goes to New York with his "pile" and has a swell home with maids and valets, etc., there is a scene at a breakfast table with a swell servant waiting on the table. A title then comes "The Next Day" and—I know it is hard to believe—but they had the same servant! We know better than that of course—even a movie star isn't rich enough to keep one that long!

NELLIE NOODLE.
Sheecawgo.

I got the shock of my life last evening when I attended the latest release of the Goop Fillum Corp., "The Mating of Mazuma." A lady in the film wrote a letter to her lover which was flashed on the screen to read and later her lover wrote her a letter back, and it, too, was shown on the sheet. And can you believe it—they were not written in the same handwriting at all! These film people must watch their step, as this is against all the rules of the title writers' union.

MAZIE MAZEPPA.
Union City, Pa.

I saw one of the Scream Fillum Company's releases the other night—I think it was "When Fanny Fell"—and one of the characters drove up in a taxi and on getting out of the cab handed the chauffeur a bill. The chauffeur handed him back some change and the actor went into a house. Now, any man of the world knows that no chauffeur ever handed back change to anybody unless a gun were stuck under his nose. These movie folks should be more careful. People notice those things.

WEEVIL.
Sandy Crick, Ark.

I am a doctor by profession and whenever a picture is released showing a physician in action, I am always pained by the utter lack of knowledge of the profession, as shown by the men taking the parts therein. For an *exemplum horribile*—note "The Pill of Portia," just prescribed for the public by the Infamous Film Corporation: the physician in the story prescribed for the patient and wrote on his prescription pad what he wanted gotten for him at the druggist's. When the messenger came to the drugstore the prescription was shown on the screen and I could read it just as *plainly* as could be. Now, no doctor ever wrote a prescription that any one but a decipherer of cuneiform inscription on the Babylonian walls could ever read. It is a pity, but these producers ought to have some one to tell them how to do these little things, as they are important.

DR. I. M. ITT.
Perkoliss, Ind.

Forbidden Fruit

(*Continued from page 53*)

Steve had blundered in his exit, had been apprehended. Now, now she was to taste the last misery; was to face the Mallorys, whom she had come to love as a younger sister; and Nelson Rogers . . . as the wife of a common second-story man, a criminal . . .

When she reached the ground floor, Rogers had gone for the police, it was Rogers, still dreaming before the fire, who had caught Steve on his clumsy way out. The Mallorys and the butler were guarding Steve, sullen and resentful. To the Mallorys Mary told the truth; that it was Steve's first offense, that she should never have left him, he was a terrible child, sure to do damage to himself and others if left alone . . . She didn't cry while she told of their marriage, of her own family, of what she must try to do for Steve, poor weakling, but her eyes were unduly bright and her voice was brittle and harsh.

When Rogers returned with the police, a smashed window bore witness to the tale that Mallory told—of the prisoner escaped.

Mary had to avert her eyes lest the gratitude she felt for Mallory give away his friendly lie.

To Rogers, then, Mary told the truth. She faced the welling bitterness in his face by saying that she hadn't had quite enough to eat for sometime nor quite enough to wear and so when Mrs. Mallory had offered her the opportunity of both helping her and helping herself, she hadn't been able to resist. "Then," she finished, "I did go back, after that first night, intending never to return, but Prince Charming had come . . . and his call was so sweet, so insistent and I was so starved . . . ah, what will not weakness and hunger do? Hunger for things other than bread, and weakness for the need of strength? I have been so weak . . . so weak you must think me contemptible, and yet, I swear it, it was the sheer need of *beauty*—of beauty that made me so!"

Rogers took her in his arms. "You darling!" he said, "but that is all over now. You must come to me, to me to whom you belong. I will take care of you, dear, so tenderly, so surely . . . "

Mary drew away. She shook her head. Her cold hand touched his brow.

"If love were all," she said, slowly, "then, Nelson, I would follow you whether, I fear, you wanted me or not. But love isn't all, my dear one, not *all*. There is responsibility. The responsibility toward those who have come first, be they children or men. I have to live up to his responsibility, for one who is weaker than I. Dont plead with me, dear sweetheart, you make it so much, much harder."

And because he knew that to be true, her eyes to be steadfast, her voice unwavering, Rogers stepped back, and let her go.

Some women know disillusion slowly. So slowly, very frequently, that, when the final veil has been torn away from the ugly thing they have worshipped and each contorted limb is shown to them in its verity their eyes have grown too dim with age to look on other dreams. Fortunately for Mary, Steve completed the work he had begun more rapidly.

He resorted, with the help of Giuseppe, his "friend," who was also butler in the Mallory home and the instigator and stager of the attempted burglary, he resorted, at Giuseppe's suggestion to blackmail of Rogers. His method was to lure Rogers to him on a pretext that Mary was in trouble, that she had sent for him. When Rogers, against his better judgment, but fearful for Mary, appeared, Steve told him that it would cost him just one thousand dollars to prevent the item of a rich young man making love to a poor man's wife in the Mallory home appearing in the papers. Rogers smiled and wrote Steve a check. He handed it to him. "This isn't fear of you, Maddock," he said, "but an attempt to let Mrs. Maddock see very clearly the manner of man she is being so loyal to."

There was a rapid culmination. Mary told Steve he could choose between the money and her. Steve, with the riches in his hand, with Mary cold, disdainful on the other hand, chose the money. He was about to do a vanishing act when Giuseppe appeared and demanded his promised share of the loot.

Steve, cornered, cried, angrily, "It was *my* wife who made this possible, wasn't it? We'll gamble for it—that's what we'll do—gamble for it as we've gambled for other things."

While they were playing, Mary took the check and stole to the window . . . to the fire-escape—down . . . She would return the money to Rogers . . . would go away. She felt sickened of the whole thing . . . despairful . . .

An hour later, Roger found her at the foot of the building, crouched there. She had heard, she whispered, a shot in the room above. What had Steve done? Was he a murderer as well as a thief and a blackmailer? She had been too terrified to go back, too terrified to go forward.

Rogers was very tender. "Steve lost," he said, "so far as I can make out. He tried to make a grab for the check he thought was still in the envelope. Giuseppe, who, it appears, was ready for such a move pulled a gun on him. Steve . . . you needn't fear Steve any longer Mary—he is beyond your protection—beyond the need of it."

Six months later Nelson Rogers came back to the Mallorys' country home. Mary was in the garden with Mrs. Mallory, who had been more a mother than a mere friend to her since the day when Steve had been killed and all the world had fallen to upon her.

When they were alone, Rogers came close to her, bent over her; "Once you told me," he said, "that Prince Charming had come into your life . . . now that you are free . . . tell me, dear heart, is he still . . . where he was?"

Mary lifted her glad startled eyes. They misted with tears. Her hand groped for his. "Ah, my dear," she said, "dont jest . . . now that you have come to me . . . and I can . . . come to you!"

MA WAS OUT OF THE ROOM

Little Lemuel.—Pa, what's a counter-irritant?

Father.—A counter-irritant, my son, is a woman who makes a dry-goods clerk show her every thing on the shelves and then buys a yard of muslin.

A teacher in a slums Sunday School remarked that her class was better informed upon motion pictures than they were upon things religious. The lesson was on the subject of that "still small voice."

"Have you ever heard the word 'conscience'?" she asked.

The silence was unbroken and uncomprehending.

Then the light of knowledge dawned in the face of one little girl, and she announced,

"Sure, I know, Conscience Talmadge."

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

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☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
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The Sunlit Mount

(*Continued from page* 113)

for the studio cafe and was promptly annexed by the vivacious Carmel. Genially he posed for a picture with his little star, while a crowd quickly gathered to watch the proceedings, for the Big Chief is very popular with everyone on the lot.

"Mr. Laemmle has always believed in me," said Miss Myers, as we continued our stroll to the stage. "He gave me my chance just as he has so many others, and I believe we all work extra hard just to show him how we appreciate his faith in us."

We all recall that Carmel's first big opportunity came in "The Unmarried Wife," a delicious comedy drama which she played with such charm. In this she masqueraded as an Italian, demonstrating her ability to play these Latin types. In her next picture, still unnamed, she will again play an Italian rôle, "a real wop," as she expressed it, and is anticipating it with keen pleasure.

At present she is filming "Cinderella Jane," a Greenwich Village story, directed by Rollin Sturgeon, in which there are sharp contrasts, first as the drab little wife of a popular artist, then bursting from her chrysalis, she becomes the gayest of all the Greenwich butterflies.

As we chatted between scenes, Carmel furnished me with many interesting side lights to her joyous, happy character. Having been reared in a deeply religious and intellectual atmosphere, her restless little feet are safely planted on a firm foundation, which makes her gaiety all the more alluring.

Her two "wobbies," as she laughingly calls them, are tennis and a game of chess with her father after dinner. "He's an expert," twinkled Carmel," and I love to beat him, which isn't often."

She drives her own car, likes to swim, has hosts of girl friends, loves the "movies," goes to all the theaters, dances and adores to shop. She is skilful with her fingers and trims all her own chapeaus as well as designs all her frocks. She is studying English Literature and keeps up her music, so it is easy to imagine there are no idle minutes in her daily calendar.

The only cloud on her horizon at present is the fear that she may have to give up her contemplated holiday trip to New York and begin her "wop" picture instead. Carmel is trying hard to live up to her philosophy, for she confesses it will be hard to miss the première of her brother Zion's new musical play, "Blue Eyes," which Lew Fields is producing on Christmas Eve.

There are just two of them, Carmel and Zion, both named for biblical mountains as indicative of the high hopes cherished by their parents.

Tho Carmel laughingly refuses to confirm or deny the reports that Romance has come and that wedding bells belong to her history, it seems certain that Cupid has singled her out for his fatal shafts. Anyway, she declares that Love is the greatest thing that can come to a girl and it should not interfere with a career.

The most potent charm of Carmel Myers—and she has many, is her refreshing spontaniety and unspoiled girlishness. She modestly confesses she is still trying to find herself, striving to do good work on the screen and hoping for a big emotional play that will place her among the brightest of all the shining stars in the dramatic world.

"A woman's face is her fortune."

"Wrong. It is the paint manufacturer's fortune."

Shadowland for MARCH

THE long, cold trail of winter is now a-winding into the land of springtime.

And everybody knows it is in the springtime that dreams come true.

The first bright harbinger of spring is the March issue of SHADOWLAND.

There is the gloom and the gleam of a woodland thru which the sunlight is sifting in "The Princess and the Slave," by Harry Kemp.

SHADOWLAND has the reputation for discovering many a new genius, and is true to form in the March issue, in which will appear the work of a clever new artist,

WESLEY MORSE

Arthur H. Moss gives an entertaining story on the vogue of pantomime, entitled

"People, Puppets and Pantomime"

Pitts Sanborn, well-known music critic, writes on the French opera in America in an article that contains much information in a pleasant guise.

Wynn's whimsical touch is as delightful as ever in his French color impressions.

The color plates are of American beauties and male celebrities of stage and screen —also original paintings.

Beauty articles and fashion articles make the magazine one for women as well as for men.

The March Number
of
Shadowland

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

and his art. Later, Faith follows him to London, working her way in a burlesque show, and as he is about to leave for Greece upon her arrival, he entrusts her to the care of the same Lady Cray who shattered his life a few years back. Of course the lady is again desirous of the temperamental Dion and, suspecting the state of affairs between Faith and him, she uses her influence in bringing Faith to the same sorry pass she herself has reached. Dion returns to find things so and soon after Faith, implicated in the death of Lady Cray, runs away to the Limehouse section where Dion finds her a captive in one of the Chinese houses. Finding their idols with feet of clay they start anew, basing their happiness on that which is wholesome rather than artificial.

Every now and then Fitzmaurice strikes home in his scenes and those laid on the island are vibrant with tropical life; those in the burlesque show vividly coarse and tawdry; while those scenes depicting Limehouse are the things of purple and amber which Thomas J. Burke draws for us in his popular tales.

But, on the whole, "Idols of Clay" doesn't ring true. We have noticed that men dont smash up their perfectly good studios, not to mention their careers and their very life itself, because one woman proves unworthy. They are far more apt to continue along masking their shattered heart behind a smile. Not so in this story and, therefore, it lacks the intensity of repressed emotion and every dramatic scene becomes in itself a climax.

Mae Murray is very attractive and creates the finest character we have ever seen her portray. On the other hand, David Powell's portrayal is extravagant and lacks repression.

It seems deplorable that anyone with the art of Fitzmaurice should go so far astray. He seems to have lost track of his characters and permitted them to go wild.

On the other hand, the beauty of the thing as a whole will linger.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—PARAMOUNT

Recently, when Lila Lee has been cast in a picture she has charmed us thruout and long after the story has become a dim memory she has remained fixed in our mind. This is again the case in "Midsummer Madness," and for this reason we are mentioning her before we mention the story, Cosmos Hamilton who wrote it in novel form under the title, "His Friend and His Wife," William de Mille who directed it artistically, or the other players who contributed towards the general success.

The story interestingly tells of Bob Meredith and Julian Osborn and their wives, Margaret and Daisy respectively. Bob finds the demands of his law great and he fails to take time to shower his wife with the attentions and pretty speeches he made as the sweetheart. And Margaret is hurt at what she feels to be indifference. On the other hand, Julian has always craved the unavailable and when Daisy is obviously devoted he is bored and looks for new game. When Daisy is called to New York, he becomes interested in Margaret Meredith who, piqued at Bob's apparent coolness, accepts his advances. Midsummer madness descends upon both of them and realization that it is madness and that they really love Bob and Daisy comes none too soon.

William de Mille has handled his characters well—each and every one alike they share the blame. Jack Holt as Bob Meredith who belittled the frailty of human

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nature in permitting his friend Julian to give his wife the attentions he should have given her; Lois Wilson as the wife who failed to realize that some affections are so deep that they need no constant declaration, and Conrad Nagel as the husband who finds his wife's well-meaning attentions irritating, are well cast.

Personally we didn't blame Julian for being upset when he found his military brushes tied together with pale ribbon and a billet-doux. We can imagine it would be annoying when you had barely time to dress. And so, altho in a trifle different way with all of the others—Director de Mille's production shows clearly that well-meaning intentions are invariably those which cause trouble — the character of Daisy Osborn is less sympathetic than the others, yet you hope always that things will turn out well for her. What more could be said for the charm of Lila Lee.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS—FIRST NATIONAL

We reiterate. You cant have everything. Constance Talmadge possesses a genuine talent for the farce and then is unable to find farciful vehicles in which to demonstrate that talent. It is sometime now since she has had a really good story and "Dangerous Business" is no better and no worse than the others in which she has recently been cast.

It is really "Scandal" with the new trimmings, only the new ones are not nearly so effective as the old—more's the pity.

Nancy Flavell is the flirtiest flirt who ever flirted. And every new love affair is declared by no less a person than herself to be The Love of Her Life. First it is John Barrymore and then, after a host of others, Signor Spanelli, the tenor who has come to town. To save herself marrying Mr. Braille, her mother's choice, she says she married Clarence Brooks, her father's secretary and a meek individual who delighted in doing her every bidding before he sailed overseas. But then Clarence comes home and he is not the same meek Clarence and—ye shades of "Scandal"—he insists that she go with him to his own home as his wife. He gives her the bedroom and uses the day-bed in the sitting-room himself and when she tells him he has compromised her and implores him to marry her he refuses until she proves to him that she has learned to care for the name he will give her.

Of course, he eventually becomes "The Real Love of Her Life," and there is the happy ending with the fade-out showing Clarence II demanding enough attention to successfully keep his mother out of any trouble, which might come her way.

Kenneth Harlan plays Clarence to Constance Talmadge's Nancy and both have been seen to decidedly better advantage.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM — COSMOPOLITAN

"The Passionate Pilgrim" is called an all-star production and while it doesn't boast stars, it does boast notable and worthy players, among them Frankie Mann, Claire Whitney, Van Dyke Brooke, Arthur Roccardi, Matt Moore, Rubye de Remer and Julia Swayne Gordon, and is not the average all-star production minus one lone popular player.

In bringing this story to the screen Robert Vignola has not had an easy task, for it contains stories within stories, and only a very definite and capable direction has given it a clarity.

The story tells of Henry Calverly who was once a favorite novelist and who now endeavors to hold an unimportant position on the city newspaper because of his wife's

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connection with a murder case and their subsequent flight that he might save her the tortures of the witness stand. He took her to the woods only to lose her and he has returned to the city to earn his daily bread. Marjorie Daw, the sob writer on the sheet does what she can for him, even to having him assigned to writing the biography of one of the deceased citizens of the town. Miriam, the eldest daughter, takes a great interest in the writing of her father's biography and later in the writer himself.

Before the story ends she is able to forget the wheel-chair to which she has always been confined and together she and Henry Calverly dispose of the dishonest trustees of her estate.

Matt Moore who is entrusted with the title rôle is splendid as the broken-spirited, absent-minded writer, while Rubye de Remer, who has been declared the most beautiful woman in America by Helleau, is charming in the rôle of Miriam and very beautiful.

Food, Folly and Fame

(*Continued from page 64*)

last night. Try the Lambs' Club." We did. It was deserted.

Someone had said to be sure to look over the Algonquin. "It's the film center of Manhattan," they had said.

To the Algonquin we went. There we told our troubles to the head waiter. "There's nobody of consequence tonight," he said. "Dick Barthelmess was in the other night. Tommy Meighan, too. But they're away—or something."

We were beginning to think Barthelmess did the hotel eating for the film profession.

We went out into the night.

Next day we tried the Astor grill room at luncheon time.

Our inside information was correct in this instance, altho no players were present. But every producer, press agent and "New York representative" seemed to be present.

Over there was Carl Laemmle conferring with four relatives. At the next table was George M. Cohan. Nearby was Lewis J. Selznick. And over there Samuel Goldwyn. Everybody was penciling figures on the table covers.

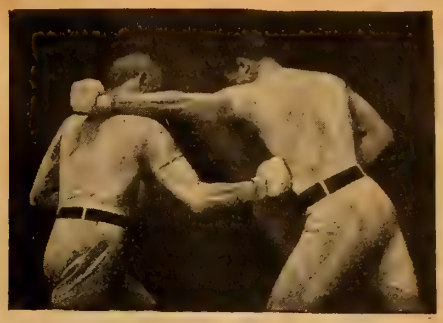
We listened. Above the buzz we heard: "Incorporated for ten million . . . paid $175,000 for the story . . . some writer, had a story in the *Saturday Evening Post* . . . The exhibitors eat up his stuff. . . . Shot 900,000 feet on his last picture . . . Says he's going to make a big film, no matter how much it costs the New York office . . . Lewis says to me, says he, come over an' head my press department at $500 any time you wanta . . . He gets $3,000 a week, on paper . . ."

Here, indeed was the noonday home of the photoplay art. But you could hardly call such a luncheon amusement. Plainly, no one was amusing himself.

We visited the theater. Not once, but dozens of times. On opening nights, when New York's celebrities always attend. "The death watch," they call it. We tried second nights, too, when the audience is almost as "hard boiled."

Here are our theater findings: We caught Samuel Goldwyn and Irving Berlin, the song writer, at "Enter Madame." Jerome Storm, the director, at the Scotch Players. Eugene O'Brien at the Irish Players. Mildred Harris, with Mamma Harris, at half a dozen openings. Norma Talmadge at "Ladies' Night" with husband Joseph Schenck.

Plainly, the screen folk do not go to the theater for their amusement; not regularly, anyway.



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We investigated the Ziegfeld and Century midnight roof shows. At both we caught the dignified David Wark Griffith actually dancing. (The surprise of that nearly repaid us for the whole investigation). And at the Ziegfeld midnight entertainment we saw Theda Bara.

About this time our investigation began to haunt us. It ruined our bank account. Our digestion began to totter.

But we caught Owen Moore on the Delmonico Roof. Mrs. Sidney Drew at a *de luxe* Italian restaurant on 48th street and also 'way out at City Island.

To Greenwich Village we hied ourselves. "They all go to the Inn," we were told. "I saw 'Gene O'Brien there myself." But they weren't there—any of the times we dropped in. Neither did we detect celluloid stars at the Pirates' Den, The Green Feather, The Pig and Whistle, the Samovar, the Moulin Rouge Cave or any of the other Greenwich places where you satisfy your hunger in semi-darkness.

Our endurance and digestion failed us about here and we rushed back to our lodgings to recover.

There, over aspirin tablets and a cigaret, we summed up our investigation. Briefly, we learned on unquestioned authority, (i. e., the head waiters), that:

A great many film folk live at the Algonquin.

The office executives consume their luncheons at the Astor.

The flappers go to the Claridge for luncheon and tea. Yea, and dinner.

At dinner time the best place to find your cinema celebrity is at the Algonquin.

We admit these findings are based on slender grounds. But we shall attempt no more investigations until our doctor takes us off a diet.

Somehow or other we have a sneaking doubt whether the Eastern film favorites ever amuse themselves. No wonder they rush away so gladly to California.

THE SPLENDID SCREEN

THOS. J. MURRAY

Ere the flashing silver screen
Here was seen
Romance kindled far away,
Polar pass and coral bay;
Sails upon horizon grey.

Novels where Adventure ran
We would scan,
Tried to picture pirate bands,
Landing on dim midnight sands,
Quickening to abrupt commands.

We had dreams of Western trails,
Bandit hails.
Clashes on the prairies wide,
Sweep and surge of Danger's tide,
Far across the Great Divide.

Now we're thru with make-believe,
And receive
Views that drift before our eyes,
Bottomlands and peaks that rise,
Into crimson sunset skies.

Seas that creamed on foreign shores
Wash our doors.
And Life's splendid game is played,
In the vistas that parade
Screened by picture man and maid.

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

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THE

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PUBLICATIONS

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

What Makes a Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 61)

or are separated for ten thousand years, as in "The Darling of the Gods."

But matters must be settled one way or the other. This does not mean that the story must end there, or even that the conflict must stop. But the immediate plot *is* definitely settled and the audience knows the result.

On the stage there are many new ideas on this subject of the dramatic quality. In "Jane Clegg," produced in New York last year, there was no conflict at all. But a great playwright wrote this play. We advise amateur movie writers not to experiment with new theories of craftsmanship.

Last of all, your photodramas must have dramatic unity. Never introduce anything which does not bear directly on the story; all action must either characterize your people or carry forward the plot. Dont go off at a tangent, starting with one idea and ending with another. Drama is an artificial means to produce the effect of reality, and not reality itself.

If you solve your plot by some pure coincidence, you lose your unity. If you introduce a multitude of characters, starting your first reel with one hero and heroine, and ending your last reel with an entirely different hero and heroine, you lose your effect. If things "just happen" to your plot people, without rhyme or reason, you have not a dramatic plot.

To cite a familiar example, the story of Old Mother Hubbard and her empty cupboard, is replete with pathos, but not with drama. Nothing happens. If she went out and stuck her hatpin into a prominent profiteer, that might be the beginning of a good story.

On the other hand there is the story of that energetic witch who, finding her larder empty, enticed Hansel and Gretchen into her ginger-bread cottage for cannibalistic purposes. *There* is conflict—between the witch and the children—and crisis—where she tries to shove Gretchen into the furnace—and unity. The witch never changes her purpose. It would make a better movie than some which have been produced.

If you are to write scenarios, you must first of all understand this dramatic quality. The best way to do this is read the best plays in your local library and write them into five-hundred-word synopses. You will notice a fundamental similarity between the play plots. Try to understand what differentiates them and you will be a long ways on the road towards your career as a successful screen writer.

This coupon or a similar one of your own making must accompany your correspondence to John Emerson and Anita Loos.

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I { am / am not } sending with this coupon a 300 word synopsis of my story. I desire John Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the following question:

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(If no story is attached, question may relate to photoplay writing in general. Send stamped and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that your answer and your story, if you sent any, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

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DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO
From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me by *mail*.

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Lying Lips

(*Continued from page 69*)

not comprehend him. Hands . . . hands were pulling her—pulling her away from the white silent man—to the oncoming vessel—of the Things She Was Used To—.

When they drew her to safety, she fainted. Cornwell had disappeared.

In London, safely at home, under Willie Chase's terrifically amorous, ecstatic gaze, she was delirious. Willie, who had never understood her, understood her less than ever now. Her mother was reduced to despair. She would, of course, marry Willie. She would become a pale, wan mannikin circulating about with Willie's millions on her back, on her hands and breasts and arms. Well, she had been born for that . . . the trouble was that she had dared attempt to avert Fate. She had offered defiance. She had even been willing to drink Death so that love had held the cup. No use. It was her life.

Eventually she named the day. The tradespeople became bearable. Her father remained pale and inconspicuous. Nance felt that he was sorry for her.

Willie gave a betrothal party in the new mansion the young Willie Chases were to occupy. Nance told him to see to it that it was extraordinary. "If it's not, Willie," she said, "I'll take poison and ruin us."

Willie believed that she would. He believed everything she said, especially that she detested him, but he forgave her because he wanted her so beastly bad. So Nance came, pale, orchidaceous; told him she loved it.

She walked into the garden. Two men were standing by the fountain. Nance regarded them idly. At her approach they turned—and she went death-white. One of them . . . one of them was . . . The other man hailed her, "Miss Abbott," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Seaton, Mr. Charles Seaton." Then he left them. Nance leaned against the fountain ledge. She put one hand to her head.

"I thought," she cried; "I—thought——"

Charles Seaton's voice was pleasant. I'm sure your thoughts would be interesting, Miss Abbott," he said.

Nance straightened. Her pale, ill face flamed again, momentarily. "Blair," she cried hoarsely, "Blair—Blair Cornwell! You are You! You are love! Oh, my God:

"Forgive me, Miss Abbott," the man at the fountain said, equably, "you cannot be quite well or you think you have seen a ghost—fie on you for such childish pastime. Come, let me take you in to Mr. Chase.

Nance allowed him to guide her toward the house. "Then," she quavered, "then you—are *not* you?"

"Oh dear, yes," he said, "I hope that I am I—certainly. Mr. Seaton, and very much at your service, Miss Abbott."

Nance didn't know how she got thru the evening. The next day she sent for Charles Seaton. He came at once. If her white, wide-eyed face and unmistakable frail form had any effect upon him, he concealed it. She begged him to dance with her to the tune of Mandalay. He danced with her—correctly, that was all. When it was over, panting, she asked him whether or no he had ever danced to the tune before. He said that he supposed he had—it was popular and he danced a great deal. Several days later he took her to tea—at her behest. There, point-blank, she asked him if he were not Blair Cornwell—that he was—how dared he deny it—to *her?* He laughed at her, but gently.

The day of her wedding drew on apace. Willie was solicitous for her health, which seemed in danger of breaking. He spoke of the South of France. Her mother was submerged in the trousseau. Her father patted her head when they met.

The day of the wedding arrived. They told her how clear and crystalline it was and she said she had thought it rained.

They dressed her and she was beautiful, heart-breakingly so. She looked like a slender white orchid touched by death.

Her mother said Willie would do her good . . . the South of France . . . she was sensible . . . she was a good girl . . .

Nance said, "Oh, yes, mother; oh, yes, mother; and she was dry-eyed and tearless. There wasn't anything to weep about. She had drunk the last rites of death and been cheated thereof. She had broken the body of love, eaten it and spat it out.

At the church it was, as always, sombre and malodorous. There were the usual funeral flowers. Willie awaiting her under the stained glass windows looked empurpled. She knew it was indigestion rather than stained glass. His neck overlapped his collar by three hairy ridges. How clearly she was thinking! How sharply breathing! She had the vulgar thought that her heart was ulcerated. It ached like a tooth that is.

At the altar the priest began to mutter familiar words. All at once she didn't hear him at all nor the tidal rise and fall of the organ, of the women's gowns. She heard, rather, the murmur, the retreat and advance, of the everlasting sea. She heard her man's voice say "We haven't a ring, dear . . . we haven't . . . but you are mine . . . and I am yours . . . Amen . . ." She heard her own voice, too. It said "Amen." She realized that she had said it aloud, and in the wrong place. The minister looked at her. So did Willie. She gave a loud laugh. She made them stop. "I *am* married!" she cried out: "Stop at once. I am married. I am already married," and then she fainted and escaped the creditable uproar.

Charles Seaton was sailing for Australia at noon the next day. At ten minutes before noon Nance apppeared to him in his stateroom.

"It doesn't make any difference now," she said, "but I had to come. I had to make you know before you left."

Charles Seaton looked at her and laughed. His laugh was a shade less hearty. Her face was so white. "Did you pick this boat for your honeymoon?" he said.

Nance shook her head. "There isn't any honeymoon," she said; "I didn't marry him. I couldn't. One marriage . . . you see, I was married . . . already. Something happened to me and I knew it . . . that only one thing mattered . . . my marriage . . . the true one . . ."

"I dont believe you," said Seaton.

Nance handed him the paper. "Read that," she said, and he read an account of the Abbott-Chase thriller. He turned to her and his face matched hers in whiteness.

"Forgive me," she was breathing . . . forgive me and then I'll go . . ."

Charles Seaton, Blair Cornwell again, gathered her up against him, broken—his own, "Forgive *me*," he begged, "for being so hard, so cruel . . . ah, beautiful one, beautiful thing . . . you hurt me so . . ."

"Lover . . . dont, dont . . . !"

"Everything is all right now . . . I have money . . . left me . . . we will go away . . . begin again . . . dear heart . . .

Nance did not answer him, because she had no words.

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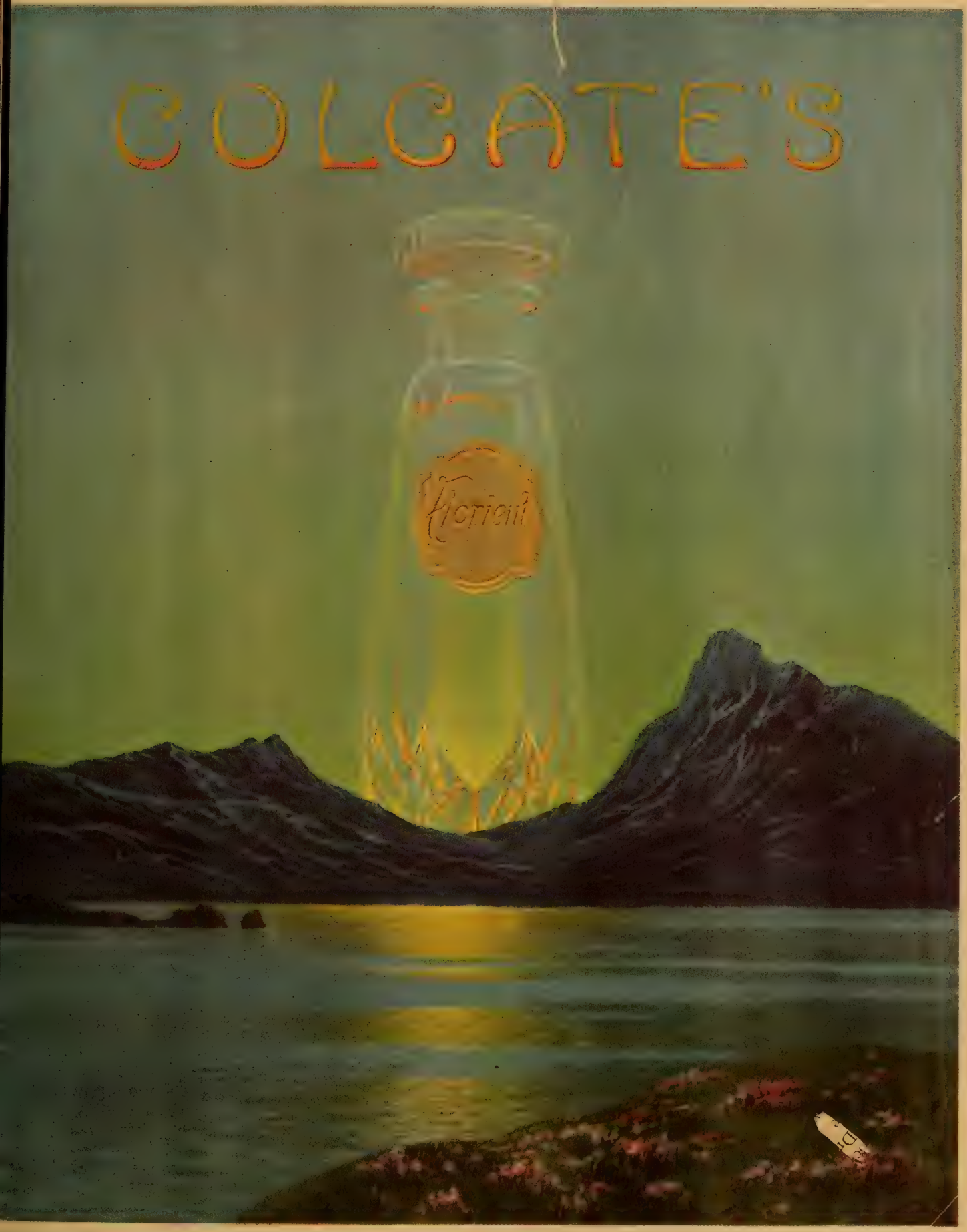

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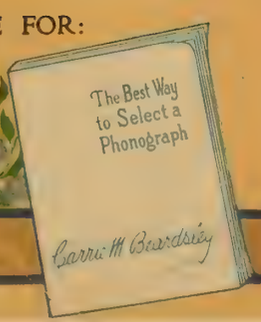

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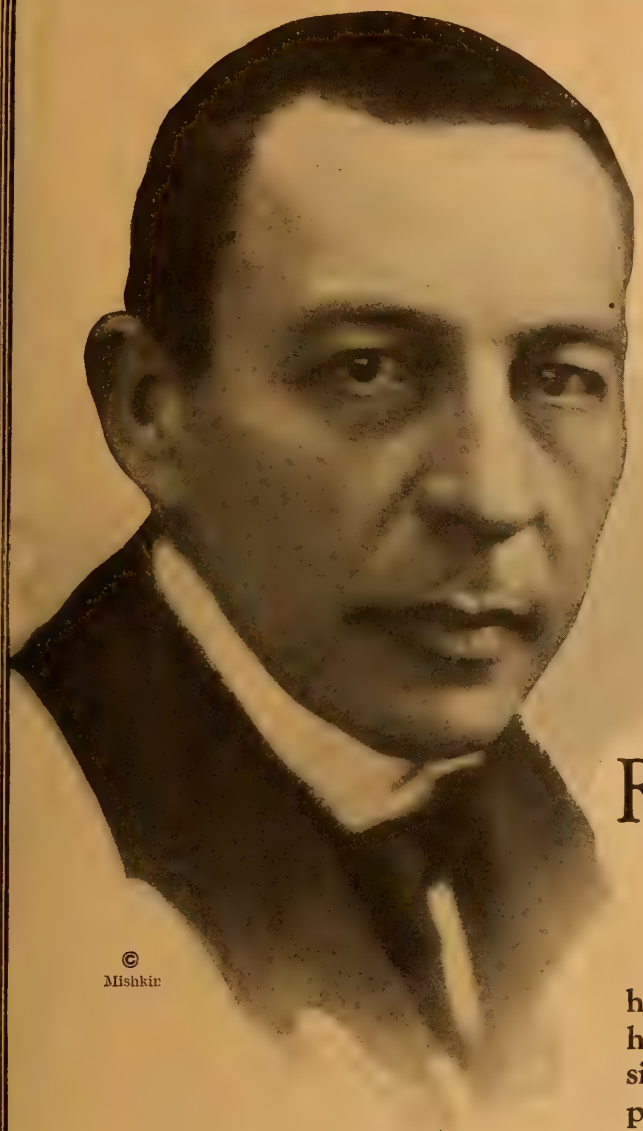

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Astor.—"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Dodson Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld and a young woman of society. Farfetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco.—"Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomime of the thirties. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplesis, the "Lady of the Camelias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old uncanny stage craft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Machaye, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and cidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war, will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century Promenade.—New York's Newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Aphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Garrick.—"Heartbreak House." The world premiére of George Bernard Shaw's newest dramatic comment upon world affairs. Talky possibly, but flashing with brilliant wit and decidedly interesting. Very well presented by the Theater Guild.

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree," with Nora Bayes. Brisk and tuneful musical show, with the very forceful Nora. Attractive cast, chorus and costuming.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

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Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet and what comes of

(*Continued on*)

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"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh — but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers,*" shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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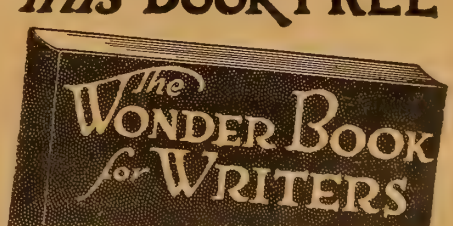

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young. Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show, with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Selwyn.—The Provincetown Players in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Samson and Delilah," with Ben-Ami. A fairly interesting play given the breath of life by the most promising new figure on the stage since Jack Barrymore became John Barrymore. Ben-Ami is making his step from the Yiddish stage and his first appearance in English. His début has been sensational. Ben-Ami is given excellent support by Pauline Lord and an admirable bit is contributed by Edward G. Robinson.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Typical Winter Garden entertainment.

ON TOUR.

"Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

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For years, Belding Brothers have been making silks. They make millions of yards each year, and they make all kinds—from the frailest georgettes and chiffons to the sturdy satins, taffetas and crêpes de Chine. The panel to the left gives Belding Brothers' interesting letter on the proper way to launder silks.

You will find blouses made by Max Held, Inc., in most of the smart specialty shops and good department stores throughout the country. Read why this famous maker wants you to wash his blouses with Lux.

THESE two great merchants, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find the proper way to launder silk—the way that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy money loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and appearance of your fine silk things.

Keep the detailed directions below, which tell you just exactly how to wash your silks—the way recommended by one of the largest silk manufacturers in the world, and by a man whose silk blouses are worn by thousands of women each year. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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"As makers of a delicate product like silk we are much concerned with the treatment it gets after it leaves our hands.

"Our wash silk fabrics can, of course, be laundered as safely and as often as cotton, if proper care is exercised.

"We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness. There is nothing in it that could attack the delicate silk fibre.

"Another point in favor of Lux is that its thick lather eliminates all rubbing of the fabric on the washboard or between the hands. This means, of course, that the silk does not 'fuzz up,' and that the threads will not pull or split.

"We find Lux equally successful on our white or colored silks.

"We are glad to see the publicity given by Lux to the safe way of laundering silks."

BELDING BROS.

The maker of a million blouses tells how to launder silk

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"If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

"Frayed, pulled threads may mean, not a poor quality of silk, but a blouse rubbed too hard to get it clean. Lux makes hard rubbing unnecessary.

"Recently a silk blouse was returned to us which had 'gone' under the arm. It had been put away while badly stained with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled we would not have had the complaint.

"For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks."

MAX HELD, Inc.

Launder your silk things this gentle, safe way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel; when nearly dry, press with warm iron—never a hot one.

Colored silks—If you are not sure a color is fast try to set it this way. Use one-half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by re-laundering.

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery, and will yellow it. Press first the sleeves of a blouse, next the fronts and then the back.

Jersey and **georgette crêpe** should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

Motion Picture Magazine

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Photograph by Nicholas Muray

ERICH VON STROHEIM

Mr. von Stroheim is perhaps best known as a director. And that statement is no disparagement to his acting, for he may always be expected to give a finished performance as the sophisticated man of the Continent. His new release is to be "Foolish Wives"

Photograph by Jack Freulich

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

In the early spring Mr. Fairbanks will again sail for Europe . . . Mary Pickford Fairbanks by his side, of course. And this time Doug is going to make pictures, so you may expect to see him scaling Westminster Abbey and jumping London Bridge in the near future

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

BEBE DANIELS

Bebe, of the black eyes and dusky tresses, finds that stardom means hard work and plenty of it. Immediately upon her completion of "Just Drakes," she started on "Two Weeks With Pay"

Photograph by Nicholas Muray

DORIS KENYON

The stage, bedroom farces and twin beds have no place in the life of Doris just now. She is busily devoting all her time in picture-making, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," a new Cosmopolitan production, in particular

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

HOBART BOSWORTH

Hobart Bosworth occupies a unique place on the screen—one which he has won and retained thru his consistently fine characterization of older men, their problems and their romance

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Metro efficiently cast Rudolph Valentino in their screen version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." And they did well, for it would be difficult to find one more capable of portraying Ibañez's colorful hero

Photograph by White Studio

ELSIE FERGUSON

Elsie Ferguson—even a picture of her—always inspires you to write verse. However, let it suffice to say she is now playing in the screen version of her last season's stage success, "Sacred and Profane Love"

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

BETTY HILLBURN

Betty has the distinction of being the new D. W. Griffith discovery, and she is at present playing the waif in his new Limehouse tale. Who knows her potentialities?

Journey's End

Posed by Edith Roberts in the
new Universal production
"The Fire Cat"

The Author and the Cinema

By

W. Somerset Maugham

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*W. Somerset Maugham, who is admittedly one of our greatest contemporary novelists, recently contracted to give his brain children to the cinema. Therefore, it is interesting to note what he writes of his latest endeavor.*

NOTHING is impossible on the screen.

The photoplay permits a breadth of expression, a true portrayal of dramatic incident, a faithful painting of the most gorgeous landscape that affords the maker of film drama all the scope offered by the novel and stage play combined. To a writer of sincerity and imagination this well-nigh unlimited scope of the film is a lure that in most cases has been irresistible.

It is for this reason and because of the opportunity to present one's work to the millions of the globe, as no novel or stage play could do, that so many of the most noteworthy names of literature now are linked with the photodrama. And it is to great novelists and dramatists that the screen must look for its true and artistic development. They bring to this newest of arts a freshness of viewpoint, a vision and understanding of humanity and of mankind's psychology, with a trained ability to express that which they know.

It has been in the story that motion pictures have been slow in developing. In every other phase the screen has come near perfection. But all too many of the stories have been comparatively weak, with an appalling imitation of that which has gone before. New blood that will seek out new channels and that brings to the screen the knowledge of work done in other forms of story-creating is the one remedy for this ailing condition.

Only by giving the author a free hand can the producer get the new angle he needs. Let the author make mistakes, if mistakes are inevitable, for it is only by mistakes that the author can learn. No good can come of it if the author is bound by conventions that have developed in the past. The technique of the screen must be learned like the technique of any other art. But the reward will come inevitably when these writers produce better results than have ever been produced before.

Let the producers have confidence in us and we will eventually justify their confidence many fold.

Richard the Tenth

Photograph by Victor George, N Y.

Dick Barthelmess' appearance does not belie him. Inner things have gone to the molding of his broad, fine brow; his thoughtful eyes; the clear, delightful black of his hair . . . and his hands. He looks well made and finely textured, and *good*

IT was rather disconcerting to me to have luncheon with Dick Barthelmess *and* his mother, because I was there for the express purpose of listening to Dick talk, and I preferred to listen to his mother talk. This may incite protest and savor of the ungracious, but . . . there was such a wide disparity in their subject-matter. Dick talked about nothing but other people, and Dick's mother (after the immemorial manner of mothers) talked of nothing but *Dick*. And there you are! And there I was—in something of a quandary.

Dick has a fine flavor—as indicated by the "other people." He is quite naively reticent on self, moderately self-depreciatory and genuinely reserved. His appearance does not belie him. Inner things have gone to the molding of his broad, fine brow; his thoughtful eyes; the clear, delightful black of his hair . . . and his hands. He looks well made and finely textured, and *good*.

His mother said he had been "a good little boy."

Dick said, "Oh, mother!" He said it as a protest. Then he added, "Remember this," and "remember that," . . . calling up from mud-pie days . . . if there ever *were* mud-pie days . . . bygone misdemeanors in order to obliterate or to gainsay the stigma she had placed upon him of being "a good little boy." But Mother couldn't seem to remember any of the misdemeanors. Mothers have wofully poor memories . . . sometimes. And sometimes they are accurate and prolific. This mother will never remember anything but the sweet, fine things of Dick. It is very charming, and as it should be.

You remember in "'Way Down East" the bit in which David dances with Kate Bruce, his screen mother? The manner in which he did it, bringing tears to many, where the more dramatic moments had not. That was not acting. It was reality. It was so real we all felt it, tenderly, in our fibers. It was merely the innate graciousness of the real Dick, clearly, for the moment, asserting itself.

But I am disobeying orders. One likes to digress about Dick.

In the first instance, Mother Barthelmess said to me, rather plaintively, "I wish you could say something about Dick's *father*. Almost no mention has ever been made of the fact. As a *matter* of fact, Dick is the tenth Bartelemy. (I *hope* it *was* tenth, but if it wasn't tenth, then it was ninth; I'm very bad at lineal statistics.) His father was of French stock, and for nine generations the sons of the house of Bartelemy were all christened Richard. Hence, Richard the Tenth, with the anglicizing of Bartelemy into Barthelmess as the sole difference.

On his mother's side, of which she did not speak so fully, Dick is, I believe, Dutch. This seems to me to be a fine sort of combination. The sensitized, facile French blood with the sturdier, more phlegmatic Dutch blood to counterbalance. I haven't given Dick half the lineal prestige probably due him. This is because I listened to both my host and hostess at the luncheon table, and became somewhat hazy as to facts, since Dick was talking about the intermingling of the races (one or two copper-tinted Indians having en-

By
GLADYS HALL

tered for luncheon), and Dick's mother, as I have observed, steadily about Dick. Nevertheless, thru the picturesque blur the outstanding facts remain . . . that he is of the French Bartelemys, all Richards, and that these same Bartelemys were all interested in things dramatic, thereby, no doubt, handing down to the tenth Richard as a part of their finely vintaged heritage the sure touch he possesses, and the fine instinct which seems, somehow, to be not merely of this age and of his brief part of this age, but of older heritages and mellower traditions.

Dick's future is even more interesting than his ancestral past, being, as it were, in its making.

In the first place, he is leaving the immediate directorship of Mr. Griffith to star for himself. At the time of our talk his plans were not as yet perfected in detail; that is to say, his director was not a certainty, his date of production and all that sort of thing. He was enthusiastic, if a bit diffident. "I've never done anything without Mr. Griffith, . . ." he said. He added: "He's promised to act in an advisory capacity if I come a cropper . . ."

His story has been decided upon. It is to be a short story by Joseph Hergesheimer, called "Tol'able David." It is a slender, poignant tale of a mountain lad, a rather delicate chap, as I recall having read the story, who overcomes insuperable difficulties for the flame of a big cause. It is the sort of story that Dick Barthelmess will be able to etch into the memories of all who see it, in blood and keen, sweet spirit.

"I wish you'd make this interview mostly Hergesheimer," Dick said.

And then he went on to tell me, far more graphically than he had told me of himself, of his admiration for the writer, their mutual friendship and the things

(*Continued on page* 88)

All Photographs by Victor George, N. Y.

In the first place, he is leaving the immediate directorship of D. W. Griffith to star for himself. He was enthusiastic, if a bit diffident. "I've never done anything without Mr. Griffith . . ." he said. He added: "He's promised to act in an advisory capacity if I come a cropper . . ."

Piloting a Dream Craft

WHEN a person seeks fame he bares himself to public observation. For we all know that fame and fortune come to him whom the populace favors. And just as long as a celebrity is Fame's favorite, he will find his comings and goings recorded in the black print of the press. This is and always has been true; publicity is as inevitable an evidence of success, as the bills which a merchant has to meet for his handsome stock of materials.

You wouldn't expect the President of the United States to go to Europe without having it heralded in the dailies. No more would you expect Gloria Swanson to have a little daughter and not expect an interview with her on the subject of motherhood.

But Gloria doesn't want things like that.

She wants something she can call her own. She wants her baby to herself! So she hopes to keep this little Gloria entirely apart from her studio career. She wants the child to grow up quietly in a home environment and to have an opportunity to expand and blossom naturally like a little flower in a garden. She does not want it spoiled by the hot-house sun of public flattery.

The words are Gloria's.

Gloria loves her tiny baby passionately, so passionately that she wants people to forget she has it, that it may be all the more her own. She doesn't want anyone to have a share in her daughter. I feel that she rather resents the fact that a capable nurse sees more of the baby than she does. But this, too, is the inevitable price she has to pay for her career, for she couldn't very well play nurse and star, too. Above everything else Gloria has a horror of her baby growing up to be an affected stage

Gloria Swanson wants something she can call her own. She wants her baby to herself. So she hopes to keep this little Gloria entirely apart from her studio career

All Photographs © by Evans, L. A.

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

child. She wants her to have a natural childhood, a happy playtime, free from notoriety and publicity which, as I said in the beginning, is so much an adjunct of fame.

Much as she loves her baby and her husband and her home—they could never mean *everything* to Gloria. Her career, her work in the studio is as vital to her being as the oxygen she breathes.

In the beginning no one ever thought that Gloria would be a great success. Her directors called her too unresponsive. Francis X. Bushman called her "The Dreamer." This was when she was an extra at the old Essanay studio in Chicago. Dick Travers used to say: "Come on, little girl, wake up." Her home was on the North Shore, Chicago. She was a very quiet little girl, very shy and retiring. She used to read a great deal and dream—dream of fame and fortune and luxuries that all girls want.

Perhaps at that, Gloria wanted luxuries much more than the average girl, for her desire had to be very strong to compel her to overcome her natural shyness and launch into public life. Even the discouragements she met with at first could not prevent her dreaming of the great things that were to be hers.

All Photographs © by Evans, L. A.

In the beginning nó one ever thought that Gloria would be a great success. Her directors called her too unresponsive. And in the old Essanay days in Chicago, Francis X. Bushman called her "The Dreamer"

Her path has not been easy.

After her Essanay experience—an excellent training—she came West and played in comedies. Then Triangle offered to star her. She did a couple of pictures and suddenly they stopped paying salaries, for financial difficulties were besetting the firm. It was then that Cecil B. deMille made Gloria Swanson an offer.

But Triangle held her to her contract.

The day that she had to refuse Mr. deMille she told me she went home and wept. But later the head of Triangle, realizing that their precarious financial position augured failure and how unfair it was to Gloria to make her lose such a splendid opportunity, released her from her contract and she joined the DeMille company.

From that time on she has assumed her rightful place in the film firmament. All her dreams have come true.

The luxury that is part and parcel of her, is hers . . . absolutely. Today she is a little lady of very definite likes and dislikes. You could never for a moment forget that

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Mirror of Life

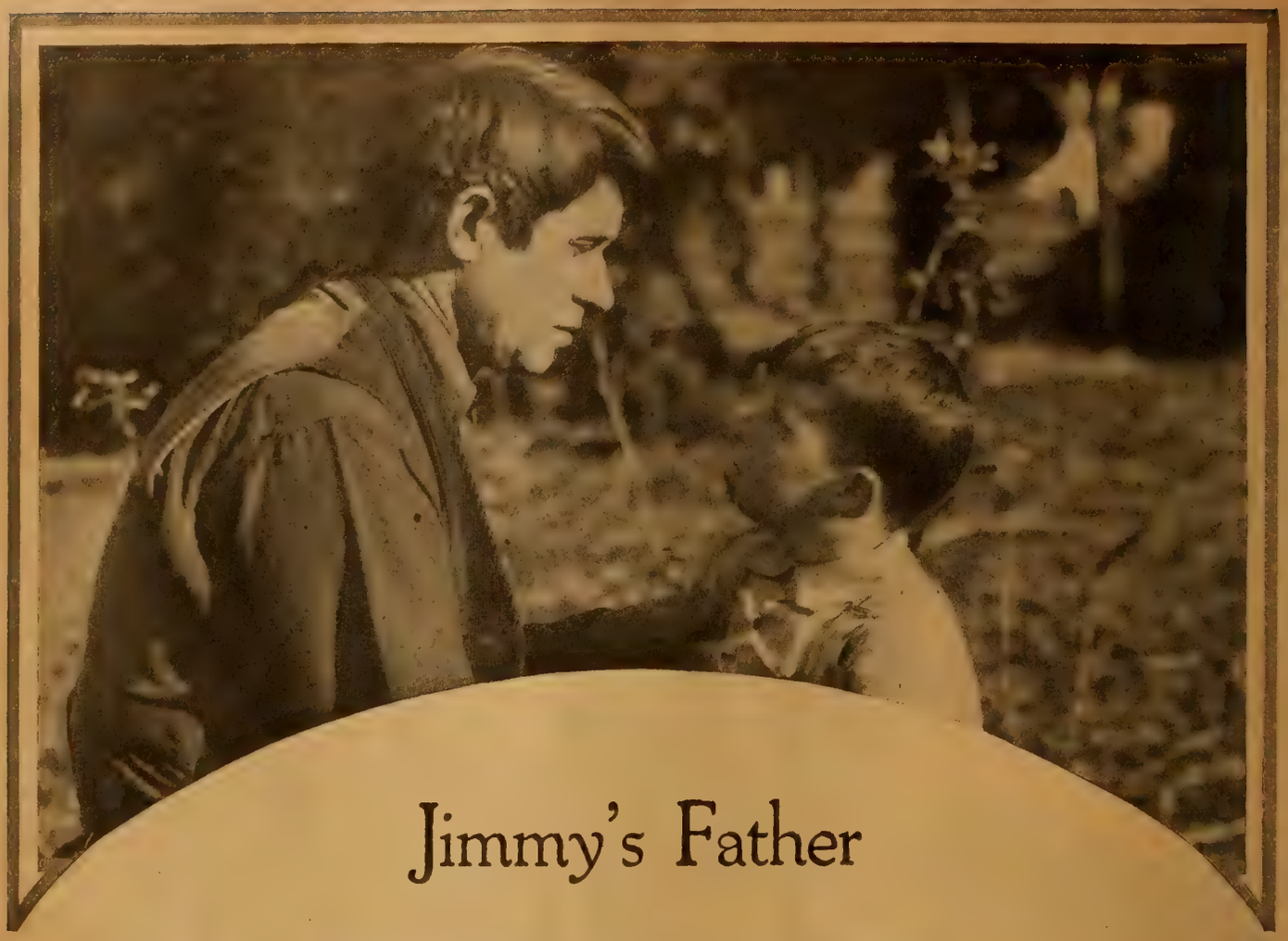
"The Ole Swimmin' Hole," Charles Ray's latest picture, which is based on the James Whitcomb Riley poem, reflects the life of the country youth; his trials, his escapades and his affairs of the heart are ever present. It would be difficult to imagine anyone more ideally fitted for this rôle than Charles Ray

"The Ole Swimmin' Hole" comes to the screen without one subtitle, thus making the dream and hope of hundreds of independent screen artists a reality for Mr. Ray. And so complete is the action of the story that it is said the titles are not missed in any instance. What was once thought the impossible has in this been achieved

The Tony of Yesterday

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Little did Tony Moreno, pictured at the left, think that some day he would earn his livelihood thru being photographed. Then such an experience was quite an event . . . it meant wearing a new suit and was something of a torturous ordeal, a sacrifice one made for one's family. Perhaps even today, if Tony himself were to caption the lower picture, he would borrow from Briggs and call it "When a Fellow Needs a Friend"



Jimmy's Father

IF Will Rogers didn't have that humorous twinkle in his eyes, you would promptly call him bashful.

Perhaps, he is anyway, for he side-steps all efforts to make him "show off," and shies away from the thought of an interview like a wild goat.

"I'm always afraid they're kiddin' me," said he, in his slow drawl—speaking, of course, of interviewers not goats—"that's the reason I dont send my pictures to the fans when they ask for them. It isn't that I dont appreciate their asking, oh, dear no, but I think they just want my mug to set alongside of some handsome bird like Wally Reid. I'm thinking of having a lot of Jimmy's pictures made and sending them out as me

when I was a kid," and a cheerful grin spread over his face.

"Yep, Jimmy is some boy," he agreed with my praise of his son, the five-year-old edition of the star. "He's been sick and is badly spoiled, the other children tease him. He's some fighter, tho. He is about the only male star who ever made two successive successes in motion pictures, I say that is going some. He made 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim,' pretty popular, judging from all reports.

"I'm always afraid they're kiddin' me," said Will Rogers. "That's the reason I dont send my pictures to fans when they ask me. It isn't that I dont appreciate their asking. Oh, dear, no. But I think they just want my mug alongside of some handsome bird like Wally Reid." Above, with Jimmy, left, a recent picture

BY
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Will Rogers' father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian, his mother a quarter-blood. And then, too, there were Irish ancestors, from whom he inherited a wanderlust

"Did you see those guys I was talking to?" he asked a few minutes later of his leading woman, pretty Irene Rich and me, as we sat in the sunshine on the edge of the open stage of the Rogers set at the Goldwyn studios.

"Yes," replied Irene, "and I saw they had catalogs. What did you buy this time for the new home?"

"Just a billiard table and a bowling alley, that's all," he replied, serenely.

"All!" Irene and I dueted. "And you dont play billiards. I've heard you say so," Irene continued.

"Nope, I dont, never did. That's one thing to say to my credit, I never hung around pool halls. But I figured it out that it would make a great place for the kids to stage their scraps. I can see Jimmy spotting the others with eight balls. Then too, after looking at the pictures of those billiard table legs, I says to myself, here is something they cant break.

"The bowling alley goes into a long room that isn't good for anything else—except ropin' goats, and my wife wont let me have them in there. 'Course, a shooting gallery might'a fit in, guess, I'll have that somewhere, anyway. When the children grow up, I want them to be good shots. That's the trouble these days, there's plenty of shooting but little hitting. Before prohibition set in, we blamed poor marksmanship to booze, but we haven't any excuse for anything any more."

The Will Rogers home is a very beautiful one, set picturesquely in the exclusive Beverly Hills. Will says he's just where he can point out "Doug's" home to strangers.

Here, he and Mrs. Rogers have created a paradise for their three children. There is a circus ring, with real tanbark. There is a theater with a wonderful projection machine. There is a swimming pool, and there are dogs and horses and dear knows what else.

"We did have a fountain," said Mr. Rogers, in his serio-comic way. "It cost me $350 to put it in and $450 to have it taken out. Good investment, that."

He tells about employing a celebrated landscape gardener. "He was a funny buck. He'd clasp his hands, sigh and murmur something about having heavy massing here, something there, and I pictured the house lost in a sort of Black Forest. After watching a lot of sticks, that he set around in bunches, blow away, I hired a good old-fashioned gardener, bought some sure enough trees, and we set to work at the heavy massing ourselves. Got some trees, too, they never knew they had been moved."

Will Rogers' father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian, his mother a quarter blood. Anyone who is an adept in fractions may figure this all out. Being a bit hazy in mathematics myself, I am willing to agree with the chorus from the fans that he is a Good Indian, and let it go at that.

The wanderlust that urged the boy all over the world must have been an inheritance from his Irish ancestors, of whom there were a goodly number.

Will was born on his father's ranch, twelve miles north of Claremore, Oklahoma, which was then the Cherokee Nation of the Indian Territory. He is very proud of his father who was senator in the tribe for many years, being a member of the convention that drafted the constitution of the State of Oklahoma, and he is mighty proud of his Indian blood, too.

"My father was pretty well to do, and he wanted to give me a good education," said Mr. Rogers. "I attended all the schools in that part of the country—for a few months at a time. When I got to McGuffey's Fourth Reader, I stuck, couldn't get any further. Just about this time I heard about the cowboys in South America ropin' wild cattle. That was too much for me, I had to go over and take a hand in it."

From South America he went to Africa, where he broke horses for the British Army, and when a fellow, called Texas Jack, started a Wild West Show at Johannesburg, Rogers did a roping act. This was the beginning of his show business. After touring Africa for fourteen months, he went to the continent and finally landed in America and the famous "Ziegfeld Follies." Here he made such a big hit that Goldwyn signed him for pictures, for he saw that this unique personality had all the "makings" of a real screen celebrity.

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In League With the Fairies

By

CORLISS PALMER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the first of a series of beauty talks by Corliss Palmer. Inasmuch as Miss Palmer is the winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, it will be most interesting to learn her ideas on personal attractiveness.*

EVERYONE loves beauty. A dew-drenched rose-bush, a spray of cherry blossoms, a flash of scarlet wings thru the sunlight, a marble fountain throwing its crystal contents into the air, never fail to bring a thrill of joy to the beholder. The love of the beautiful is part of every normal human being. Even the most simple person seeks to bring into his life some of the beauty that nature has showered over the earth.

Did you ever stop to wonder why people put a sweet-voiced bird into an ornamental cage, why flowers are put into window-boxes, and why butterflies are impaneled beneath the glass bottoms of trays? The answer to this is simple. What people like to look at, they like to possess. Moreover, the combination of nature and art is the only way in which perfect beauty can be obtained.

A bird, the product of nature, is a thing of beauty, and one wishes to possess it. But it will be more effective if put into an attractive setting. So cages are designed by man, enameled and ornamented with flowers and vines.

Every modern girl realizes that she must have beauty. Nature endowed her with a certain amount of personal beauty, surrounded her with beauty, and gave her an appreciation of the beautiful. Every girl would like to reflect the glow of the rose, the brilliant flash of butterfly wings, the regal robes of the pansy, the freshness and perfume of a garden of flowers and the brightness of birds in the dewy, sunlit morning.

Every girl is born a princess, blessed by the fairies with beauty, health, joy, charm. If she hasn't developed these gifts, it is partly her own fault and partly because, at the same time the good fairies were giving her lovely gifts, the evil fairy also was present with her curse. She said, "Each day and year will add wrinkles and lines and blemishes. The sun will burn your skin, the wind will roughen it. The food you eat will make you sick. Your troubles will make you unhappy, your unhappiness will destroy your beauty."

But, thank goodness, there was still a fairy left, and after the evil one made her curse, the last good fairy said that tho she could not entirely undo the evil work of the bad fairy, she could help mortals to overcome it. So she gives us creams, powders, massage appliances. Toilet counters are laden with devices for the awakening of a woman's sleeping beauty. Drug stores and beauty parlors are in every city and town. Gymnasiums, swimming pools, athletic clubs, give every opportunity for physical development. For health is a great essential to beauty.

There are girls and women in every city and town who have gone to sleep under

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A new camera study of Corliss Palmer, who says: "Once it was considered wicked for a woman to be physically attractive; then it was conceded that there was no harm in being beautiful, but now beauty is an absolute necessity for every woman"

Photograph by Albin

"Vays loved glitter and brightness. der ifed gaudy Christmas trees and marryd brilliant sky-rockets and red "Dand gay feathers. His mother, all mering these things of Frank, you amile on Lily, who was giving ous. him. Would understand. Her and was very sweet under the rouge Allywder when she went to meet "ls mother.

It idn't have time to say anything; that ain. Frank's mother was coarse "lloused of face. She was skitder dressed. She was a termagant. "egan at once to hurl anathema at "She called her abandoned and land "one of those women." She hatFrankie *had been* decent. She d have knovn better than to let kgo to the city. Would Lily vow er that she would loose her son rin the toils of shame? *Would* she? thily, inflamed, would not. She would e a vow she said, tormented, but tlould be a vow to hold him, to so nare him that he would never, *could* ier, be free. Spangles were what enalled him, Lily said, and glitter and ity and sensuality. Well, he should le these things. She would give ln to him. She would steep his yes in them, and his soul, too. He ld never break away, never be free. t asked her maid to show Frank's gher out. And when she had gone, alled at the depths of unrighteousgs in which "that woman" had end her son, Lily flung herself on bed and crushed and made limp her arel by the bitter heartbreak of her rs. So life was like that. Dreams went rancid . . . like that. One woman to another . . . a mother, too. Where was one to look for light, beneficent and sweet? For the hand that warmed as it held? It wasn't fair. Dreams were not.

at did it matter? it was it. What *did* natter? But it did. It did, terribly

She was unprepared for the ferocity of his attack, for the coarseness of his appeal. She struggled with him. She felt a loathing of him

At the Café Royale she fainted. She hadn't been there five minutes when the lights began to cycle about like cartwheels; the air became a substance, heavy and foul, the men's faces white and sickening blotches on a grey background. She didn't know anything until she found herself in her own apartment with Creighton Howard bending over her, holding a wine glass to her mouth. His face looked strained to her. He kept saying, "Why did you come back, why did you come back?" She didn't mean to answer, but she said, "Frank. Frank wanted me to. He—loves the Gilded Lily."

Creighton said: "I dont . . . I dont." Lily thought how silly, because she knew that he didn't, and she didn't see why he had to *say* so. He added something about "The Lily without the gilding," but she

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The Personality Pen

Boris Deutsch, whose photograph is shown above, believes that in sketching the personality of a person you portray him most truly. To prove this, he has penned personality sketches of five famous cinema artists that you may judge for yourself

The career of Boris Deutsch is a colorful one. He deserted the Russian army when he learned that his entire regiment was to be executed the next morning for some paltry alleged infringement of rules, and after a series of hazardous adventures, he landed at Seattle. Here he was arrested because he lacked the fifty dollars required of every immigrant allowed to enter the country. However, chance acquaintances helped him [illegible] sary boy, and he worked his way to Los Angeles [illegible] he [illegible]

If you haven't decided whom the [illegible] sketches portray, here [illegible] down the page. Cecil B. deMille, Thomas Meighan, Ethel Clayton, [illegible] Dexter and Wallace Reid.

May Fair

MAY ALLISON and I chatted gaily on every subject imaginable, carefully tabooing all mention of interviews, until after we had reached the tea-room, commanding a beautiful view of the city, and given our order for luncheon.

"I'll never forget my first interview," May began, watching the pompous waiter disappear thru the swinging doors. "I had a horrible idea that it would consist of a series of questions shot at me by a schoolmarmy person, and I spent hours and hours formulating correct and dignified answers to everything I thought she might ask.

"Well, the interviewer turned out to be a girl, just like me, and we had a beautiful day, for, after luncheon, she spent the afternoon at the studio, and finally went home with me to dinner . . . we were fast pals by this time. When she left, I remembered the questions. She hadn't asked one of them. Since then I've never been afraid of interviewers, tho I always wonder what in the world they can find to write about." Adding merrily, "You see, I'm not weird, Oriental or faddy . . . just a happy American girl, who works and loves and lives the best she knows how."

Always in my mind May Allison will be associated with *sunshine* and the soft, deep, luminous blue that envelopes the midsummer's sky. Perhaps this is because they both suggest our highest idea of untroubled happiness and serenity, and these are the dominant qualities that form the keynote of her very winsome personality. They are the result of something deeply rooted within her own nature, not dependent upon any mere will o' the wisp influence of circumstances, and unconsciously she shares its buoyant power with all who come within touch of her radiant little person. Her fair beauty and charm are irresistible, warm with the enthusiasms of life.

When I mentioned my thought of sunshine and the sky's blue, May laughed. "Mother will agree with you," she said, "for she always called me Sunshine when I was a wee girlie, and her pet name for me to this day is Sunny. I'm the youngest of a large family, and it would seem as if her love be-

There is little to suggest the stage or theatrical life about May Allison, for, despite the fact that she has had New York stage experience and five years of splendid success in motion pictures, she has retained the ingenuous charm, modesty and naturalness of the home-bred Southern girl

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

came intensified with each child, for she has lavished such a wealth of affection upon me that I could not be other than a very happy girl."

There is little to suggest the stage or theatrical life about May Allison, for, despite the fact that she has had New York stage experience and five years of splendid success in motion pictures, she has retained the ingenuous charm, modesty and naturalness of the home-bred Southern girl. This is probably due to the fact that her mother or sister has been her constant companion during this entire period, and she has always had a home.

Even when she was destined to road shows, in those first years, her mother would secure an apartment in every town they visited, and the home life was continuous, even tho the locality varied.

May laughed blithely as she said: "You'll see, I shall be a dramatic actress some day and strike emotional depths, if my friends will ever let me leave comedies"

All photographs by Witzel, L.A.

At present Miss Allison has a very beautiful home in Beverly Hills, where she lives quietly with her mother, brother, a sister and a brother-in-law, and they form a happy household indeed; to say nothing of two splendid German police-dogs, a fine saddle horse, and several pet kittens.

"We're such a devoted family," May chatted on, "that I have little time or need for outside diversions. My sister, Mrs. Latham, is my best chum. She is my manager and secretary, too, and, in fact, my strong right arm, and I cannot think what I am working I never go out in the evenings. it would be without her by my side. When After dinner we gravitate to the sun parlor

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Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Building the Scenario

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

IT appears that the word "scenario" can be construed in almost as many ways as the Eighteenth Amendment. To some people it means a plot, boiled down into a short synopsis; to other people, it is a story told in a series of numbered scenes; to others it is a complicated affair of scenes, interspersed with written inserts and subtitles.

Before a story is ready to go into production, it takes on the following definite forms:

First, the synopsis in which the plot is originally submitted, boiled down to the smallest number of words and written simply as a short story (unless, of course, the photoplay is to be adapted from some novel or play.)

Secondly, the semi-continuity, in which the story is planned for the screen, with definite episodes and perhaps a few suggestions for titles, but without any attempt to throw it into final form. While in this shape, the director can read it and suggest changes.

Thirdly, the full continuity form, in which all scenes are numbered in the proper sequence and all the subtitles—the written inserts—appear in their proper places. This is what most people mean when they refer to a "scenario," which is nearly always known as "the continuity" in movie circles.

Some day the whole affair—plot and continuity alike—will be written by the same author. Today, however, when there are few trained continuity writers, many of the stories are written by outside authors and adapted to the photodramatic form by staff writers in the studio. In the larger studios, the producers are striving to teach playwrights and novelists to write their own "scenarios," and soon the staff continuity writer will be a rarity; but for the present, unless you are experienced in this work, it is best to submit your story in synopsis form and then ask for a chance to help write it into continuity and so learn the technique of the movies.

Continuity writing is an essential part of any screen author's education and we are

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Never send a letter along with your story synopsis which tells the scenario editor how good your story is or how you came to think of it, or that it is based on a real incident. An editor can usually tell by this sort of letter that a particularly uninteresting story is at hand. Top picture, a new study of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, while below they are seen interviewing types for a new story, with the director in the foreground

You Never Can Tell!

When you see Zena Keefe in this scene of a Selznick picture, you'll probably hope that she doesn't contract a cold or something even more serious. But have no fear—the picture above tells the tale . . . of the painted snow-covered peaks; the fans blowing an electrical gale, and pounds of artificial snow. The exteriors actually were photographed in the frozen North. Not so the cabin scenes. Which goes to prove . . . You never can tell!

By
TAMAR LANE

I HAVE seen Ethel Clayton—who says women are impossible!

I have seen Mae Murray—who says they are unnecessary!

I have seen Elaine Hammerstein—who says they are unimportant!

I have seen Pauline Frederick—who says they have no brains!

I have seen Alice Joyce—who says they are unæsthetic!

I have seen Corinne Griffith—who says they are not wonderful!

I have seen Gloria Swanson—who says man is better off without them!

HISTORICAL NOTE

A well-known novel is actually being presented under its own title.

They haven't done everything on the screen yet. The Encyclopædia Britannica and Webster's Dictionary are still left.

BEST LAUGH OF THE MONTH

Those who are trying to steal our Mary's throne away by the use of hokum "popularity" contests.

When popularity contests are on the level, little Mary takes her crown off for nobody.

So far no one has announced that he has signed ex-President Wilson for a series of big special productions.

Rex Tarkington, the celebrated author, is recovering from a serious breakdown. He collapsed when he saw one of his stories on the screen that had been produced just as he had written it.

It sure does one's heart good to see a real actress on the screen once in a while. And if she should happen to be good looking at the same time—sweet patootie. But when it comes to a showdown, which would I rather view on the screen for an hour or two—a *real* actress or a pretty baby, give me the beautiful doll any time.

A mechanic should stick to his machinery. Now that Henry Ford is entering the picture game on a big scale, he can be expected to turn out as great a flivver in the film business as he did in the auto industry.

When anything goes wrong in the country nowadays they blame it on the movies. The films are even blamed for the crime wave. This is all wrong.

Where is the only place you can find an honest district attorney—on the screen.

Where is the only place that crooks reform—on the screen.

Where is the only place that detectives do any detecting—on the screen.

Where is the only place you can find a cop when you want one—on the screen.

To Jack Holt goes the honor of being one of the screen's seven wonders. He can successfully wear a mustache and be a hero at the same time.

Wanted, by every director. A cameraman who will not try to direct the picture.

FAMOUS REMARKS No. 26

Cecil B. deMille. Too much money is being spent on productions. What the public wants is simple, heart interest stories of country life.

Gold-Fishing---

Unless he enjoys the sport of it, there is no need for Wesley Barry to be gold-fishing. His freckles are truly his fortune, and he is in great demand. Recently, while his film father, Marshall Neilan, was in New York, Wesley was borrowed for a Katherine MacDonald production

Hearts and Heights

She was simply gowned in white satin, wearing a string of pearls, with her hair arranged as it is on the screen.

The hospitality in her greeting seemed as substantial as the room itself, as she invitingly drew two huge chairs nearer the comforting blaze.

"Living on schedule, talking on schedule, shopping on

ETHEL CLAYTON has a clear sense of values.

Her great living-room suggested that, while I waited for her to complete her toilet for a dinner she was attending that evening.

The long walls were lined with books, all sorts of books, fiction and non-fiction, the new novels and gems from the letters of generations long gone, books on travel and books on philosophy; a wood fire burned in the huge fireplace; a few oil portraits adorned the walls, reminiscent of other times and other lives—and other loves; soft rugs lay on the polished floor and bits of old porcelain and heavy pewter stood about. Everything, even the huge carved chairs, seemed to have their story. It was a room into which generations had gone in the furnishing.

But the interval permitting a mental inventory was brought to a close as Miss Clayton came down the shadowed stairway.

Photograph by Abbé

Ethel Clayton said, "Personally, I like to do pictures which find their inception in 'and they lived happily ever after.' No one, I think, has any real drama in his life until then"

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

schedule and all the rest of it isn't exactly pleasant," she told me, "but it is necessary with my return to California almost immediate."

She has been traveling extensively during the last two years and I asked her if this meant a definite return, or if it was merely a temporary arrangement.

"No, California means home now," she told me. "For a time I'm thru traveling, just for a time. I'll never really be thru with it, of course, and I think if I ever accrue a sufficient income I'll explore every nook and cranny of this old planet. Thinking about it now, it seems ideal but of course it would be a frightfully selfish life, wouldn't it? In such a life you could not justify your existence unless you were able to find something to do now and then by the wayside, so to speak. You would be another encumbrance for the poor earth to groan and bear."

She went on further to say that it would be a relief to get back—that she had felt the competition of always wearing something new and different—that the women of the cities were all dashing about in a perfect frenzy searching for clothes in which to outdo others.

I asked her what she thought was the cause of it or if she thought there was a cause.

"I think," she said, slowly watching the fire's glow on the shimmery white satin of her gown, "I think that there is always a cause, no matter how indirect it may be. This clothes craze is a reaction. Remember during the war and directly following it how we all economized. How we took last year's evening gown and the old afternoon frock and fashioned a little dinner dress from them? Now with the necessity for that economy over, the pendulum swings in the other direction. History even is a series of actions and reactions. Labor is the pulse of them. First the people want one form of government and then along comes a reaction and another is substituted. It will probably always be so and perhaps, after all, it is for the best, this reactionary tendency of the human race."

Her manner of speech is simple . . . she talks of world topics as most women her age would talk of yesterday's matinée and tomorrow's tea-party. She has assimilated what she has read and made the knowledge authors have tentatively offered her very own.

Speaking of the sort of picture she preferred doing, she said:

"In the old World days, we did many pictures with early married life as their theme—pictures mirroring the readjustment period thru which every couple must pass. Personally I like to do pictures which find their inception in 'and they lived happily ever after.' No one, I think, has any great drama in his life until then. However," she smiled brightly, "such pictures, so far as we can discover, are not popular and that settles all of our arguments beautifully."

She is a girl touched ever so lightly with a maturity. When she tasted of life she was young—very young. It was in the early World films that she met and married John Kauffman who later directed her pictures. All who knew them spoke of the happiness they found together. Then, just when they planned to join the Famous Players under an ideal arrangement,—just when the dream trip they had dreamed so many years was about to materialize, he was taken from her almost without warning.

Photograph by Abbé

Her manner of speech is simple . . . she talks of world topics as most women her age would talk of yesterday's matinée and tomorrow's tea-party. She has assimilated what she has read and made the knowledge authors have tentatively offered her very own

Everyone remembers his passing, yet in telling of her, one must again make mention of it, for, while two or three years have passed by, they have not effaced the grief of her loss. She is not of the martyred women, however. She rallied to go on, taking the trip they planned with her mother and keeping faith with her part of the contract.

It was here in her life that her clear sense of values helped her. She went to her books and the out-of-doors for her consolation. Between pictures, she and her mother

(*Continued on page* 94)

Happy Days

Photograph by Monroe, L. A.

Mahlon Hamilton has just one rule for success: Find out the sort of work for which you are best fitted, or that you enjoy doing most, and *stick* to it

EIGHT years ago Mahlon Hamilton deserted college and took a job on the stage at fifty dollars per week.

Today he draws a salary of from twelve hundred and fifty dollars to fifteen hundred dollars per in pictures.

Sounds like success, doesn't it? And I'm ready to wager that every other college man thruout the United States today would like to know just how he accomplished it, and whether or not he is any happier now that he has acquired the fortune for which every man consciously or unconsciously bends his brawn . . . . mental or physical.

Mahlon Hamilton has just one rule for success: Find out the sort of work for which you are best fitted, or that you enjoy doing most, and *stick* to it.

"I've always had a good time out of my work," he told me, "otherwise I couldn't have put my best efforts into it."

Then, too, he has always had the courage to stand up for his own rights. An evidence of this was shown about six years ago when he was playing on the stage in "Over Night."

He was cast for a part in "Little Women," and had been promised a raise when the play opened. So he attended all the rehearsals and had his part letter-perfect, when — just two nights before the opening performance of "Little Women"— he went to the manager and reminded him: "How about my increase in salary?"

The manager hemmed and hawed and finally explained:

"I'm sorry, Hamilton, but I dont think the part justifies a raise."

"Very well," replied Mahlon, "I resign."

And "Little Women" opened without him. But two days after his resignation came an offer to play the lead in the picture version of "Three Weeks."

This was the "open sesame" to his success in pictures.

As for his own feelings on the subject of his rise in fortune, Mr. Hamilton told me that it had come so gradually that he had never really noticed any vast difference in his circumstances. Like Tommy Meighan, he has just gone ahead thruout the years, steadily advancing, but not sensationally rising. His fortune, unlike that of many picture people, was not made overnight—and, being built on a solid foundation, will not *go* overnight.

Mahlon Hamilton can remember when Hollywood was nothing but a series of paths and there were but one or two studios built, ramshackle sheds instead of the palatial places now used. That was only a few years ago, too, when Kinemacolor sent him out to Hollywood to take part in their colored pictures, which were produced at the studio that later became Griffith's.

Following these pristine performances, Mahlon Hamilton was called back to New York to play leading man with Madame Petrova. Since then he has been free-lancing, for he believes that the best parts and best money are to be had that way.

"Taking life too seriously never pays," Mahlon Hamilton told me in his devil-may-care way. "Enjoy life while you can. You will find yourself much better fitted for giv-

Man—Woman—Marriage

By GLADYS HALL

"I INSIST that you give in to me and marry Schuyler. I know better than you do. He is the man best suited to you, everything taken into consideration."

"He is old; dissipated."

"Nonsense! He is mature and wise. You are silly and green and young. You need him. I shan't be here forever."

"I dont need him, father. I need the man I love. I need the natural life. I need development. I cant get it by marrying another *father*. A horrid, unnatural sort of *father!*"

"You talk abominably, Victoria, immodestly and unbecomingly. It proves to me more forcibly than ever that you do not know your own mind; indeed, that, assuming you have a mind, it is corrupt and unbalanced. You marry Schuyler, or things will go badly with you. Mark my words."

"Father, please . . . ! I *love* David Courtney. You wouldn't deprive me . . . how could you? Didn't you love Mother, Dad?"

"That is beside the point. You intrude. And, besides . . . Courtney, that puerile dreamer of dreams; that anemic doer of deeds with alms he hasn't got! Are you mad?"

Victoria thought it likely. And she knew it would be more than likely if she married Schuyler.

Then, apart and yet integrally a part of, her love for David Courtney were the visions that came to her—semi-trances in which

seemed to live again, and yet again, agelessly thru the ages; always loved and beloved; always the trinities, parts of man, woman and marriage. In these trances his face and form came to her, unchanged save for the habiliments he wore. His same face. Sometimes there was pain, sometimes pleasure; sometimes tragedy pressed heavily upon them—but always it was David's face, David's hand, David's voice, smiting her ears, for generations, it seemed, attuned.

This night, after leaving her father, she went to her room and there seemed to step back into the Fourteenth century, where she was being forced into marriage with a dissipated Parisienne, visiting in London.

A tourney was fought and a knight in shining armor rescued her from the senile amativeness of the old man She could see the old man, hear the oily crackle of his parchment skin, feel his breath, sour and ill, on her face. She could see the knight, too; catch the gleam of his armor, feel the sharp breath of his horse as it left the animal's distended nostrils. As she was borne away, to love, to safety, she could feel the sharpness, too, of the knight's armor, shining, avenging. Then he swept off his helmet and a late sun came out, and she looked into his face, and it was David's face, keen and fine.

Troubled things followed, but not until later . . .

Victoria came to abruptly, and rang

Then their child was born. It came as a miracle to Victoria and as a sacrament, sacred and holy, to David

David on the 'phone. "I want you," she said. "Will you come at once?"

She hardly awaited his reply, because she knew that he would.

When he did come, she told him of her father's pressure of his edict.

"Wont you forget your pride?" she begged, "and let me come to you? I love your work, too, Dear; I believe in it. I believe in humanity and in sacrifice and sharing. I dont want you to lose your ideals in order to have me, but to make them finer because you have. I want to share them, not to be shut out. David . . ."

The man's voice was husky. "It will mean giving up so much," he said, "for you. Going without. Oh, everything. Everything you are most used to. Denials; little things; fretting little things. And you haven't the vision."

"I have my love of you."

"That isn't the same, Victoria. The vision must come clean. The whole of humanity, martyred, incoherent, groping with their poor, dull hands; stumbling with their poor, blunt feet; losing out, more often than not. If you haven't seen them; if they haven't clutched you, directly, themselves, with their terrible, attenuated hands . . . your love of me isn't the same, dear. It isn't, you know."

Victoria smiled. Agelessly wise. Wiser than Man in love and the ways of love. Inscrutable. All-comprehending. All-embracing.

"It is just the same, David," she said.

"I shall keep on as I am doing."

"Of course, Dear."

"I shall refuse all cases where money is ready. All cases apt to smooth the way for me and you. I shall do only those things which shall straighten out these little, twisted lives. I shall give of my knowledge of the law freely, without reward."

"I know. I know. I love you for it. You are splendid."

"Then, come here."

Victoria rose and David swept her to his breast. The long denial of his lips told in the hunger they declared. But to Victoria the Present recedes into the infinite Tides. Not the first time was this; nor the last, perhaps, in which she and this man David had stood together, breast to breast and mouth to mouth . . . There was the time when they wore the pelts of animals and she had tracked him thru heavy undergrowths that he might not visit the infidel woman of the other tribe, and had, at the last, brought him back again. There was the time in the reign of Constantine when David had been Constantine and she had been a Christian slave, and had, by power of her love, converted him. There had been the era of the Fourteenth Century, when as a knight in armor . . . There was the Now . . .

Then their child was born.

It came as a miracle to Victoria, and as a sacrament, sacred and holy, to David. He said the child should be the symbol to him of the Humanity whose aching pain he carried always in his life.

Victoria, being woman, took the child more nearly as the sure pledge of David and of her. Thus much and more was he her own, forever and a day. And with the new miracle, the miracles of the other ages touched her again; other ages in which she had borne children to David; other ages in which he had stood by her couch and done her homage for the gift she had given to his line.

The baby changed things, tho. After the first exaltation, the pinch of their self-enforced poverty became more and more evident. Makeshifts had been well enough for them, buoyed up as they were by the excitation of their passion; but for the baby . . . Victoria was tired, too, and weak. Now and then irritability showed thru the brave front she had promised herself when she married David and his ideals. It seemed to her almost as tho David's ideals were of more consequence than Baby. They meant so much; they were so widespread. One baby. You loved it. Oh, you loved it with a passionate tenderness. For all sorts of reasons. And because it was David's *and* yours. But David's ideals. So few men had them, visionarily as well as practically, and *vice versa*. He had gone thru so much for them; had been willing, even, to give her up for them if she had let him. But she hadn't. And now . . .

MAN, WOMAN, MARRIAGE

Fictionized by permission from the First National release of the Allan Holubar production of the story by Olga Linek Scholl. Directed by Allan Holubar and starring Dorothy Phillips. The cast:—

Victoria	Dorothy Phillips
The Father	Ralph Lewis
The Mother	Margaret Mann
David Courtney	James Kirkwood
Schuyler	Robert Cain
Henshaw (the political power)	J. Barney Sherry
Bobo (the little charmer)	Shannon Day
Richard (the brother)	Gordon Marr
The Wronged One	Jean Calhoun
Milly	Frances Parks
Jerry	Emily Chichester

now she wouldn't let him give *them* up for *her*.

All thru the ages she had seen, had felt in her blood, which was also the blood of all those other women, those ageless women who had been part of Man and Marriage; she had seen how high a faith they had kept; how they had won thru, after tears and sacrifice, bearing the immortal standards of the Right. Well, she, too . . .

There came another child and more roughening of way. Often, when Victoria was walking out with them, knowing things were inadequate for them, she would gaze with an unconscious wistfulness at some pampered child of wealth being rolled along, fed as it should be, clothed as it should be, given every chance . . .

But Humanity . . . the Humanity David had loved . . . in the corporate . . . all of it . . . the millions of faces, tired and despairing . . . the millions of hands . . . reaching and straining . . . the millions of footsteps . . . plodding and plodding . . . David had thought she didn't know . . . she had known all along. Especially now that she had given hostage to humanity in the bodies of her children.

For a long time, tho, Victoria had known that she was the one who was keeping the faith; that David had swerved, had compromised. At first he did it shamefacedly, on pretexts. Baby needed this, or that, Victoria needed this or that. Then he had become more brazen. He had said that they, the Philistines, were right, were certainly right. He had been a fool and a sickly sentimentalist. A man doesn't see his family go along without things so that he can feed and feed a vision . . . a pale figment of his young fancy. Oh, it had been fine, but Life *wasn't* fine, and one man couldn't make it so—and there you were!

Victoria said that one man could help; that David had helped; that he had been splendid. But, little by little, he had weakened. His vision had deteriorated first into mere practical appliance of the Law rather than philanthropic; from practicality to a certain unscrupulousness, here and there a very evasion of the Law he was pledged to uphold, cleanly. With every stab of realization, Victoria seemed to feel an unclean knife turning within her, sharper than ever the pangs of poverty had been. For she knew that with each loss of vision there was a loss to David, to the man himself. He was that much less fine; that much less worthy. Decadence had set in.

He grew impatient with her admonitions, gently given. He grew impatient of her.

He took to remaining away from home; perhaps because he could not bear the trouble in her eyes; perhaps for other reasons.

At last she knew that David's love had been given again.

"Only it isn't *love*, dear," she would argue with him, when they came, at last, to discuss the situation openly; "because your love is mine."

David would be sullen.

"Put it any way you like, Victoria," he said. "It's there. Terribly so, and that's all there is to it. I cant do without her."

"But in our other lives," Victoria persisted, her hope growing wan in her eyes against the stubborn passion in his own; "in all our other lives, you . . . you came back. Faith . . . Faith brought you back, rightly. And love, my love for you. And marriage, marriage, the sacrament."

Once David had listened with tolerance to Victoria's belief that he and she had lived thru the ages . . . always together. He had listened because he had wanted to, because he had loved her, and any idea of union was desirable in his ears. Now he laughed at her. "I cannot live on fairy tale traditions," he told her.

"But your humanitarianism,"

Often when Victoria was walking out with the children, knowing things were inadequate for them, she would gaze with an unconscious wistfulness at some child of wealth, fed as it should be, clothed as it should be . . .

"She lights my cigarets for me and beguiles me with things that are sheer femininities. I am at rest and all the hurts I have been thru turn roseate"

Victoria said, "where does that come in . . . now?"

"It doesn't," he said, brutally; "and it hasn't for a very long while, as *you* very well know. And if it did, then it would embrace this woman and what she represents to me."

"And that is?"

"Color. Color. Color. Something I have been starved for all my life. When I go to see her, she greets me not with mummified visions, ideals in swaddling clothes; but with kisses, asking nothing and giving . . . not much more." (David had grown cynical.) "She lights my cigaret for me and beguiles me with those things which are sheer femininities. I am at rest and all the hurts I have been thru . . . we have been thru . . . fade out . . . grow roseate. She gives me what you cannot give, Victoria, and there's the truth of it."

"I see. I think I see, David, really; this time."

"I hope so. This is painful to us both."

"Oh, as to that . . . Once you said life *was* painful. I've been prepared. For the time we'll go on as we are. Just for the time."

"The time" came to an end when, at a bacchanalian feast to which David insisted upon her going, he publicly embraced the other woman, and in such a manner as to make the nature of his feelings for her unmistakable.

The next day Victoria and the babies left.

They had agreed not to meet again, and for five years their paths diverged, to meet in the Press, when Victoria and David, on separate tickets, were announced as candidates for the Senate.

It may have been that details of the personal relationship had existed between them which influenced results. Some more than usually enterprising reporter had got wind of the fact that the opposing candidates for the Senate had at one time been man and wife. He got vaguer wind that there had been trouble. He thought that trouble must mean a woman, even tho he had no statistical evidence, and he intimated as much.

Victoria was elected to the Senate, and David was not only beaten, but exposed for graft all along the line, and sent to prison. The affair was a nine-day wonder. Only Victoria's intimates knew why she accepted her triumph with such a look of suffering and humiliation in her eyes.

She had won, and he had been beaten. It was all so different from what it should have been. Man, Woman and Marriage . . . that had been her dream, clean and straight. Instead, she had won a stiff political campaign, and how stiff a personal fight none would ever know. And David, David of the vision, was in jail, broken on the wheel. The woman had done it. Vic-

The time came to an end, when, at a bacchanalian feast to which David insisted upon her going, he publicly embraced the other woman. The next day Victoria and the babies left

toria knew that. She had pierced his strength where it was weak; she had found the one, ah, there was *only* one, vulnerable spot in his firm armor, and had stabbed him with lusts and desires, with the thorns of night-growing flowers, and the acme of distilled perfumes.

When, at last, she had grown bitter as gall to him, it had been too late. He had pushed her from him at the end with so strong a revulsion as to shatter his soul, but her finger-prints were upon him and her breath had fouled his purpose.

Knowing these things, Victoria bided her time. His bitterness would be tempered in his solitude, she thought. David was always his best self when he had time for reflection and for thought. He came thru clean in solitude. It was in solitude, before she, Victoria, came, and the babies, that he had conceived his visions. Victoria had faith that they would come to him again, different, perhaps; broken, pitiful; but painfully, they would come back. And then, then she might go to him, too. A part of those visions, still whole and fine, still integral. She might go to him, as thru the ages she had gone, bringing him the unbroken chalice of her love. He couldn't turn from it. It was not so written in the stars.

And then there might be home again. And the baby. They might begin to build, more truly because values had shifted from sand and had become bedrock. They had suffered, separately, and separately they had achieved. He had gone from her, but she had kept the torch of faith and high endeavor burning, and now he bade fair to be coming back to her again, broken, but strong in his demolition. Hope was a part of faith.

And she had her career. She had stepped into the arena, outside the status and the confines of Man, Woman and Marriage. She had done that before: when David was Constantine, the Emperor, and she was his Christian slave. She had stepped into the realm of religion then, and held that torch to light his stumbling feet, his darkened heart. The Ages . . . she had extracted from them their truest essences, and they were teaching her now.

She would be sufficient. That would be something. She would not only uphold his visions, but she would have visions of her own, and when he should have rebuilt all that had gone before, he should have her to compete with, not to lean upon. It would be better that way. Healthier and better.

The going to David wasn't so easy.

She didn't quite know how to go. As the woman he had hurt, prideful in spite of all. As some one triumphant and unvanquished. Or, casually, as friend to friend.

She went as his friend.

She found him white and silent. He had been hurt, but there was dreaming in his eyes, remote from her as yet, and she knew that that was well.

When, at night, she undressed the baby, he sat by and watched her with something of the same expression he had worn when the first baby was born and he had knelt beside them, an acolyte at a high altar

She told him, practically, of practical little things. How they had lived after the separation; what she had done about schools and Sunday-schools; the progress the babies had made. She asked him his viewpoint on the new status of woman, and awakened him to momentary discursiveness. He was *for* it, he said.

She told him that was fine of him. He knew that she meant because he had been beaten by one . . . herself.

She said time always gave one perspective.

He said that, too often, it showed one one's self, and lo,

(*Continued on page* 104)

Out of the Workshop

Photograph © by H. Tarr, N. Y.

"If I have any message at all," Mr. Standing said, "it is that there is a great work waiting—ready and waiting—for a girl who not only screens beautifully, but *thinks* beautifully"

MR. STANDING came over to the offices of the Brewster Publications one day in an unsuspicious and wholly unprepared frame of mind, merely to pay a social call. The Editorial Staff pounced upon him to a man (and a woman) and, it being a survival of the fittest (!), I snared him into my office to ply him with interrogation and to hear his invariably obliging replies with exclamation. Howbeit, he talked seriously . . . it is clear that he loves his work, e'en to the "workshop," as he calls the studios wherein the productions are molded—or manufactured according to the individual degrees of commercialism or artistry.

"If I have any message at all," Mr. Standing said, "it is that there is a great work waiting—ready and waiting—for a girl who not only screens beautifully but *thinks* beautifully.

"There is a crying need for the young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five with a heart and a brain of sensibility as well as a face of fine feature.

"As it stands now, we have two distinct *partis*. We have the very young and very pretty girl with an utter lack of anything else. Or we have the woman of thirty or more who can act but who screens, alas, even *beyond* her thirty or more. More often than not, too, these women are direct from long training on the stage and they bring the methods of the stage with them. There is still that unique place to be filled—the girl who can think, the girl who can feel, and who, withal, can satisfy the pictorial quality, the need of which I admit, too, of course.

"More than anything else we want sincerity. The public wants sincerity. It has been my creed from the beginning *not* to hog ninety-eight per cent. of the screen; *not* to begin to be somebody else and not myself; *not* to forget that there are other people in the cast with me who might like some slight opportunity of making their presences felt as well as seen.

"Just to be natural, one's self, that is the great and good thing. And a charming, intelligent woman, with a heart and a soul—what infinite possibilities!"

I asked him about Elsie Ferguson with whom he has done so much and such fine work.

"It was like a perfect chord," he said, "playing with her. Always there was the most instant response, the most perfect reaction. Playing with Pauline Frederick, too. Playing with Petrova . . .

"Miss Ferguson is, perhaps, a bit ahead of her time. Just a shade too fine, an inflection too subtle for the public of today thoroly to appreciate.

"There *is* no art of acting before the camera," he went on, in his informative, his serio-smiling manner, "that is the real source of trouble. If the acting had kept pace with the directing, the lighting and the camera—then, indeed we would have had an Art."

"You mean," I said, "that you think the director and the cameral *et al.* have gone ahead of the actor?" It was the first time I had heard just this theory and I take new theories, especially anent the movies, gaspingly.

Mr. Standing injected the firm into his affirmative.

"It may sound a bold statement," he said, "but I believe in it and I repeat it. *There is no art of acting before the camera.*"

"But," I interjected, "the remedy . . . surely . . . ?"

"We probably need," he said, "a conservatoire of screen acting, a sort of school of camera dramatics. That would be the most practical all-round solution, I suppose. That coupled with a more discriminating selection of casts, might effect the change."

"But you think it will come," I said, "this change . . . *somehow?*"

"Oh, assuredly," he said, "progress is inevitable, and

By
GRACE LAMB

Photograph © by H. Tarr, N. Y.

progress almost always means in a right direction. I find that, in motion pictures as well as in any other art, any other phase of life, one has to lead up to one's apex gradually, carefully, feeling one's way. To be ahead of one's time and one's people is almost as disastrous as being behind. One can catch up, but to retract is infinitely more difficult."

"It is hard not to go ahead, when the will to do is there," I suggested.

"Yes; we have to keep on remembering."

"'Remembering . . . ?"

"'Remembering that art, as we may loftily express it to our souls, is not of necessity nebulous or vague. We have to remember that art appeals not only to those consciously interested in art, but must appeal, too, to the man who rides on the subway, the man who sails the sea, the man who plows the farm and the man who raises a large family, pays many bills and craves musical comedy or burlesque as a sort of nirvana of respite. That we must, and do, appeal to the 'all of us' belittles neither art nor our important selves. After all, it is appeal we strive for, appeal to the many in the most universal way possible. If we achieve that, we have achieved ourselves."

I asked him his own plans. In his interest about the general conditions of the profession his heart is so thoroly wrapt up in, he eagerly generalizes, quite to the exclusion of self. I had perforce to be explicit.

One of Mr. Standing's "plans" was to slip unobtrusively away and make a trip abroad. "I want to go without fanfare and without trumpeting," he said. "That should be a part of a rest. I dont want to have to recuperate on the way over via a reaction from much advertisement anent my trip. What is more, I am not going for any motive or for any purpose other than that of forgetting everything for an interlude, that I may be the more keen for everything when I come back. A sort of dip into oblivion. Not that my family would care to be considered as oblivion."

"You're going to see your family? In England?"

"In England, yes. And all of the family. They've developed a sort of curiosity about me, I take it. They've read sketchy excerpts here and there, and they are doubtless conjecturing . . . I'm going to see all the aunts and uncles and cousins and second cousins and 'tell 'em all about it.'

Mr. Standing said: "I care little, care nothing at all, in fact, to have my name in electrics. I get my satisfaction in the personal tokens, such as letters, etc., of appreciation and regard that come to me, and also in the more substantial tokens that I can count piling up in the bank"

"A worthy plan," he said, "which has come forth in print about me, I should like to take this opportunity of contradicting, and that is the misstatement that I have signed a contract with Metro. That is emphatically not so. I have done two pictures with the Metro, and they are charming people to be with, but I have signed no contract, either there or elsewhere. I am a free-lance, and a free-lance I shall remain. I care little, care nothing at all, in fact, to have my name in electrics. I get my satisfaction in the personal tokens, such as letters, etc., of appreciation and regard that

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Among Those Present

the Alexandria dining-room was packed to overflowing. Every star was there, all society on hand to criticize, and yet the first person I noticed was Lila Lee. Perhaps it was because her gown, a shimmery thing of mist and pink flame, stood out as the one unbediamonded creation of the evening; perhaps because the simplicity of her hair, parted in the middle and swept sleekly back, mocked the complicated coiffures of her more scintillant sisters; perhaps because the olive of her skin and the deep brown of her eyes were like the bloom of a Spanish rose among pale orchids; perhaps. . . . But methinks I shall burst into twitters myself do I proceed!

One dance, and I returned to my table, my prejudices jostled away by contact with

"The Cruise of the Make-Believe," her first picture, she barely mentioned. It was one of those unfortunate mistakes that had been forced upon her. And she holds no ill-feeling for the past. Hers is a quiet acceptance of what has been and a determination to succeed in the future

All photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

FRANKLY, I did not want to interview Lila Lee.

I had read a story about her somewhere that associated her with the twittering of birds; and I dont like twitters much, do you?

Forgetfulness has a way of playing Virginia to the Paul of Indifference. I would not, in all probability, have ever interviewed her if it had not been for Armistice Day and the Alexandria Hotel—not to mention an expectant editor in the chill distances of New York.

On Armistice night

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

diamond bracelets that scratched slightly at my hand in passing, and soft white shoulders. My sleeve was powder white . . . star dust!

I sought a mutual friend.

Lila Lee's dancing is like her name — pleasantly graceful. But there were others present, with elbows. Our conversation was punctured at uncertain intervals by attacks — frontal, rear, and broad-side.

"Tell me," I said, swinging her hastily from beneath the impending avalanche of a huge matron whose partner had apparently lost all control, "how did you happen to make the change from the Gus Edward's show to pictures?"

We caromed gently off a rotund back. Thru a rift in the dancers I caught a momentary glimpse of many celebrities swaying slowly with the crowd; Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter, Wallace Reid. . . . Then I looked down again and lost myself in the depth of brown eyes there.

"Mr. Lasky saw me when I was playing Cuddles in 'School Days,' and liked me," explained Lila simply. "And of course I was anxious to break in.

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Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Lila is not one with whom you would feel obliged to discuss Nietzsche and the Co-operative Movement . . . she is too busy being just a little girl

Desert Heart

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.
© by W. S. Hart

AFTER waiting several weeks for William S. Hart to return to his little green studio among the orchards in Hollywood, I gladly accepted his invitation to follow him into the very heart of the desert for our interview, and for two days I watched this famous star and his company turn back the years as they lived the stirring times of the early fifties, while they filmed a story of romance, loyalty and adventure.

Said Bill Hart: "Knowing and loving the West as I did, I believed that I could make pictures that would be a truthful mirror of all its fascinating and colorful charm, and," he added thoughtfully, "I am always grateful to the American public who understand what I am endeavoring to present"

The Mohave Desert and Mr. Hart are old acquaintances, for the supreme exponent of Western life has found this fascinating stretch of country a fitting locale for many of his virile dramas. In writing his last screen story, still unnamed, he has woven a number of thrilling climaxes against the background of a wagon-train crossing the sands, menaced by the warring redskins. There is plotting of the villains, played by Alexander Gaden and Bert Sprotte; there are Indian raids, and there is a sweet romance which Mr. Hart and pretty Vola Vale bring to the stern adventure.

To secure the proper atmosphere and realism which he desired, he transported his entire company, which includes, besides the principals, two hundred frontiersmen, a hundred Indians—real ones—hundreds of horses and dozens of ox-teams, to an unexplored spot, where they broke a new trail five miles into the wilderness. Man's footprints may have marked the sands here in the long-ago, but no wagon or automobile had ever before penetrated its silences.

A bleak expanse of desert, where only grey sage-brush and mesquite waved in the warm winds, formed the stage, while great cliffs of rock, rising abruptly toward the cloudless sky, were the effective back-curtain.

Every day for three weeks the cameras clicked. There are no idle moments for William S. Hart, for when he is not acting in the scenes he is mounted on his beloved Pinto, his keen eyes shaded by a big sombrero, silently watching every detail, and frequently conferring with his clever director, Lambert Hillyer.

In this day of continual change between stars and their directors, the record of these two is worthy of applause. For more than four years Mr. Hart and Mr. Hillyer have worked together, in marvelous co-operation. This is their twenty-fourth picture, besides which they have collaborated on many of their stories, Mr. Hart writing the original script, Mr. Hillyer arranging the screen continuity.

"We believe in doing half the cutting when we write the story," dryly remarked the actor.

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The Editor's Page

Alias—

The day of the hocus-pocus cinema has long past. The silent drama ceases to flicker in a converted corner grocery on three nights a week, while someone bangs out the popular anthems on a tin-pan piano.

Today the homes of the screen productions are among the finest structures dedicated to amusement. *Artists of every endeavor, too, are bringing their skill that the screen may hold the mirror up to life and reflect truly the image it finds there.* Blood-and-thunder melodrama is *passé* . . . it has given way to the drama of every-day, the drama of you and of me . . .

And in line with this trend, the greatest works of literature have been borrowed for screen themes . . .

Which all goes to prove that the producers have weighed their audiences not to find them wanting . . . there has been appreciation of the finer things.

Yet, again and again, we find the titles which the masters of literature have given their brain children being discarded that salacious *noms de plume* may be substituted, to wit:

"The Admirable Crichton," alias "Male and Female";

"The Affairs of Anatol," alias "Five Kisses";

"DuBarry," alias "Passion,"

and others too numerous to mention.

Such titles are flagrantly insulting to every cinema devotee.

No one belittles sex—it is the dominating power, the law of all things, creation itself . . . yet, surely, there can be found an appreciation of something else, of the high romance, adventure, poetry and philosophy stretched temptingly forth on the tray of life.

Artists of every endeavor, too, are bringing their skill that the screen may hold the mirror up to life and reflect truly the image it finds there

Waning Stars

Once every so often an idea takes root and immediately everyone gives great credence to it . . . the press takes it up and it grows and grows, until it bears little resemblance to the idea originally existent.

And in line with this trend, there has lately been a great hue and cry made over the fading of all film stars. Some have declared that the day of the star is over . . . that in the future the play, and the play only, is to be the thing.

Then, when several producers cast a number of stars in the same super-features, fact was given the idea, and it has spread like wild-fire.

The Motion Picture Magazine does not believe that the day of the star will ever wane . . . it does believe that the play is of primary importance, and that there will be fewer and fewer stories written simply because they fit some particular luminary's personality and capabilities.

Within the last year or two, stars have been born overnight, so to speak. The minute anyone proved himself an especially capable leading-man he was made a star, often without just cause. Such a state of affairs is impracticable and disastrous to the art of the screen itself.

Undoubtedly, there are many cinema stars today unworthy of the name . . . it is their day that is waning. In the profession they are called mushroom growths.

But the fact remains, there will always be stars. There will always be those whose work will stand forth with a shining clearness; whose art will place them high on the list of screen artists.

And as an example of this fact, it is well to mention Lillian Gish. She has never been starred—merely featured under the direction of D. W. Griffith—yet, if a list of stars was compiled today, her name would undoubtedly be among the first to appear.

Harden and the Cinema

Maximilian Harden, the eminent German journalist, made some interesting comments recently upon the cinema. Mr. Harden believes that it has reached a high point from the standpoint of the spectacle.

"But just from this very summit I believe I can perceive the dawn of the gradually and slowly approaching end of the period of film art working with such enormous masses of people and constructions involving the expenditure of millions," says Mr. Harden. "If the public had not already been too much accustomed to these expenditures there would have been still louder cries of joy at the wealth of pictures offered here. The fact that the more intimate things from nature and the realm of mankind—the flying away of doves from the towers, the love wandering of a cat over the roofs, the flare-up of a child's temper—are having more effect, is to me a symptom of an approaching change in taste. The film industry ought to be on its guard. The risk of films costing from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 marks can quickly become dangerous. Not for all eternity will one be able to conquer the masses by mass effects. What seemed a miracle yesterday is an every-day occurrence tomorrow.

"The scope of the films is still unlimited. We are just at the beginning. The tiresome effort to compete with the theater, to bungle along after the drama, is bound to remain unfruitful artistically, just as every attempt to replace organic life by mechanical art. That it has brought in lots of money is due merely to the novelty of its technical means. Nowhere, however, should one expect permanent effect from astonishment. And the great political and popular pieces now in style will not 'draw' much longer. Simple, strong stuff, with lively treatment both inwardly and outwardly, with no taking for granted of historical or literary knowledge, fantastic creations whose flowers send out fragrance to the most learned and to the most simple—there, in my opinion, lies the way.

The Ingénue

(As Seen By)

HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

I am The Beauteous Young Thing . . . Who wanders thru the orchard in the Springtime . . .

I AM
The Sweet Screen
Ingénue
You all know
Me . . . . .

I AM
The Beauteous Young Thing . . . . . who
Wanders thru the orchard in
The Springtime . . . . . with a
Back Light . . . . . on my hair I
Always gather blossoms in
My Opening Close-up . . . . that shows
You just how Sweet and Pure
I AM . . . . .

I AM
So Innocent . . . . .
It almost hurts . . . . . sometimes . . . . .
You think that I'll suspect the
Villain
Is the One . . . . . who mur-
dered . . . . . .
My dear grand-dad . . . . . but I
Never Do . . . . . I dress
In my best organdie . . . . . for
him
(It cost two hundred dollars
. . . . . and . . . . .

I'LL
Tell The World . . . . . it's quite
Expensive . . . . . looking Sweet
And Innocent . . . these days . . .)
Then . . . . .

I
Go to his apartment . . . . just
To Call Upon His Aunt . . . . .
but . . . . .
She's not home . . . in fact . . .

She . . . never . . . has . . . . been
. . . home . . . .
And He gets rough . . . . . and
Grabs me . . . . . in a semi-close-
up . . . . .
Then Comes My Big Scene . . . . .

I
Beat upon the door . . . . .

No film is quite complete until
I beat upon the door . . . . . and
Then . . . . . in comes the Rough-and
Western Hero . . . . whom I'd scorned . . . .
Because . . . . he drank some cider once . . . .
With Raisins In It . . . . . We
Are re-united . . . . . in a full Close-Up
And the Villain is so . . . . . touched . . . . .
By our Pure Love . . . . . he . . . . .
Smashes the jazz records . . . . on his . . . .
Phonograph . . . . . and puts on . . . . .
"Home Sweet Home" . . . . . as he
Fades Out . . . . .

I AM
The Sweet Screen Ingénue
. . . . . sometimes
I wonder how
I get away . . . . . .
with it . . . . .
Dont You . . . . .

Then . . . in comes the Rough and Western Hero . . . whom I'd scorned Because he drank some cider once . . . with Raisins In It . . .

Trust Your Wife

By

NORMAN BRUCE

THE young Hastings were different. They often said so themselves, reading of the griefs and grievances of a fretted world, smiling securely——

"Those things couldn't happen to *us!* We're different, we're not like those poor, foolish, suspicious, unhappy people."

Two years married, Margot Hastings still had a bride-like way of catching hold of her husband's hand under the edge of the table-cloth and blushing when she discovered him looking at her in a loverly fashion. Two years a slave, Dick still preferred to spend his evenings helping his beautiful wife wash up the supper dishes and afterward perch on the edge of the dining-room table while he worked out the fine details of their Great Invention.

"What a stupid woman to lose her husband!" Margot would sigh, albeit a trifle scornfully as she read the wail of some disconsolate wife, seeking retaliation for her broken heart in the divorce courts, "she probably was a frump, and wore kimonos to breakfast and let her shoes run over. I hope I'm different!"

And—"Idiot!" Dick would snort over the news that a friend or acquaintance had accused his wife of infidelity, "probably his own fault, the fool! Never brought her home flowers or candy, read the stock reports at breakfast—hope I'm not that kind of a husband!"

"Hm!" sniffed a cynical world, "wait and see!"

The entire capital of the young Hastings when they shook the dust of Des Moines from their feet and entered the train for New York City was two thousand dollars (borrowed), unlimited hope and confidence and, of course, the Great Idea. They were millionaires in prospects, but in assets wherewith to pay mundane board bills they were decidedly shy. All, did I say? I had forgotten two of their posessions which were to bring them success in their new life—one, Dick's capacity for giving the impression of care-free prosperity which an unsympathetic world calls "bluff," and the other Margot's beauty, which was as real and indisputable as the days of the week or the stars in the sky. She was one of your American Beauty girls, tall, rounded, with dark brows like crescent moons and a red lute of a mouth like Athene's. She was a trifle cold in her perfection, but her eyes made men dream of the impossible wonder of awakening her, as Pygmalion dreamed, awed before the white, silent beauty of the marble Galatea.

To tell the truth, Margot did not know all this; of course, being a woman she had occasionally looked into her mirror, and being no fool she had guessed that she was not entirely displeasing to the eye, but at heart she was very humble—the classic goddess had the conscience of a small-town girl who has sung soprano in the Congregational choir for years, and who—imagine!—actually prayed very piteously at night beside her big Dick that she might be "worthy of him, and always be good."

The first thing was to find an apartment, and here they were confronted with one of those bi-horned dilemmas the logic books describe. On the one hand the apartment they could afford was a cozy little flat in some walk up a good many blocks from the street that is called Broadway, in the neighborhoods of unfashionable children instead of Pekingese dogs. But, as Dick pointed out, if they lived among nobodies they would inevitably become nobodies themselves, and New York gives her gifts only to Some-

"It only goes to show that our Plan is O. K.," Dick explained to Margot, as they sat after dinner gazing, for the five hundredth time, at the curious model which was the symbol of their hopes

bodies. It was an investment to take a kitchenette and studio place in the midst of things, even tho the price of their few square feet made them gasp.

Behold them, then, a week after they poured out of the Pennsylvania station with the rest of the adventurers in search of name and a bank account of seven figures, splendidly, if a trifle tightly, established in a charming grey and gold studio where a tall leather tooled screen concealed the prosaicism of sink and cupboard and the bed masqueraded by day as a couch, piled with Chinese pillows.

"It only goes to show that our Plan is O. K.," Dick explained to Margot, as they sat after dinner gazing, for the five-hundredth time, at the curious model which was the symbol of their hopes. "What this town needs is the Hasting Model Apartment, five rooms in the space of one! No clumsy screens or couch covers but a simple series of push buttons which will transform the room in the twinkling of an eye from parlor to kitchen—so!"

He poked at one wall of the tiny model room with his pencil and it promptly swung about, showing a glistening white kitchen cabinet instead of the bookcase that had occupied the reverse side of the wall. Despite the fact that she had seen this transformation wrought times without count, Margot gave a little gasp of admiration. "Oh Dickie, how *clever!* It cant help succeeding, can it? And now, do the bedroom one!"

Another poke of the pencil and the paneled wall swung aside, letting the concealed bed into the room, while similar manipulation turned the mahogany secretary face about, swinging a dresser into its place. Dick rolled up the oriental rug, substituted a fluffy white scrap to represent a bear-skin, removed the Chinese shade from the tiny piano lamp and replaced it with one of old rose and lace, and lo, a charming boudoir such as Belasco might have designed for a stage scene!

"I think," said Margot solemnly, "that you are the most wonderful man in the world!"

Dickie rather thought so too, but he generously shared honors. "I couldn't have done a thing without you, Hon'. Who made all this doll-baby furniture? Who hemmed the sheets and made the window curtains, suggested the way to turn the player-piano into a wardrobe? No, indeed, we've done it together! And we'll finish putting it over together; and that reminds me—" he broke off, abruptly, not quite meeting Margot's clear eyes, "forgot to tell you that I've found Holcomb!"

"Not—— Slater T. Holcomb?" breathed his wife as she might have whispered "Napoleon P. Bonaparte," "you mean the one—you had the letter to? The one Curtis Graham thought might be interested?"

"Yep,"—Dick was too absorbed for elegance. He suppressed the kitchen cabinet, eliminated the bed and introduced a buffet from the fireplace before he went on uneasily. "Look here, Margot, I think it would be a good idea to have him here to dinner. You see, business is done differently in New York than in Des Moines. It's a matter of influence, or pull, if you want to put it roughly—the way to a man's pocket-book is thru his stomach!" He laughed rather more than the joke warranted, but Margot did not notice. Already she had the far-away, spiritual expression women wear when they are planning a new soup, and mushrooms with the steak.

"Of course, Dickie! I'll make corn-meal muffins and perhaps—ice-cream? Yes! and a layer cake with chocolate filling!" It was her notion of magnificence, but Dick frowned the muffins aside.

"No indeed—none of that jay town stuff! Squabs and —and truffles—"he hadn't the least idea what truffles were, but he said it, airily. I have already mentioned Dick's talent for bluff—"no ice-cream! That's a kid's Sunday school treat, and cake! Well, it just isn't done, that's all. Cheese to wind up on, and champagne, of course. You can still get it if you know how." He conveyed the impression that he knew how.

Margot was frightened. It was as tho he had spoken carelessly of having pearls melted in vinegar as refreshments, yet even in her fear she admired him for the magnificence of his nonchalance. "Oh, Dickie! We—we cant afford——"

He waved his hand. "We've got to afford! We cant afford to be pikers, Margot. It may mean everything to us—and impressions are so important. Do you suppose he'd have any confidence in us if he knew we were almost strapped, and you did your own work, and I didn't know how to wear a dress suit! No, no! We've got to put up a front. It's the way things are run in New York."

"It doesn't sound honest somehow," she demurred faintly, "and—a dress suit! You *dont* know how to wear one, Dickie! Where would you get one?"

He lighted a cigaret in a way he had just acquired. "Buy one. And an evening dress for you—low neck, you know, and everything! It's an investment."

The word soothed her fear somewhat. It sounded sane

and business-like. "But—get dinner in an evening dress—oh, Dickie!"

"We'll hire a maid for the evening," he said stoutly, "everyone does it! I tell you, this Holcomb is a regular New Yorker, he knows what's what. And he has the power of making our fortunes, so be nice to him, Margot. He isn't exactly the sort you'd like, a bit of a rounder, I imagine. But that's not our business. Our business is to get him to back our Big Idea with his Big Money, and by Jemini, we're going to do it, too!"

Margot did not like the idea. She liked it less, the more she thought it over. The Congregational conscience hated the thought of sham, of lying about their financial statue with evening gowns and truffles, of trying to trick a man into doing something for them. If the Great Idea was really as great as they thought, why did it need this elaborate dissembling?

Still, Dick said that was business, and of course women didn't understand. It would be very pleasant to be rich and not to have to wear bungalow aprons, even tho they were cheery, cretonne ones covered with posies. Margot sighed, looking down at her slim hands encased in shapeless rubber gloves—sinks! How she hated kitchen sinks and garbage pails and saving left-overs, and trying to make cheap things taste like expensive things!

A bit of a rounder, Dick had said. It sounded — she shuddered—almost Satanic! Still, of course, one could be polite to him. And an evening gown would be rather pleasant——

The ambitious dinner party went off triumphantly with Dick easy and handsome in his conventional garb; Margot bewilderingly lovely, perilously winning in the low-cut gown that showed her white shoulders, and their guest suave, appreciative, altogether delightful. Slater Holcomb was a man in the middle forties to whom dissipation had given a distinguished pallor, a weariness of eyes and a cynical twist of the lips that were attractive to women, who are always piqued by any mysteries. That it had likewise given him loose folds of flesh about the jowls, and many inches about the waist was undeniable, but—carefully valeted, meticulously tailored, wonderfully barbered, he was still a dangerous man. It pleased him to prove this occasionally.

The two young people did not guess their guest's discreet glance about the bravely prosperous studio, as he ate the boastfully successful dinner, and rightly guessed the reason for it. Margot's gown was all a gown should be—but she wore no jewels, no necklace with a throat made to set off pearls! No diamonds on hands and arms that could have displayed them so well. And when Dick, fumbling in his pocket for a pencil wherewith to illustrate a technical feature of his invention, drew out and hurriedly concealed a pawn-ticket, Holcomb smiled inwardly behind his charming air of attention.

"You have a good thing here!" he said when he stood, hat in hand, taking his leave of them, "it will take money, tho!" He was aware of two wildly beating hearts in the silence that followed, two sharply drawn breaths. He looked leisurely at the young man who was attempting to light a cigaret with shaking fingers, at the girl whose beautiful bosom rose and fell swiftly, tho she managed a bright smile. "A great deal of money," he finished deliberately.

"Oh that!" Dick acquiesced, "Yes, I suppose, I shall need some backing. I have several prospects, tho. It oughtn't to be hard to find someone to take advantage of a good business proposition."

Slater Holcomb was still looking at Margot, but his thoughts had traveled to a smothered room on the Drive, where, among silly expensive toys, overwhelming decorations of rose, stifling fragrance of patouchi, waited another woman. Claire Bodai was not young like this one, tho she clung to youth frantically, trying to coax it to tarry with lotions and dyes — her skin was soft, the roots of her henna hair a dirty yellow—it was time, yes, high time to get rid of her——

Slater Holcomb bowed with his charming smile. "It ought not to be hard, as you say," he admitted, "in fact, I might

Margot sighed, looking down at her slim hands, encased in shapeless rubber gloves . . . sinks! How she hated kitchen sinks, and garbage pails, and saving left-overs, and making cheap things taste like expensive ones

be willing to go into it myself, if I were assured that the profits would be sufficient. I dont mind telling you that I am very much—interested. Very much indeed."

"We're made!" Dick jubilated when he had gone, "within a year you'll be riding in your own limousine, Hon'! We put it over on him—he thinks we have all kinds of money! It wouldn't have done to have let him guess that tonight's shindig just about wiped out the last of the two thousand dollars we *didn't* own!"

Margot tried to meet her husband's mood but a strange uneasiness obsessed her. Had Slater Holcomb pressed her fingers the least bit too tenderly when he shook hands, or hadn't he? She told herself that she was self-conscious and provincial—in New York things were different. Women didn't think that every man who looked at them and pressed their fingers was in love with them. He seemed like a gentleman, but how yellow the whites of his eyes were! She looked at herself in the mirror, and her face suddenly burned. The dress was shameful. She was almost—yes, *naked!* What was Dick thinking of, what was she? Bare white shoulders, uncovered white bosom—was this business? Then she looked at her husband, and again she faltered. Dick was expansive with relief, exuberantly boyish. Her heart contracted with tenderness.

"We'd certainly have been up against it hard," he jerked, striding excitedly about the room, "I dont mind telling you, Margot, I've been worried! I got a letter from Curt Graham this morning, asking for that money he let us have. And in the box there was an announcement from the robber who owns this shack that he was lifting the rents this month. We had everything staked on this dinner tonight,—if we hadn't made it—" he shook his head portentously.

The telephone rang. Dick's voice sang into it. "Hello! Eh? Oh yes, Mr. Holcomb! You what? Yes! Yes! Ah,—— I *see*—"

His voice was flat, his face grey. Margot clutched at his arm, but he flung her off roughly, and talked on. From his words, which became conciliatory, humble, beseeching, she gathered that Holcomb was saying that he would not back the Great Scheme unless Dick himself put up twenty-five thousand dollars as good faith. Twenty-five thousand! Margot almost laughed. It was really funny when you came to think of it—trying to impress a man with the evidences of prosperity and succeeding so well that he spoke casually of their putting up twenty-five thousand dollars!

Dick hung up presently and slumped into a chair. "I'm a failure!" he said bitterly, getting curious satisfaction from flaying himself. "My God, Margot! What are we going to do? We've put everything we had, and a lot we didn't have into this."

She comforted him, coaxed him into the disguised bed and saw him fall into instant slumber. Then, beside him she watched the night out, wakefully. And when the grey light, which is the city substitute for the sun, washed the wreckage of last night's feast, she had reached a plan. She would go to Holcomb herself and confess the truth, that they had nothing except hope and the Great Idea and the courage to work hard and patiently. She would try to make him see it all from a business point of view.

Slater Holcomb greeted her almost bruskly. In his business suit, before his immense mahogany desk he showed the extra inches, the flabbiness. When, trembling, she mentioned her errand, he shook his head with finality.

"I'm so sorry," he deprecated, "I'm extremely busy this morning, my dear Mrs. Hastings. You see I leave for a cruise in my yacht tomorrow——"

The paneled room swirled. She spoke faintly. "Tomorrow? You are going away tomorrow?" She became aware that his secretary, a sleek, mouse colored young man was regarding her with a leer of comprehension, and managed to speak quite calmly. "But I must talk to you, Mr. Holcomb! perhaps later today . . ."

He tapped the desk with mirrored nails. "I am so sorry. I have not a moment all day, unless—" he smiled, with a flash of gold filled teeth, "unless you would care to dine with me?"

She drew back, confused. "Dine with you? You mean Dick and me——"

"I suppose," she said, "that you know why I came here tonight?" "I suppose," he parried, grinning, "that you know why I invited you here tonight?"

A W 64 AGE

"I mean you," said Slater Holcomb. He turned his eyes with their yellowed whites full on hers, holding them, "at my yacht, at—say, eight o'clock. I will send my car to the studio for you if you will honor me by coming."

His lips said one thing. His eyes said another. And she knew quite well what he was asking her. But she did not flame into splendid anger, nor freeze into white disdain. Instead she looked at him quietly, contemplating.

"I will come," said Margot calmly, "at eight you said? Good-bye, Mr. Holcomb——till eight."

She was surprised at herself, her complete confidence. She went back to the studio apartment and washed the dishes of the night before. As she was putting them away in their disguised place, she discovered Dick's note which somehow she had missed before. Holcomb had called him up, wanted him to run over to Newark to see a contractor there and get figures, estimates. He wouldn't get back tonight, probably, but she wasn't to worry. Perhaps things were coming out all right after all. And he was her loving Dick.

He knew that she spoke the truth. Yet her eyes! They were still wide and horror-filled. And then he knew the reason. "Margot," he groaned, "My Margot!"

Holcomb had called Dick up after he had seen her, that was quite clear. He had sent him out of the way. Margot had no illusions about Holcomb. He was a bad man. He wanted to bargain with her. "But I shall go," Margot said aloud, "I must go. It is the only way I can talk to him and tell him the truth about Dick and me. The things you read about dont happen, the terrible things you read about. Or if they do happen it's because the women let them happen. I am different—they wont happen to me."

Slater Holcomb was waiting for her as she stepped onto the deck of the yacht. She wore the dress of the night before. She had had nothing else except the bungalow aprons and little gingham house-frocks. "You are beautiful," he told her immediately, and she divined that he had been drinking. "I wonder whether you know how gloriously beautiful you are!"

She must not make him angry, she told herself—for Dick's sake. It was preposterous, perhaps, her feeling that she must go on with this thing for Dick's sake, but she was not a very clever woman, and she would have tried to get her Dick the moon if he had needed it. She smiled at him gravely, "This is to be a business dinner, you know!" she reminded him.

"Business!" chuckled, unpleasantly, Slater Holcomb as he led the way into the luxurious cabin of the yacht where a table, laid for two, gleamed and glittered under shaded lamps, "a woman's business is to be beautiful, my dear! When she loses her capital of looks she's a bankrupt and cant expect favors—" for he had just come from a furious scene with Claire Bodai in the rose-colored room on the Drive. Yes, she was too old—her skin, ugh! Flabby! And that hair—what could she expect? Yet the woman had actually reproached him! Threatened suicide.

The width of the table between them, Margot breathed more easily. There were orchids at her place, uncanny, unnatural, febrile things. As she lifted them, something hard touched her fingers, a diamond lavalliere in a platinum setting, incredibly costly, hatefully beautiful. He was watching her greedily. She looked away with fear in her soul for the first time.

"Nothing can hurt me!" she told herself, "nothing! He has a conscience, and I can arouse it, appeal to it. Behind those yellow eyes, behind that dreadful look is a soul, and his soul will not let his body harm me if I speak to it!"

She laid the orchids beside her plate and lifted her soup spoon with steady fingers but she found that she could not swallow. Course followed course, and she scarcely touched them, but she spoke matter-of-factly of New York and the West, until the servants had set the coffee service before her and left the room.

"I suppose," she began then, looking across at Slater Holcomb, levelly, "that you know why I came here tonight?"

"I suppose," he parried, grinning, "that you know why I invited you here tonight."

"Let us be honest," Margot said, "I *did* know. But, knowing, I came nevertheless."

"That's a damn sensible little woman!" he applauded, and rising came about toward her, the loose folds of flesh over his jaws suffused with purplish blood, "you are wasted where you are. With your beauty you could turn the heads of emperors, and you're slaving it away washing dishes in a stuffy flat!"

"Look at me!" said Margot very scornfully. She was taller than he, and in her scorn she seemed to tower like some affronted goddess, "do I look like the kind of a woman you are speaking to? Can you possibly believe that I

(*Continued on page* 101)

TRUST YOUR WIFE

Fictionized by permission from the First National production of the scenario by J. Barry and Gerald C. Duffy; based on the play "Conscience," by Harry S. Sheldon. Directed by J. A. Barry, and starring Katherine MacDonald. The cast:—

Margot Hastings	Katherine MacDonald
Dick Hastings	David Winter
Slater T. Holcomb	Charles Richman
Claire Bodai	Mary Alden
Helene, the maid	Miriam MacDonald

Flood Tide in Fame and Fortune Contest

we are selecting our Honor Rolls as we publish them. In an embarrassment of riches such as this contest has proved to be, the most critical faculty of those who select the winners is brought to bear upon their decision. So many girls

Photograph by Strauss Peyton

ALTHO it is yet early in the nineteen twenty-one Fame and Fortune Contest, we are gratified to find that so many contestants have heeded our warning and sent their photographs in early. We have already received hundreds of pictures from which

Photograph by Olive V. Schuller

Top, Levia Maggiora, of San Francisco, Calif.; center, A. Kenyon Newman, of Kansas City, Mo., and bottom, Doris Le Fevre, of Syracuse, N. Y.

are lovely to look at. So many have eyes that speak for them. So many have that intangible, impalpable something, known variously as charm, or magnetism, or personality, all of which is apparent to the trained eye, even in so inanimate a thing as a photograph.

It is a difficult tho entertaining task, for who would not enjoy the privilege of continuous contemplation of so much female loveliness as that which has come from the ends of the earth in an ever-increasing supply, here, to the little room of the Contest Editor?

But the joy of his dreaming is tempered by the other clamoring needs of the case. Mere loveliness of face and form does not suffice. He must forget the possible beauty for a time and study the faces for other things: intelligence, thought, temperament, personality, breeding, ambition, and so forth. The man or girl whose face combines

New Photographs Denote a Universal Interest

beauty with any or all of these, is undoubtedly destined for Fame and Fortune. Some faces may not conform to the accepted standards of beauty and yet have these other qualities. They are enough of themselves . . . short of a too obvious plainness.

To a trained observer, these various elements betray themselves in various ways: the twist of a head, the curve of a throat, the depths of a woman's eyes, the poise and pose, the expression of a mouth, the width of a brow, the *tout ensemble*, and in many other little things the casual observer does not take in at all. He recognizes also that different types appeal to different people, and we are pleased, therefore, to present several widely varying types of feminine beauty for this month's Honor Roll, to say nothing of the elusive male! Why is it that the

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

preponderance of the deadlier sex is so overwhelming? Dont men dream dreams? Have they not ambition as well as women? In spite of the fixed belief in masculine aggressiveness and vanity, they are actually more diffident about this sort of thing than women. But, take heart, shy ones, and send us your photographs. A male creature has just as much chance for Fame and Fortune as a woman. There are lots of "he-men" in the movies. Bill Hart, for instance, and Bill Duncan, and Doug, and hosts

Top, Mary Louise Navarri, of San Antonio, Texas; center, Peggy Ford, of Washington, D. C., and bottom, Jeanne Rubin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Photograph by Otto Sarony

of others. They are all beloved of many fans and have not lost any manliness thereby.

But, to get back to the Honor Roll. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE takes particular pride in this month's offering.

Mary Louise Navarri, 218 North Pecos St., San Antonio, Texas, has had no stage or screen experience. She is short and fair. We almost said "warm and fair," for hers is

(*Continued on page* 111)

The Stagnation of the Screen

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

SAMUEL J. Rothapfel has an interesting angle upon the photoplay—that of America's foremost motion picture exhibitor. For Mr. Rothapfel, who first created the present *de luxe* style of cinema exhibition at the New York Strand, considers the film play from an exceedingly practical, as well as visionary, standpoint.

Rothapfel should know the public's response. For years he has made it a study in New York and many cities of the country. He is a dreamer and an idealist, as well as a business man. For, by his dreams and his practicability, he lifted himself from the back-room of a saloon in the Pennsylvania mining district to New York's newest palace of the animated shadow-play, The Capitol.

Rothapfel has very positive views upon the photoplay. Indeed, he believes it in very low estate at the present moment. "We must get the photoplay out of its rut," he began. "Every story is poured into an identical mold. It is the same old formula, repeated endlessly, under the theory of 'giving the public what it wants.'

"For another thing, I am sick of this screen appeal to sex. Healthy people do not want this hectic stuff.

"Motion picture exploitation is burning the photoplay candle at both ends. Everything is the greatest, the most wonderful, the most extraordinary. There is no punch left.

"Producers are falling over each other to spend millions. Money is thrown away by the hundred thousands in an effort to stir the jaded motion-picture patron. What that patron really wants is not extravagance, but humanness. Producers have not yet learned that a big story is not necessarily a production into which money has literally been poured. 'Humoresque' was not a million-dollar production, but it won thro its human note. 'The Jack-Knife Man' did not cost a fortune to make, but it possessed a vital reality.

Photograph by Campbell Studio, N. Y.

SAMUEL J. ROTHAPFEL

"The real remedy lies with the exhibitor. If we are to have simple, human screen dramas, the exhibitor must do the pioneer work. He must conduct his theater so that he will have a well-developed clientele. If representative theaters everywhere develop a steady following, the photoplay can then turn into sane channels. This mad extravagance and vast expenditure of millions can be dropped and, in its stead, we can produce sanely, intelligently—and at a fraction of present-day production costs.

"If the race of super-feature making goes on, I see nothing but a smash. Something is bound to give way. Perhaps a financial smash in this frenzied movie maelstrom will be the best thing for the industry. *We are now racing madly to God knows what.*

"One of two things is going to happen in the motion-picture world. Either we are going to see the appearance of a number of conservative small producers, who will force a market for themselves, or we shall witness a vast amalgamation, with subsequent dictation of the whole industry by those in power."

"Can you harness art to business?" we ventured.

"Photoplay making isn't an art—yet," retorted Rothapfel. "But I doubt the last alternative. I think the first will occur, altho it is going to be hard for independent producers to find a market and get into the best theaters. Still, if

(*Continued on page* 106)

SAMUEL J. ROTHAPFEL says:—"Producers are falling over each other to spend millions. Money is thrown away by the hundred thousands in an effort to stir the jaded motion picture patron. What the patron really wants is not extravagance, but humanness. Producers have not yet learned that a big story is not necessarily a production into which money has literally been poured."

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays In Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THERE are few artists shadowed on the screen with an art as great as that of Mary Pickford. And her art does not lie in the wistful depths of her brown eyes or the glorious gold of her curls, altho both of these have helped her towards her pinnacle of success. Her last effort, "Suds," proved this conclusively, and now along comes "The Love Light," to add emphasis upon the fact, as it were.

It may be because we expected far too great things from the combination of Mary Pickford and Frances Marion. We have always said that Mary was never more irresistible than when Miss Marion prepared her stories and Marshall Neilan directed them . . . so with Marshall Neilan giving his efforts to other things . . . things, to our mind, not so well worth while as those he did with Mary, by any manner of means . . . the next best thing seemed to have Miss Marion accept the directorial responsibilities as well as those of a literary nature.

"The Love Light" finds Miss Pickford a woman soon after the story opens . . . a young woman touched with a great love, and later a mother. And every now and then there would be a scene which gave promise of what many of the scenes should have been . . . but there seemed to be nothing more.

The story is different from many others which the screen has reflected only in that the background is the coast of the Mediterranean and the hero a German. Miss Pickford is cast as Angela, a little Italian girl, who gives both of her brothers to the rank and file of uniformed men marching on towards the Hun battlefields. A scarcity of men in the vicinity, her frail shoulders are bent doing their tasks, and she accepts the charge of the lighthouse. One day a man in an American sailor's uniform is washed up by the waves, and Angela nurses him back to health, and, believing him an involuntary deserter, she comes to love him and is married secretly by the village priest. When she discovers that he is a German spy, she turns him over to the

(*Continued on page 105*)

Top, Jean Paige with James Morrison in a scene from the screen version of Anna Sewell's famous book, "Black Beauty"; center, Mary Pickford in a scene from "The Love Light," in which she pins up her curls and plays a young woman touched with a great love, and later a mother; and below, Maurice Tourneur's artistic cinema adaptation of "The Last of the Mohicans"

California Chatter

HOLLYWOOD has gone Glyn crazy—which being translated means that while Elinor Glyn, the author of "Three Weeks" and the noted authority on Love, has only been in our midst three months, her name and sayings are perpetually on the tip of everybody's tongue. "As Mrs. Glyn says . . ." is the last and indisputable statement to any argument.

Elsie Ferguson told me, recently, that Mrs. Glyn's first original screen story, "The Great Moment," offers the finest opportunity for a great photoplay that she has ever read. Gloria Swanson is to be the star.

And . . . did you know that:

Beautiful Grace Darmond was offered the leading rôle in Cecil B. deMille's "Forbidden Fruit," when it was discovered that the part didn't suit Ann Forrest's type? And that she couldn't accept because she had just signed a contract with Christie, which she couldn't break—

That Mary Pickford gave husband Douglas Fairbanks a Rolls Royce for Christmas and Jack Pickford bought an old broken-down horse at the infirmary, where he (the horse) was waiting to be made into soap or whatever it is they make horse flesh into—and tied a huge red ribbon around its neck and its tail and had the poor scrawny thing led up to the door behind Mary's Rolls Royce as a "Merry Christmas from Jack"? (Doug had the poor old horse put in a rich pasture, so one poor animal's life was saved anyway.)

That Ann May was under contract to play with Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow" for Robertson-Cole and at the same time she was rehearsing for the Morosco stage production of "Marry the Poor Girl," starring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne? And that the day before the opening of her long anticipated stage début, the picture company telephoned her and said she would have to go on location the next day, and therefore, would have to give up her stage rôle, which she did and her understudy appeared in the rôle? *Then,* a legal tangle prevented the continuation of the picturization of "The Fascinating Widow" and Ann not only lost her chance for footlight fame but her picture opportunity, as well. Of course, she received a monetary consolation.

Cecil B. deMille will release his cinemazation of "The Affairs of Anatol" under the guise of "The Five Kisses."

Saw Mildred Harris lunching at the Alexandria the other day. She was dressed all in dove-grey and looked like a beautiful little Quaker.

Gloria Swanson and her husband were there, too. Gloria looked particularly stunning and was wearing some very gorgeous jewels; diamond and sapphire bracelets particularly caught my eye.

Speaking of jewels, at a dinner party the other evening, May Allison quite startled us all by appearing in the most gorgeous blue chiffon-velvet gown with an iridescent silver train. She wore her blonde hair high and one of the most beautifully matched strings of pearls I have ever seen about her neck.

In true "fan" fashion, Betty Compson attended the opening of her first starring picture, "Prisoners of Love," at the California Theater, standing in line with her mother and an escort to get tickets.

Top, an informal snapshot of Mary Thurman and little Georgie Stone between location scenes of "The Scoffer"; center, Mary Pickford and Frances Marion talk over her next picture at luncheon; and below, Jean Paige and James Morrison entertain the "Black Beauty" company with shadowgrams

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Rupert Hughes, who is here to write and collaborate in the direction of his original screen stories for Goldwyn, says that Helene Chadwick is one of the cleverest of our younger crop of cinema actresses. He characterizes her work in his Goldwyn picture, "Dangerous Curves Ahead," as "marvelous."

Richard Dix is Miss Chadwick's leading man in this picture. A little bird whispered that he wouldn't object to that rôle for life.

Cupid has been a busy director in the film colony recently, Hobart Bosworth being his most recent star. Mr. Bosworth married Mrs. Cecile Percival, widow of an old friend of his. They spent their honeymoon at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Wallace MacDonald and Doris May officially announced their engagement Christmas week. Rumor had connected their names for some time, but without either of the young people's verification. Now Doris has her diamond engagement ring, and, at last, we can "congratulate Wallace and wish him the best of luck."

Rumor also has been busy with Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle and Dorothy Wallace. Since Fatty's return from abroad, it seems that all differences have been satisfactorily settled and the engagement announced.

The Brunton Studio is looking forward to the arrival of several celebrities. Irene Castle is expected any day. Her pictures are to be released thru W. W. Hodkinson. Rudyard Kipling may decide to come over after all to oversee the filmization of his famous stories. It is likely that his first story to be transferred to celluloid will be "Without Benefit of Clergy."

Reginald Barker's next production for Goldwyn will be "The Old Nest," from Rupert Hughes's lovable novel of the same name.

Top, the Studio Glee Club, reading from left to right, you see Speed Hansen, Monte Blue, George Melford and Ruth Reneck; center, Mary Miles Minter as "The Little Clown," and below, an off-stage pose of Shirley Mason

Colleen Moore recently had her tonsils removed. While she didn't mind undergoing the operation, she did fret at being away from the studio so long. Colleen was fairly deluged with presents from her numerous friends, for everybody loves Colleen. She is always cheerful and always appreciative—a quality often lacking in screen stars.

Nazimova gave a very lovable and expensive party, in Hollywood, on her husband's birthday. All the film stars were there . . . and came dressed as little boys and girls.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Greenroom Jottings

Wesley Barry will be seen in "Stranger Than Fiction," Katherine MacDonald's next First National picture. The leading man is David Winter.

Elinor Fair, a pretty new ingénue of the screen, will be leading woman for Earle Williams in his next picture, "Loot of the Night."

Now that William S. Hart has finished the last picture under his contract, the movie world is waiting to see if he is going to write for the screen. His fan following will do its best to keep him in the play rather than behind it.

"From Farm to Fame," is a new picture featuring Corliss Palmer, who holds the keen interest as she develops from an ugly duckling into a lovely swan.

Polly Moran will be seen in the rôle of a cabaret entertainer in an elaborate cafe setting in "The Affairs of Anatol," in which rôle she adds much to the picture by her comedy act.

The sudden illness of Theda Bara was the cause of her desertion of the stage and of her play "The Blue Flame."

Vera Gordon again appears as a screen mother in the latest Select Pictures' special production, "The Greatest Love."

Ruth Roland is enjoying a vacation of six months, now that she has completed her Pathé picture, "The Avenging Angel."

Elsie Ferguson as star and William D. Taylor, as producer, are completing the Paramount picture, "Sacred and Profane Love." It will probably be a delightful picture if the censors do not ruin it. "They only have a right to censure who have a heart to help."

Recently Thomas Meighan sojourned at Sing Sing, the famous prison. Here Tom is shown on his cot, Director Tom Forman to the right of him. However, his visit was not compulsory. It was for a scene in his new production

Sylvia Breamer will be seen in the feminine lead of Mimi, the model, in the production of "The Devil" with George Arliss. Sylvia is the kind of girl who will live all the days of her life.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, called the Shakespeare of India, world-famous dramatist and poet, has given to Miss Laurel E. Miller, the complete photoplay rights of all his stories and plays. Tagore's poetry seems to consist of more than the art of sewing words and phrases together into one beautiful crazy quilt.

"The Porcelain Lamp," is said to be one of the best of the educational releases.

"The First-Born" is the first of a new series of Robertson-Cole super-productions, starring Sessue Hayakawa.

"East Lynne," a Hugo Ballin production for Hodkinson release, is completed and is said to be even better than hoped. It will not be necessary while seeing this production to put on our spectacles in order that it may seem ten times bigger than it is.

Herbert Brenon has been engaged to direct Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and other productions. The co-operation of two such artists as Mr. Brenon and Miss Talmadge is expected to result in pictures of remarkable artistic and dramatic value.

Katherine MacDonald "goes up in the air" in "Stranger Than Fiction." The production is said to contain enough aeroplane stunts to thrill the most case-hardened fan. The bathing girls are advised to follow Miss MacDonald's example, for "a water-lily never grows fair and sweet until it gets a glimpse of the sky."

Louis B. Mayer is presenting his first annual Anita Stewart Anniversary Week. Many happy returns of the week, Mr. Mayer!

Tommy Meighan is detained at Sing Sing! A great deal of the action of his latest play, "The Quarry," took place there, and Tommy said he was kept there so long that he began to feel at home.

Sir Gilbert Parker is at the Lasky Studio in California, to assist in the production of his story, "The Money Master." Dorothy Dalton will play the lead.

"The Affairs of Anatol," which Cecil B. deMille is making for release, may truthfully boast an all-star cast. Here is the list. Begin at either end, or in the middle, for that matter. They are all first! Wallace Reid, Wanda Hawley, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Theodore Roberts, Gloria Swanson, Theodore Kosloff, Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Cummings, and Julia Faye.

Gloria Swanson is to be starred in a story by Elinor Glyn, called "The Great Moment." Old Time is still a-flying, for Mrs. Glyn's time limit used to be "Three Weeks," but now it is "The Great Moment" only.

Pearl White is in Bermuda, while her next picture, "Woman or Tiger" is being filmed. She has accepted the generous proffer of a service monoplane for her exclusive use in getting to and from location, from the Lieutenant Colonel commanding His Majesty's Air Service on the island.

J. Warren Kerrigan has formed his own producing company and will start operations about January first. It will be financed by eastern capitalists.

Joseph Conrad is the latest famous author to join the constantly swelling ranks of screen writers. He has signed a contract to write original stories for Paramount Pictures.

George Beban has an infinite capacity for taking pains, which is somebody's definition of genius! In his latest picture, "One Man in a Million," he spent many weeks training the dogs which appeared with him. He spent one solid month getting a realistic scene with some spiders in a cellar, and used up two thousand feet of film on one parrot. He waits patiently for the children who are with him, including his own small son, to do what they would do naturally, without being led. He insists that his actors speak the words of the titles exactly as they are flashed on the screen. Words and text must coincide.

Mary Pickford selected practically all of her cast for her newest play, "The Love Light," while she was abroad. They represent many races and many climes. They are Americans, Italians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Russians, and they are nearly all new faces.

The lovely hands of Mary Nash

posed especially for Cutex. Miss Nash is an enthusiastic user of Cutex. She says:—
"I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."

Photographs taken especially for Cutex by Baron de Meyer

This photograph, posed by a well-known New York man especially for Cutex, shows the grooming that is characteristic of the cultivated American.

Well kept hands— a national characteristic

Americans known by the grooming of their finger nails

ONCE it was good teeth. This was due less to natural excellence than to the fact that American dentistry was the best in the world.

And so, also, today the reputation of American hands depends less on their native beauty than on the fact that practically all Americans of refinement take good care of their nails.

Yet even Americans have not always enjoyed this reputation. Once most of us —even very particular people—didn't bother much about our nails. Manicuring was too slow, tedious and even dangerous because there was no way of removing the dead cuticle except by cutting.

But now we remove the cuticle simply and safely without cutting with Cutex Cuticle Remover, a harmless liquid which simply takes off the ugly, dead cuticle as soap and water take off dirt, leaving a beautifully even nail rim. Then with the Cutex Nail White—a snowy whiteness under the tips: with the Cutex Polishes —a jewel-like shine on the nails, and, in only about ten minutes, the manicure is complete and perfect.

To give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require:

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, without burnishing, by giving the nails a light coat of the Liquid Polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. You will be amazed to see how cleanly the Cuticle Remover takes off the ragged edges, and what a smooth nail rim it leaves. You will be pleased with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips and with the delicate sheen of your nails.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The "Compact" 60c; the "Traveling" $1.50; the "Boudoir" $3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or, *if you live in Canada, to Dept. 804, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

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Cutex Traveling Set
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Greenroom Jottings

Tom Moore has actually grown "side burns" to lend verisimilitude to his rôle of Mr. Barnes in "Mr. Barnes, of New York," by Archibald Clavering Gunter. Side burns were the fad for all the dandies of the late seventies and early eighties, the time in which the book was written.

"A Tale of Two Worlds," is the title of Gouverneur Morris' first original scenario. Leatrice Joy plays the lead, and Frank Lloyd is directing it.

Mae Murray will use Prizma Color in her latest starring vehicle, "The Gilded Lily," only, however, in the introduction to the play itself. Director Leonard believes the theme of "The Gilded Lily" lends itself particularly to color photography.

Tony Moreno has just completed the production of "Three Sevens," the exteriors of which were taken at Florence, Arizona. The governor of the state extended numerous courtesies to the Vitagraph players, allowing, among other things, three hundred convicts to appear outside the prison walls to help make a daring escape scene for the picture.

Lon Chaney has the most exacting rôle of his career in "Outside The Law," in which he co-stars with Priscilla Dean. Tom Browning, who wrote and directed the play, wrote the parts especially for these two, the former being an old friend of long standing, and the latter having been so often directed by him, that he knows her capabilities and temperament better than any one else.

"Hindle Wakes," a powerful stage play has been produced in the movies by C. B. Price, president of Price Films, Inc., under the somewhat disappointing title, "Your Daughter—and—Mine."

John S. Robertson has now completed his special production for Paramount, "Sentimental Tommy," the hero of the celebrated Thrums Books. Can the whimsical intellect of Barrie be translated into terms of the screen? We shall see.

Mabel Taliaferro returns to pictures after several years' vacation, to play the lead in "The Painted Lady," a Paramount Production.

A rather unusual feature of the cast of "Jim, the Penman," is the fact that four of its members are descendants of actors who were prominent a generation ago. Lionel Barrymore, the star, as is generally known, is the son of Maurice Barrymore. Doris Rankin, who plays opposite him, is the daughter of McKee Rankin. Arthur Rankin, another member, is the grandson of the same actor and nephew of Doris. Charles Coghlan, the fourth in this illustrious quartet, is the nephew of the famous Charles Coghlan of many years back.

Mayflower Photoplay Corporation has begun work on "Aphrodite," according to General Manager, John W. McKay. The picture is expected to be an even greater sensation than the legitimate offering was.

Harry Leonhardt and Andrew Callaghan were the men who persuaded George Arliss to give his great interpretation of the world-famous rôle of "The Devil," to the screen.

Harold Lloyd probably experiences as many thrills in making people laugh as the serial performers. The photograph above shows the camera set up on a flat train, which is curving around the mountainside. Harold himself sits grinning, not in the least perturbed by the stunt he is soon to perform

Another martyr to the cause, is Gertrude Norman, who plays the part of Grandma Baker in "Partners of the Tide." She was injured in an automobile accident, and her condition is serious but hopeful.

Harry Carey has had an involuntary vacation from his work in "If Only Jim." Four days of illness was the contributing cause.

Pauline Starke has been suffering from a painful infection of the eyes. It is an unhappy coincidence that she was suddenly afflicted, while playing, with her company up in Canada, the part of a girl who goes blind, in a photoplay called "Snow Blindness."

Gladys Walton will have the honor of playing a rôle that was written originally for the immortal Mary. Her work on this part, in "The Millionaire Kid," is now well under way at Universal City.

Bessie Love, the charming teller of tales to children, has been persuaded to print her stories in book form, so that other children outside of her own little Friday night circle, may enjoy them. She reads her own wee bit romances to the neighborhood children every Friday night. It has become an institution, and Miss Love never permits anything to interfere with this self-imposed and pleasurable task.

Doris Kenyon is being featured in a "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" story, a Cosmopolitan production under the direction of Frank Borzage.

Milton Sills, Ora Carew, and Nigel Barrie have been selected by Bayard Veiller, director of productions at Metro's west coast studios, to enact the respective rôles of the traditional triangle in "What Is The Matter With Marriage," a picturization of Jack London's popular novel, "The Little Lady of the Big House." It will be directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald.

Your skin needs different kinds of care at different times

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care. Wind and dust coarsen your skin. To keep it fine textured and soft, you must give it special protection from this punishment. For this you need a special cream, a cream that has a special protective effect, yet will not leave a trace of shine on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially made for this purpose. It contains an ingredient famous for its skin-softening property. Yet it has not a bit of oil. It gives your skin just the protection it needs and cannot reappear in a wretched shine.

Before you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly leaving your face soft and smooth, protected from the injury of wind and dust.

More and more women are discovering how they can remain powdered and free from shine for five or six hours. Before powdering, they apply a bit of ***greaseless*** *cream*

Before you go out, protect your complexion from the dust, wind and sun this way

Another time when your skin needs a special kind of care is before powdering. When you powder right on the dry skin, the powder catches on small rough places and makes them for a time more conspicuous than ever. Then the powder soon falls off, leaving your face shinier than ever.

Before powdering you need a special cream to smooth away the rough places and hold the powder to the face. For this as for all daytime uses, you need a cream without oil. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially designed to smooth and soften the skin. Apply just a bit before you powder. See how it smoothes away the small rough places. Now the powder will go on much more smoothly; will stay on twice as long as ever before.

At bedtime your skin needs an entirely different kind of care. At the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream *with* an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's *Cold* Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores.

Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

With these two creams, give your skin the special care it needs at special times. In this way your complexion will grow more and more lovely every day.

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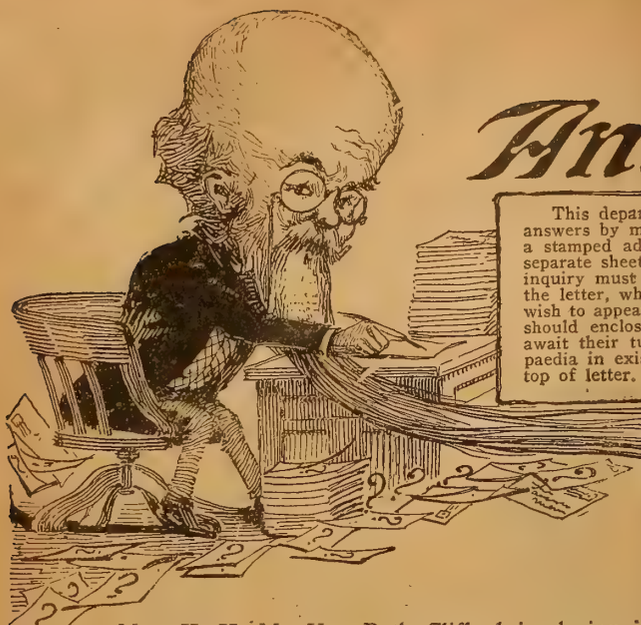


The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

MRS. K. H. M.—Yes, Ruth Clifford is playing in pictures. Florence Lawrence's first screen production after her return will be called "The Unfoldment." Texas Guinan is playing in "I am the Woman." Do call again.

FRANK W. R.—*Je serai bien aise de vous voir.* Why, Flugrath is the last name of Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. Lowell Sherman was Paul Deirich in "Yes or No." The Griffith's aren't married.

VIVANDIERE.—Boswell's life of Dr. Samuel Johnson is generally acknowledged as the greatest of all biographies. I read all the letters I receive and I wish the Editor would give me the space to answer them all. Very good verse. Write me again.

NORWEGIAN VIKING.—Your letter was a very interesting one, and I do hope you will write to me again. Thanks.

PVT. J. S.—Received the postal. Thank you. You're right, Ben Turpin is the only man living who can glance into the past, peek into the future, shave the back of his neck and tie his tie at one operation without the aid of a mirror. Ora Carew and Milton Sills are playing in "What's the Matter with Marriage." That's what I want to know.

SAMUEL N. PORTLAND.—Howdy! Well, the law school of Harvard University is not only the oldest existing law school in the United States, but it is the oldest existing academic law school in the English-speaking world. Mildred Harris is playing in "Habit."

EUGENIE.—No, I never heard of your town. Oh, yours isn't the only town I never heard of. Only he who loves can be brave. Try it. Fattie Arbuckle in "The Dollar a Year Man." Of course I dont believe in scandal, but I always listen to it. It is proper and customary when writing a player for a photograph to enclose 25c.

ROSEWOOD.—Yes, the picture was of Alice Joyce. Your philosophy is that until a girl is 24, she will do the picking so far as men are concerned. But after that she is willing to be picked. I know a few who aren't willing to be picked. Cant go by that. Norma Talmadge in "Playing the Game."

EVA R.—Thanks for the picture. Of course, I am in perfect health. If I felt any better I'd be in bed. Eighty years old and I get around beautifully. I still drink my buttermilk twice a day, and I'm living in my little hall room. June Caprice, George B. Seitz and Marguerite Courtot are playing in "Rogues and Romance."

HAZEL.—You say that man individually is a savage; collectively he is a civilian. What did man ever do to you? But you want to know all about John Bowers. You think he is a peach. Well, I dont think he was ever pickled, even if he has been picked.

TALMADGE.—Of course I remember you. No, Julian Eltinge is not dead. He's wearing fancier dresses than ever.

JERRY.—Write Mary Pickford, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, there is a difference between a spire and a steeple. A spire is a tapering structure in the form of a tall cone, or pyramid, rising above a tower; while a steeple is a lofty structure, especially tower, surmounted with a spire, rising above the roof of a church. Then! I'm glad to hear you are going to college. Corliss Palmer's address is care of this office. She is sending to all of her admirers a large card containing a beautiful portrait of herself, her signature and a brief note of thanks. All you have to do is to write to her for one. For special friends she colors them with her own hand.

RUTH T.—Doctors say that sitting with the legs crossed is conducive to obesity. Watch out. If there is one thing I dislike it is visible socks on a girl. I dont mind them showing their bare arms or their bare neck on the street, but when it comes to legs—good night. Cant tell you any more about Olive Thomas.

GERANUM.—*Je suis prêt.*—You want me to keep Bebe Daniels away from Wallace Reid? I will attend to the matter at once. Oh no, more than half of the 27 presidents of the United States have had experience as soldiers.

BOBBY.—Clever stuff, Bob! You say a man would have to go some to lead a double life on a single salary these days. Righto! I'm getting $10 a week. What kind of a life could you lead on that? That's why I am so good. Blanche Sweet is playing in "That Girl Montana."

WANDAH.—You are just a little too far away from me. Dont believe all you read about salaries. The printers and sometimes publicity men add a few figures. Justine Johnstone's two new pictures will be entitled "The Plaything of Broadway" and "Sheltered Daughters." Come in again.

SAPHO.—Just think of it, there are over 24,999,999 bachelors in America besides myself against 19,500,000 spinsters. Something wrong somewhere. And last year was leap year. Yes, Clara Horton in "The Light in the Clearing."

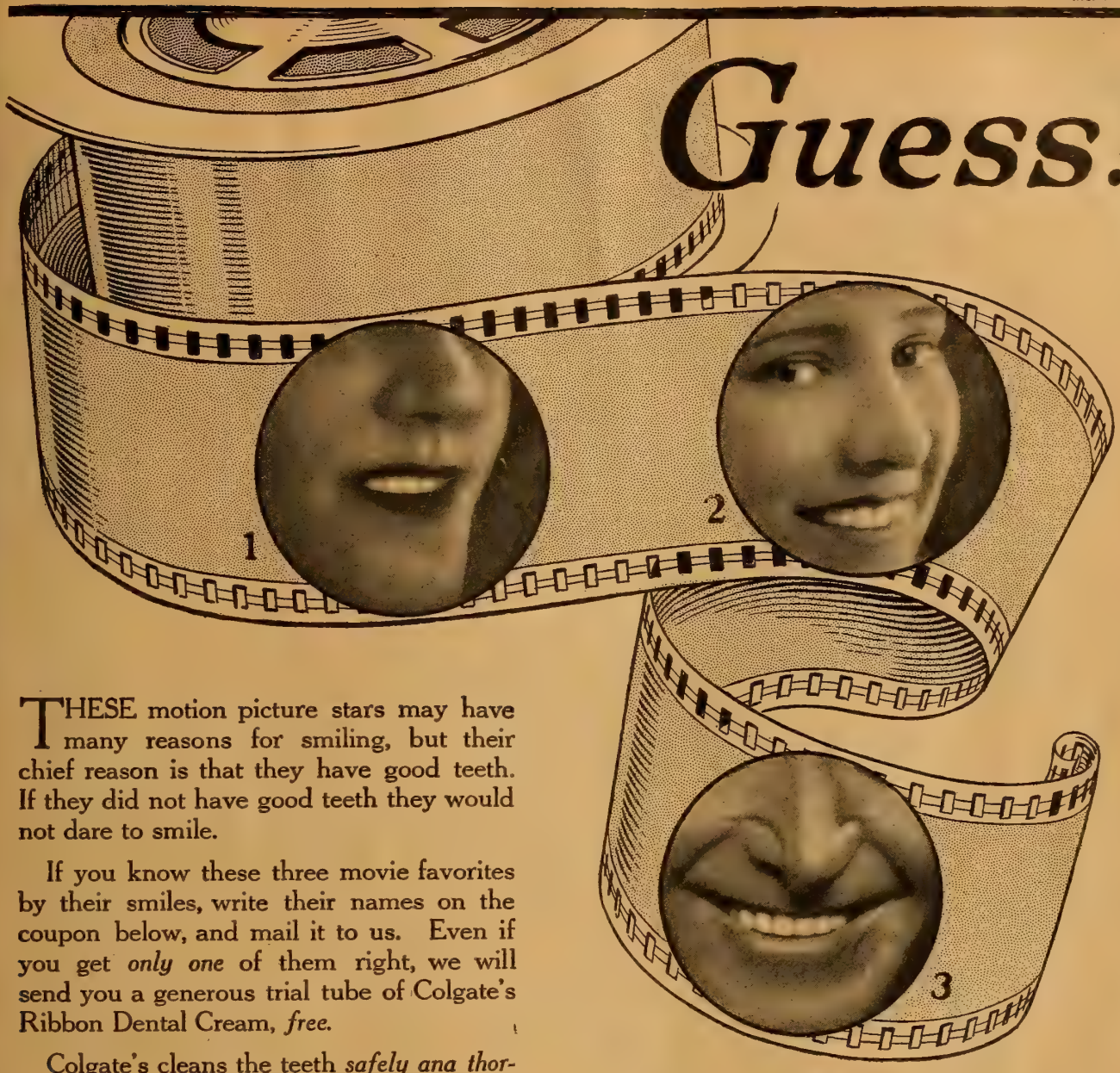
GOODY.—We wouldn't appreciate life if it didn't have a few jolts in it. Life would be too smooth if it had no rubs in it. Lois Wilson is out West. Larry Semon's father was "The Great Zere," a magician in vaudeville.

E. M. W.—You say you think it is a good idea to keep me a mystery. I dont know whether it is or not. Am I a mystery? Why so? Only my name is a mystery. Sometimes I ask myself what my right name is. No, there is no Mrs. in my family. Why Mildred Harris was educated in a dramatic school before going into pictures. She played for Biograph and Vitagraph years ago.

THELMA H.—You think we are using too many pictures of Dorothy Dalton. Oh no. If Dorothy will take the time to have more pictures taken we will be glad to use them. And this applies to all players. It is like pulling teeth to get them to supply us with good, artistic pictures. Yes, Rubye de Remer is a very beautiful girl. I have met her personally, and I will take my oath on it.

VITA.—You want Doris Delvine to interview Kenneth Harlan. Doris, Page Kenneth.

Guess!



THESE motion picture stars may have many reasons for smiling, but their chief reason is that they have good teeth. If they did not have good teeth they would not dare to smile.

If you know these three movie favorites by their smiles, write their names on the coupon below, and mail it to us. Even if you get *only one* of them right, we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, *free.*

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The Answer Man

PETE B. & AILEEN M.—Permettez moi to say that Sam Bernard played in "Poor Schmaltz" some years ago. So you like suicides in pictures. Suicides are the despise of life. Gloria Swanson is married to a Mr. Sonborn.

GLADYS P.—The announcement of "Thoughtless Woman" claims that the picture will move the heart thru the eye. Some operation! Ho-ho. Zasu Pitts was born in Kansas, 1898. Julia Marlowe was born in England in 1870.

LILLIAN GISH FOREVER.—And what do you know about her little sister Dorothy marrying James M. Rennie? And then Norma Talmadge's little sister Constance trots off and marries John Pialoglu. However, they all have my blessings. Douglas MacLean is married. I am really glad to see it. And I hope they will stick to it—at least for a respectable time.

ELEANOR V. H.—Well, I studied French about 60 years ago, and English about 80 years, and I cannot speak either language correctly yet. You want to know whether Niles Welch likes watermelon. Questions like that make me very weary, more than that, they make me sad. Sad for the questioner, and sad to think that you value this department and its A. M. so highly. The beautiful is something which appears abominable to the uneducated. Only the better intellects can really appreciate the beautiful. Carmel Myers is playing in "Cinderella Jane" for Universal.

MICKEY.—Yes, it is true that Fannie Ward is a little older than she looks. Perhaps she doesn't feel even as old as she looks. Next time dont bet with your wife unless you are prepared to lose whether you win or not. William S. Hart is to play in "O'Malley of the Mounted." Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke."

AILEEN P.—Thanks for yours, it was brilliant.

ETHYLE JANET.—Right to the point. You bet we had snow in New York, but the street cleaners wont allow us to look at it long. Snowflakes placed on a strip of black cloth in a cold room, and examined under a microscope or a common reading glass, show an almost endless variety of beautiful geometric forms. The condition of the atmosphere decides the shapes. The colder and stiller the air, the more elaborate and starlike the flakes become. No trouble at all.

ALMA.—You think we ought have more about Robert Gordon. Yes, there are many permanent stars in the photoplay firmament, and also a lot of shooting stars whose popularity is of short duration. Why, Jessie Wilson's wedding was the 13th in the White House.

MADELINE A. F.—Wish I had room to print yours, but space does not permit. You seem to think at eighteen woman's rights are three years ahead of a man's. Let me hear from you some more.

R. U. SMART.—There are several ways to speak: to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment. You can reach Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at Hollywood, Cal.

MOUNTAIN EARS.—I dont believe you. Constance Binney is not married; Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron but she hasn't any children. Harold Lloyd is not married. Bebe Daniels is nineteen, and you can address her at Hollywood, Cal., Realart Studio.

BUNNY.—Oh, I like it in any form. But, to make love only when signing the marriage certificate, is to take romance by the tail. Earle Foxe has signed up with William Zeigfeld Productions. Saw him at the Algonquin the other night, also Carlyle Blackwell and Rod LaRocque, quite a bunch of male vamps and beauties. Monte Blue is about thirty.

WILDFIRE.—'Nough said!

EVELYN.—And you think you like Bert Lytell. Lewis Stone played in "The River's End" and "Nomads of the North." Yes, Charlie Ray married Clara Grant.

LEWISHOLN.—See above.

MONTANA BRIDE.—Thanks for your letter. Interesting, to say the least. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. He is forty. Of course I like cheese. The older the better. Did you know that one of the best grades of Italian cheese is sold only after it has been seasoned for at least four years.

M. M. C.—You refer to Marjorie Wilson. The beautiful Dorothy Phillips was in to see us the other day. She is indeed charming. You can reach Richard Barthelmess at Mamaroneck. He and his bride, Mary Hay, are very happy. He is 25.

A PERNHART.—Thanks for yours.

SHIRLEY.—No, I admit it doesn't require much effort for a man to make a fool of himself over a woman. If it were as easy to make a fool of himself before a camera, most men would be in the picture business. Thanks for the invitation. There is no Swanee River. The darkies call the Mississippi that.

L. E. B.—Yes, Charlie Ray is married. Someone said that his hat doesn't fit him. It is that that makes him a type. Charlie Chaplin's shoes and trousers do not fit him either.

FLYING DEUCE.—Good luck to you. Wish I could send you some magazines but Russia is a long way off.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—Always glad to hear from you. I go to Bermuda on my outing this year. When you read this I'll be back. There's no better reading than the Bible. The first English bible printed in the United States was in 1782 in New York, and George Washington owned a copy.

PEGGY F.—I cannot tell you what the players do with their cast off clothing. None has ever come my way.

HELEN E.—No, I have never had my fingerprint taken. They say that fingerprints are said to be unchangeable thruout life. Sir William Herschel, one of the earliest students of fingerprints, took the impressions of all his fingers in 1859. He took them again 50 years later and there was no alteration of the slightest detail. Shirley Mason in "Sing Toy" a Chinese story.

SWEETHEART.—Not me. You're a wonder. Not all kinds of matches are made in heaven. Some seem to have been made in the other place—particularly the sulphur ones. Mae Murray is to do "The Gilded Lily," which is to be directed by her husband Robert Leonard.

LOTSA PEP.—That's what I like. You say you want to see a picture of Norma Talmadge and her husband together. You're wrong about Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark. They are all happily married. Mrs. Sidney Drew has successfully reduced to beautiful proportions, but I dont know how she did it. Here is good advice, however,—taste makes waist.

THREE SISTERS.—You want more about Mahlon Hamilton.

TRUE BLUE.—So you liked "Humoresque"—everybody did. Write me again.

PAUL S.—No, "The Destruction of Pompeii" has not been filmed nor has "Herculaneum." No, I hardly think my salary will be reduced. If it is, I am going to lease me a cave. Then I will be a real cave man. Oh joy!

PANSY PINK.—You say you only want the 26th of an inch, and dont want to be put in the alsorans. In order to keep out of that class you have to write something clever or to cause me to write something clever—and that's pretty hard. Well, a confirmed bachelor figures that while he misses a few happy moments, he avoids many unhappy hours. Clever men, we bachelors. Mary Thurman is 22; Marguerite Clark 33; Mary Miles Minter 18; Gaston Glass is not married.

JUMBO.—Good luck to you.

WILD FLOWER.—No, Vivian Martin is not married. You say you want to see Beverly Bayne back in pictures. She certainly is a beauty. Well, no matter how careful and suspicious a man may be, he will accept a pretty girl at her face value.

D. T.—*Comment vous en va?* Of course I ride in the subways. You get a long ride for five cents. From Flatbush to Harlem for a nickle, over twenty miles. Other railroads charge 2 or 3 cents a mile. The first elevated railroad in New York City was opened in 1878. Call some time and get some more railroad news.

(*Continued on page* 92)

WHEREVER society gathers—where eyes are focused on woman's beauty—where man is most susceptible to feminine charm—

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publishing, please specify in letter

Intelligent criticism, rather than thoughtless praise, is the greatest spur to a flagging ambition, and sometimes it happens that the layman sees things more clearly, for having a little perspective on the matter, than those on the inside.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your splendid magazine for many years, which leads me to hope you will not consider it undue boldness for me to write a few words of admiration and condemnation about a few of the plays and players.

So many plays are being produced this year in a slipshod way that it is just likely that some of the fans become soured against pictures and never get to see the really good ones, of which there were some excellent ones produced during the year, including "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "The Price of Redemption," "Madame Peacock" and many others.

To Lillian Gish and Bert Lytell I wish to take off my hat. It may just barely be possible that they have been helped greatly in their selection of plays, a cause which has ruined many other good pictures and players.

Take Thomas Meighan, for instance, in "Conrad In Quest Of His Youth." Admitting that he tried to make the best of his rôle, I insist that it is impossible to make a good Englishman out of such a good Irishman as Mr. Meighan. Another picture in which the star has been compelled to assume a rôle which reacted against her, is Alice Lake in "Body and Soul." Some of the scenes in that picture are positively disgusting, while many others are ridiculous. Miss Lake made her reputation playing opposite Bert Lytell in "Lombardi Ltd.," in which she played a part that fitted her appealing character admirably. Why not keep her along those lines? There are many other cases where a player is forced to assume a rôle that mitigates against his real success, greatly diminishing his prestige.

But coming back to Miss Lillian Gish and Bert Lytell, one is surely repaid for all disappointments of a year in just seeing them act. Miss Gish's exquisite and enchanting acting entitles her to step on the pedestal with the immortal Mary Pickford and the great Nazimova. As for Bert Lytell, I doubt whether he has a peer in the world of pictures today.

Sincerely,
R. M.
New York City.

Retrospection must inevitably be tinged with sadness. This writer regrets "the dear dead past," but still has hope for the future, which she discusses with clarity and insight. Is the decline of Clara Kimball Young assured? We think not. Neither do we find Alice Joyce

(*Continued on page* 82)

Shadowland
FOR APRIL

Up and down Broadway and back and forth over the world flit the shadows that make SHADOWLAND.

The stage, the cinema, literature, art and poetry have their places, as it is a magazine devoted to art and beauty.

The first of a series of articles on Motion Pictures by

W. L. GEORGE

will appear in the April number of this magazine. This English novelist, who could put into his "Caliban" a newspaper atmosphere never before caught in the pages of a book, is able to tell our readers something about motion pictures never told before.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

writes about BACHEL LINDSAY. It is one of his series of entertaining articles on famous literary people.

OLIVER M. SAYLER affords a pleasant half hour with his article on Japanese gardens.

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6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship you the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down to reduce your freight charges considerably. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. **Order by No. B6259A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price $29.90. No discount for cash.**

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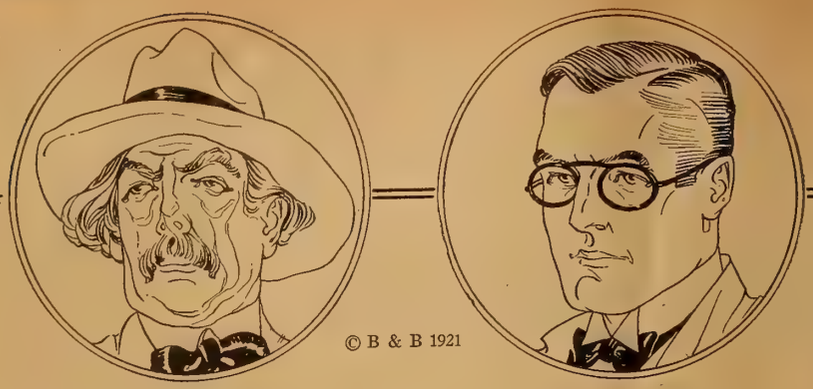

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M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 80)

"matronly" nor are we of the opinion—but read the letter.

DEAR EDITOR:—A few flowers and rocks I have to shower, and this being my first attempt to express my opinion for publication, I am somewhat shy in the beginning. The fans have been contributing their views and I think it is a good thing, for we keep up with the times in the movie world, at least I do.

I have, since the early days when J. Warren Kerrigan, Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump were the idols of the five cent shows, also when Florence Turner was the star supreme of Vitagraph. I remember when Alice Joyce and Romaine Fielding won in a popularity contest and they had the Alice Joyce Waltz and Romaine Fielding March dedicated to them. It seems like yesterday when Mary Fuller was the stellar lady of Edison, Florence Lawrence of Universal, Florence LaBadie of Thanhouser, Kathlyn Williams of Selig and Bessie Eyton of Essanay.

But today the honors belong rightfully to those who are leading in your popularity contest. Mary our own, always first, and may she always remain so. Norma, the wonderful, and her sister Connie. But does not Connie owe her position to Norma, for, if we hadn't known Norma, would we have Connie? Pearl White, our serial lady, she of the old Crystal days who played with Chester Barnett,—we all love Pearl and we are glad that she is starring for Fox, and we hope she will soon be with First National. And so on down the ladder, each has worked for the position they hold, some harder than others but with less success.

'Tis indeed with regret that we forsee the gradual decline of the once famous Clara Kimball Young, the possessor of the luminous orbs that have broken hearts galore. Pauline Frederick has run the gamut and is ready for the shelf. Mae Marsh, we rise as one and plead for you again, let us have our tearful little every day girl once again, noted not for beauty but for her human appeal to the plain folk. Edith Story has passed away, likewise Blanche Sweet and Marguerite Clark. Alice Joyce is striving to regain the position that she once held in the movie world, but without success, old Father Time has taken the pouting little Alice and given us a matronly young woman, whom we can not love as we did the Alice of Kalem days.

Our new hopes are for Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Mary Thurman, the Binney sisters and Katherine MacDonald.

We the fans, couldn't accept Lila Lee on her press agent's ads and publicity campaigns. But after real work in small parts we are ready to proclaim her a star. The same case applied to June Caprice, she never made the place Fox put her in on the start. Marion Davies is over advertised and we are disappointed with her work, after seeing her flashed in every magazine and paper. Marion, work for your place as others have done and you will be popular. Vitagraph is killing little Corinne Griffith as they did Gladys Leslie. I do not believe that advertising helps a star. We never see Norma or Constance Talmadge flashed everywhere, nor Mary Pickford. If they appear in a good play, we rave over them, if a bad one, we sigh and say that it is the picture and not they.

Movie magnates exploiting such stars as Vivian Martin, May Allison, Alice Lake, Shirley Mason, Mildred Harris Chaplin,

Bessie Love, Irene Castle and Mary Miles Minter are doomed, if they expect them to reach a higher pinnacle than that which they now hold. We cannot accept Eugene O'Brien as a star, he is too self-satisfied. He lost seventy-five per cent. of his following when he left Norma Talmadge's fold. Tom and Owen Moore were more likable as foils for stars than stars themselves. We cannot imagine Thomas Meighan holding any other than Gloria or Bebe in his arms. Why couldn't they let those three alone?

At last Lillian Gish has come into her own, she, of the material that Duse and Bernhardt won favor with. Her following is far greater than we expect, for we cannot discuss her in public. Her place in our hearts is like a bunch of old love letters that are dear to us when alone, tho we do not care to bring them in public conversation. Lillian, we have confidence in you, likewise your little sister Dorothy.

Now in closing, may I suggest that we fans all vote as one for Lon Chaney as a star.

EVALYN VOGEL,
Highland Ave., Norfolk, Va.

Finite endurance has of necessity its limits and D. R. G. has come to the end of hers. But her complaint is brand new! It is the movie fans she holds up to contumely and not the movie actors and actresses, a welcome relief to them doubtless, and something in the nature of a surprise to the omniscient fan.

DEAR EDITOR:—I've just stood at one side and looked on as long as I possibly can. There's just one kick that I have to make, and that is this: What's wrong with all the fans? Cant they do anything but kick? Frankly, they make me tired. Aren't we getting enough good photoplays to make up for those they call bad? I'm perfectly satisfied.

Of course if I set myself to the task, I could pick out small things in all the pictures, and there wouldn't be any good ones left. That's just what it seems, all the fans as a whole have done. Someone passes some slighting remark, someone else passes another, and so on, until that particular picture has something terribly wrong with it. Here's hoping we get a few more bouquets instead of so many bundles of thorns.

I saw "Behold My Wife" at the Strand last week, and it was one of the very best photoplays I've ever seen. Also I saw "Once To Every Woman," with Dorothy Phillips. It was simply great. But I like Mabel Juliene Scott better than I like Dorothy Phillips. I want to see her at the very top rung of the ladder, and I believe she will come almost, if not all the way up, too.

Another of my leading favorites is Katherine MacDonald. She and Norma Talmadge hold highest honors together just now. But it seems that she isn't as popular with everyone else as she is with me. However, I have high hopes that she soon will be.

Dorothy Gish is certainly a delightful person. And I'm beginning to like Lillian now. Saw her in "The Greatest Thing In Life," and she was very good. Another is Louise Lovely. She'll be here soon in "The Little Grey Mouse." I'm glad she's a star, but I regret that she wont act with William Farnum any more. They were very good

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Pepsodent is the new-day tooth paste, complying with all modern requirements. It does what never before was done. You should learn its benefits at once.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Watch the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

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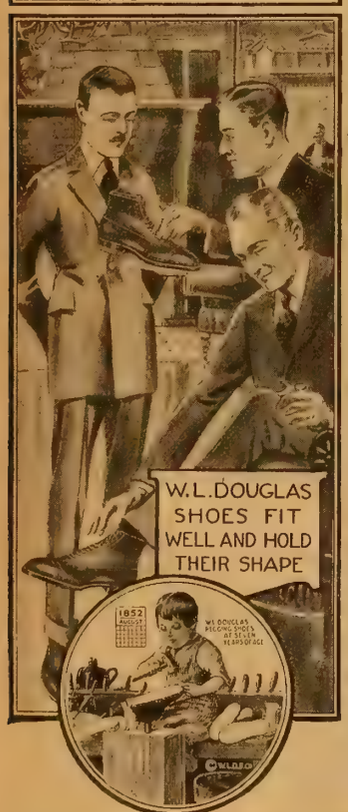

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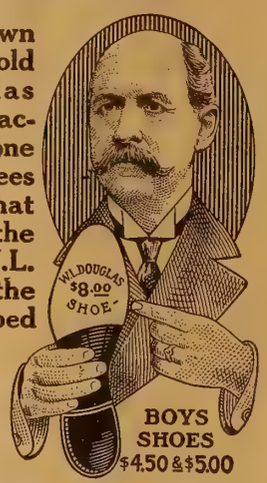

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EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be, —gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator.....$ .75
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M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....$ .50
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan.....$1.00
M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"...$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites **Dept. 47, Binghamton, N. Y.**

together, but still she is a star, so I'm satisfied.

Sincerely,
D. R. G.
Memphis, Tenn.

One of the most fertile fields in the world for propaganda of any sort is the moving picture. Excepting only the newspaper, nothing else is seen and discussed by so many people. Naturally, therefore, whatever concern is making use of the moving picture for the furtherance of its own interests will see to it that nothing inimical thereto be shown. However, it is a form of propaganda that any one may employ. Ergo . . . .

DEAR SIR:—As a reader of your department, I am sending in a criticism not of any special actor or company, but of moving pictures in general.

Movies are used as propaganda. I think that this should be stopped. If it is not going to be, however, why not show both sides of the question? I attend at least one or two movies a week and never have I seen one that truly portrays the life of the working-class. Why is the hero always a strike breaker, the striker a villain? Why is the hero the one that foils the revolutionists when our own forefathers were foiled by the infamous Benedict Arnold?

Then again, India is always pictured as a land of great mystery. I know many Hindus and they are just human beings with nothing mysterious about them.

The public learns many things from the movies, so let's show them the truth.

Yours for truth and fair play,
NAN BENNETT.
22 Forest St., Hartford, Conn.

This is a most interesting suggestion and we will see what can be done. However, some stars labor under the delusion that their husbands belong to them and not to the public. It is a quaint idea, is it not? And some men may object to their exploitation as the husbands of famous women. But we shall see.

DEAR SIR:—I attend one of the New York colleges, and I and most of my schoolmates are constant readers of all three of your magazines.

Therefore, I am taking my Corona in hand, and taking the liberty of asking that you grant the request of a number of your readers, and print the photographs of the lords and masters of some of our stars. We would be interested in seeing photographs of:—

Mr. Herbert Somborn, Gloria Swanson's other half.
Bernard Durning, Shirley Mason's
Albert E. Smith, Jean Paige's
Herbert Bolster, Madge Kennedy's
Wallace McCutcheon, Pearl White's
Mr. Wanda Hawley, whoever he is
Mr. Gladys Leslie, whoever he is
Mr. Vivian Martin, whoever he is
Fred Niblo, Enid Bennett's better half.

We would like to see a good photograph of Mrs. Wallace Reid. Cant we have more of Mrs. Richard Barthelmess? I think a page or two of these couples would be very interesting.

CONSTANT READERS,
New York City.

Jimmy's Father

(*Continued from page 29*)

"When I'm fired from this job," grinned Rogers, "I'll wander back to my friend "Ziegfeld's Follies," chew my gum, throw my rope and tell how I couldn't make a go in pictures and have come back home. There is only one trouble with pictures, sometimes it interferes with ropin'."

This is one thing Will Rogers never tires of doing—*ropin'*, and he spends every minute of his spare time keeping in practice and keeping in trim. He is friends with every cowboy in the country and they write him volumes about all the rodeos.

With the end of his current picture, "Boys Will Be Boys," an Irvin S. Cobb story, in sight, Miss Rich asked the star where he was going between pictures.

"I haven't just decided," he replied, characteristically, "Mrs. Rogers thinks she'll ease off with me somewhere but I want her to take a nice trip to New York and play a while. She's been closely confined during the children's illness and needs a good rest. If she does, guess I'll go down into Mexico with a friend who has lived there thirty years. Kinda want to see what's over there that they have been making such a fuss about. Between last pictures I went down to Oklahoma and helped a friend brand three thousand head of cattle."

Will Rogers' picturesque phrases and quaint sayings sweep the Goldwyn lot and everyone falls into line, striving to imitate him, for there is no doubt that he has broken the old proverb about a prophet being without honor in his own country and Will Rogers is appreciated at his true worth by everyone who knows him.

Not only is he a popular actor who has rapidly established himself among the foremost film stars of the day with ardent fans encircling the entire globe, but he is one of the finest, truest men in the industry—respected, admired and beloved.

Making a scene for a Rogers picture often assumes the tempo of a hilarious entertainment. No one from Clarence Badger, who has directed all his productions, or Irene Rich, who has played opposite him four times, to cameraman Marcel Le Picard, has any idea what funny stunt the star may indulge next and it usually ends in a test to keep from spoiling it by laughing. The majority of the titles which enliven his pictures are the result of extemporaneous remarks made by Mr. Rogers during the action of the play.

"They sometimes take the humor out to put in good English," he laughed, as he concluded the court scene which Sidney Ainsworth and Edward Kimball were conducting, with Cornelia Callahan as witness and which had touched the high spot of comedy. "We're like the brook in this picture, keep going on and on, cant find a place to stop. There isn't going to be any love clinch at the last, just a jolly party."

Now comes the good news that for Will Rogers' twelfth motion picture he is to make "Rip Van Winkle." Goldwyn has purchased the Joseph Jefferson stage version and it is to be a special production. Everyone is highly enthusiastic, while Mr. Rogers says, "The sleeping part will be a success, I'm good at that. Maybe they'll wish they had let me sleep all the way thru, you can never tell how a thing will turn out.

"There are to be a dog and children in the cast. I like to have them in pictures; you're sure to have natural acting."

Quaint, lovable Will Rogers! Bringing his good cheer, clean ideals, wholesome humor, and the tenderest little heart touches into his pictures.—and who says this isn't what we all want?

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A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

Nature uses the blood as a means of feeding the skin. Each one of the millions of skin cells lies as it were on the bank of a tiny blood-stream, whose function it is to bring nourishment to the cells.

If the organs of elimination do not function properly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood; and these tiny streams bring contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Do you not see the danger? It is these poisons that are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to regular and thorough evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those poisons that mar the skin and endanger health.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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May Fair

(*Continued from page 39*)

and talk over the events of the day. This is mother's day and none of us would think of missing it. Then I read a little and by the time the clock strikes nine I am ready for bed, for I must be at the studio at eight each morning as we start 'shooting' promptly at nine.

"I never lose interest in my work," she continued, eagerly. "There is always the thrill of anticipation with each day's efforts. A new story, a new character to create, new unfoldments, new situations,—oh, it is always stimulating!"

It was down in Georgia, at Rising Farm, the Allison estate, that May was born. She was a June baby and perhaps that is another reason why she is of such a happy, joyous disposition.

Dreams crept into her heart at such an early date that she can not recall when she did not feel the tug of a great ambition. It was as an opera singer, a second Melba, that the child hoped to bring the artistic world to her feet and her first audiences were the old pine trees to which she sang her heart's ambitions in clear, lovely carols. She says they were so generous in their applause that she was encouraged to go on and at the age of eleven this wisp of a fairy-like girl announced to a startled family that she was going on the stage.

Now, May's mother had taught her family to believe in themselves and in each other and this precocious remark brought no ridicule,—in fact, all were convinced that May would truly shine among the stars some day.

"When I was fifteen," chronicled May, "I could wait no longer to try my wings, so mother and I went to New York and two days later I secured an engagement, the rôle of Vanity in 'Everywoman.' Of course, I had only a few lines to say but I was the happiest girl in the city and before the season was over I was playing Beauty.

"Then came 'The Quaker Girl,' in which I alternated with Ina Claire. That's much nicer than saying I was her understudy," laughed May, modestly, "and I really did sing the title rôle in several performances each week. It was a beautiful part and how I loved it."

Her first plunge into pictures came in the Famous Players production of "David Harum," with William Crane, and she found it so fascinating that when she was offered a year's contract with the American she enthusiastically accepted. This was followed by a year with Metro where she co-starred with the popular Harold Lockwood in a series of eight refreshingly clever pictures which proved such a happy combination that it placed both young actors firmly in the affections of the picture fans.

At the close of this contract, however, Miss Allison was again imbued with the desire to return to the stage and spent a year studying in New York. She was just about to sail for London to create a new rôle when the war broke out and all contracts were canceled. Then came Metro's starring offer and once again May Allison became a heroine of the films.

"Metro has very high ideals," she mused, over a frappé, "They are ever striving to raise their standard and I have great hopes for my future. I love the comedies I have been doing,—who wouldn't like to help jolly up this old world? However, too often I have to romp thru pictures, just as myself, where there is such a cobwebby plot that it becomes lost. I am anxious to get into something more serious, for, as I grow and develop, I want to go forward in my work.

"Comedies must be very funny or have

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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some unusual or unique twist, like several of Connie Talmadge's recent ones, and such stories are hard to find. I loved making 'Fair and Warmer,' but such splendid comedy material is seldom found. I want characterizations, something to develop and build up and they must be human and sincere, that is what holds and grips."

May laughed blithely, "You'll see, I shall be a dramatic actress someday and strike emotional depths,—if my friends will ever let me have comedies."

By the time we reached our coffee, May was confessing that she has been so busy with her work, so contented within her own family circle that she has had little time to think of love and marriage but she added, "Of course, I hope it will come—some day. I should not like to think that the Great Romance would never come. I could never give up my work even for a husband and children—I have given it too much of my life to push it aside now and I would never want to sit down with folded hands and watch the world pass by. It is *doing,* fulfilling our destiny that brings lasting satisfaction. I am happy, just being happy in my work," and she emphasized each word with a shake of the bonny head.

It isn't difficult to understand why May Allison has become one of the favorite comediennes on the screen today, for she brings a sincere spirit of joyousness to her film characters.

Well may we echo the tribute paid her by a Japanese admirer who wrote, "I would with you like to have me always."

Piloting a Dream Craft

(*Continued from page 25*)

she is a screen star. The sight of a pink tulle dress with rosebuds on it is offensive to her. She has a penchant for gowns which make her appear old. She loaths the ingénue type of frock. She prefers to dress like a mature woman. She loves tight collars, long trains, vampiric velvets, costly sables, elaborate head-dresses, jewels, silks and satins and trailing chiffons.

She is beautiful—as flawlessly beautiful as a diamond—and as cold. She is not impulsive, nor naturally loquacious. In fact, it is rather difficult for her to put her inmost thoughts into words because of her naturally reticent disposition. And she is sensitive.

Two years before her marriage she went thru a period of craving great gaiety—just as all girls do. (Gloria will not like that phrase, "as all girls do.")

"It seemed," she told me, "as if I could not go enough. I wanted to dance every evening. I was on the go every moment."

Now she enjoys more serious pleasures. She is once more her quiet dignified self.

Gloria believes in the psychology of clothes. Put her in short dresses and bob her hair and she wants to play around like a child. But swathed in an evening gown with her hair high and heavily ornamented—she immediately becomes the society woman of poise and dignity and grace.

Gloria loves clothes, loves luxuries, *loves fame.* Her human, beautifully human, maternal side she prefers to veil from the public, and you cannot blame her for desiring a little privacy.

So I have faithfully told you what Gloria Swanson, the famous film actress, is like, but both Gloria, in private, and Gloria, in public, are possessed of great beauty and a will,—a will to get and keep the luxuries of this life.

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For Boys and Girls Also

Richard the Tenth

(*Continued from page* 23)

he hopes they may be able to do together. Dick's hope at the time was that he might do a series of Mr. Hergesheimer's stories, including, eventually, "Java Head," which Mr. Griffith bought for him sometime ago. It is quite probable that from the friendship, from Dick's admiration for the writer and Mr. Hergesheimer's admiration for Dick, memorable things may come. A quality for the screen which has, thus far, been hinted at only, with very rare exceptions.

I can imagine no more atmospheric combination than Joseph Hergesheimer and Richard Barthelmess. Both seem to me to possess in a manner of speaking, the same sort of flavor, tho the one has the riper touch and the other is just beginning . . . Both leave in the memory, after their work is done, an atmosphere, a perfume as potent as it is delicate, and as persistent. Both leave symbolic things as gifts to the imagination . . . amber and jade and trade winds and drifting sails and love that is compounded of the intertangled spirits of poetry and pain.

Both achieve certain highlights in their work, which do not obliterate, but rather, concentrate the details. In "Java Head," when one has done with it, one thinks of jade—somehow definitely. In "Broken Blossoms," one remembers the purification of love in the Yellow Man's patient body, shining forth without alloy, clear amber. In Mr. Hergesheimer's most recent story there is the marvelous cocktail. The ingredients of the tale are, somehow, contained therein. In "'Way Down East," when one thinks of David, one thinks of him, very grave and young, dancing with his mother, standing by Anna near the fireplace—quaint and very tender.

And so there seems to be between the teller of tales and the player of parts a certain communion of the artistic spirit; an expression of their art, essentially mutual; an affinity, so to speak.

We await consummation.

Among Those Present

(*Continued from page* 57)

I listened for a hint of bitterness. Lila, I think, has been pursued by a surly Fate. Only now is she gradually coming into the position which might have been hers long ago. It is a dreary tale of a growing youngster badly miscast, and of imprudence in advertising. Lasky thought they were getting a child but found that the child grew up on their hands before they could make her live up to their announcements.

Cecil de Mille gave her her first satisfactory part in "Male and Female." It was one of the outstanding features of the picture.

But despite all of this she holds no ill feeling. A quiet acceptance of what has been, a determination to succeed in the face of it, a confidence in the future . . . It was all very gently expressed, much of it not in words. A sigh, an interval of silence, can often mock the tongue.

I admired her dress and she told me, quite matter-of-factly, that it was from a design of her own. And then we were reminded again, sharply, that we had not the floor to ourselves.

We glanced together over the tier of tables ranging the walls.

"There's Gloria," she whispered, and I saw Gloria Swanson, radiantly beautiful, with her husband. She was seated and so I could not see her gown, only the brilliant smile that she was wafting in the direction

of the De Mille table; that, and two exquisite shoulders.

Elsewhere were famous others. Marshall Neilan, James Kirkwood, Agnes Ayres, May Allison, and Eileen Percy were a few. Harold Lloyd was skirting the edges of the floor with little Mildred Davis as his partner. In one corner Frank Mayo was chatting earnestly with the vivid Russian Dagmar Godowsky, a Nazimovesque creature, with her bobbed hair and Paris gown—and her cigaret. And more and more there were, some great, some merely approaching greatness, but all gorgeous.

It was a glittering pageant of the film world, the first successful one since prohibition. I, dazzled slightly, thought of that mad dance of the worshippers of The Shining One in *The Moon Pool,* that stupendous creation of Merritt's imagination, a thing of utter rapture and horror, the horror in this case being amply supplied by those persistent, pointed elbows. But we, Lila and I, drifted with the rest. It is useless to attempt to swim against a millrace.

We struggled back at last to her table and once there under reviving effects of cool ginger ale picked up the threads of our conversation. She told me of her latest pictures.

"'The Charm School,' 'Midsummer Madness,' and 'Easy Street,' are the three latest that I have made," she said. "'Midsummer Madness' is the best, I think. My part in it is the sort I've always wanted to do. I loved it."

"The Cruise of The Make-Believe," her first picture, she barely mentioned. It was one of those unfortunate mistakes that had been forced upon her by those who knew that she had ability but who had not the perception necessary to develop it.

What her next picture will be has yet to be decided. The story is among those to be found. One can only hope that her success as *Tweeny* in "Male and Female" will have opened the eyes of those higher up to the correct line to pursue. I doubt that Mary Pickford herself could have survived mistaken management at the beginning of her career.

Perhaps I have laid too much stress on Lila's misfortunes. I would not have it thought that she said aught of them to me. She did not. The whole tone of our brief chat was a happy one. But one cannot ignore facts.

I suppose it is not polite to be analytical. But because I was prejudiced—unnecessarily, I admit,—I was a little curious.

Lila is certainly not one with whom you would feel obliged to discuss Nietzsche and the Co-operative Movement—I say it thankfully. And just as thankfully and emphatically I would eliminate the twittering. It has no place in Lila's sphere. She is too busy being just a girl to bother her head over the birds in the trees. David Belasco still symbolizes the acme of her art. To work under him, that were indeed enough!

She lives with her mother and her sister Peggy out in Hollywood and is horribly human enough to be indignant because the telephone company kept her waiting six months before making an installation!

Even when I rose to leave and she was bidding me farewell I was conscious of that quietness. Her attitude seems always passive. Others laugh where she smiles, shout where she merely murmurs. If it were boredom it would be irritating, but I do not think it that. It does not quell the enthusiasm of others. It is just Lila Lee.

I wended my way back to my own table, for the moment unaware of the gay glitter about me. I thought: "If I were a stray dog and hungry I should make for Lila Lee's backdoor." She's that kind.

Gladys Walton, Universal Film Star, noted for her expressive eyes.

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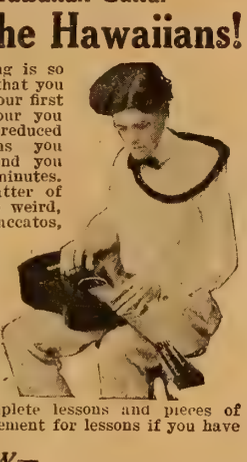

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Desert Heart

(*Continued from page 58*)

"Yes," commented the director, "we find that when you have to cut out entire episodes from the picture to bring it down to the required length you lose the punch and it becomes disjointed and vague."

Tho "Bill" Hart was born in New York state, he spent the first fifteen years of his life in Dakota Territory on his father's ranch and here in the loneliness of the primitive West, the boy, all unconsciously, was laying the foundations for his brilliant career.

One afternoon, while we watched the wagon train of prairie-schooners, drawn by oxen, wending its way thru the treacherous sand under the eye of the camera, Mr. Hart spoke of this period of his life.

"I've seen a lot of these trains myself and in fact, I know the experiences of those early days first hand.

"As a child, my only companions were Sioux Indians and as they refused to learn my language I was forced to master theirs. They taught me how to ride, shoot, fight and care for myself after the manner of the West.

"When I came to motion pictures in 1914, after spending a number of years on the stage, I found the western dramas a drug on the market. Now, I was convinced this indifference was the result of their having been presented with little or no idea of consistent realism. Knowing and loving the West as I did, I believed that I could make pictures that would be a truthful mirror of all its fascinating and colorful charm, and——" he added, thoughtfully, "I am always grateful to the American public who understand what I am endeavoring to present."

That his success has been so overwhelming is merely the justification of his high ideals and in these few years the entire world has enjoyed the opportunity of viewing William Hart in a series of films that have taken rank as splendid studies of his West, rich in romance and adventure.

It is a distinct achievement to step out from among your fellowmen and thru rare ability and sheer force of character to be able to create and retain a unique position—and this is exactly what Mr. Hart has done. He has given us many sterling rôles and to all of them he brings a fine sincerity, sturdy manliness and a wistful pathos and gentleness that touches the hearts of all.

He is boyishly happy over his success, yet he seriously declares that after finishing one more picture after this, which will complete the nine scheduled to appear under his own banner, he intends to retire—for an indefinite period.

In his present film, "Bill" has forsaken the well-known cowboy regalia for the silk hat, long coat and gay waistcoat that typified the costume of the picturesque gambler in the fifties, and, as Oak Miller, he gives another of his powerful characterizations.

Shading our eyes from the glaring light, we could see away in the distance a hundred Indians, their bare, brown bodies gleaming in the sun, come dashing over the hill on their swift ponies. The slow moving schooners came to a halt, for the ever hovering menace had at last become a terrifying reality. Women and children crouched in the wagons while the frontiersmen tested their firearms in preparation for the attack, the Indians drawing nearer and nearer.

Cameras set at different points were registering their advance from all angles. On they came, now lost in a cloud of sand, now reaching an eminence where they became an ominous silhouette against the blue,

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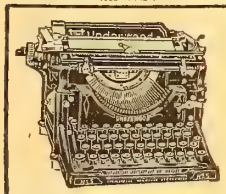

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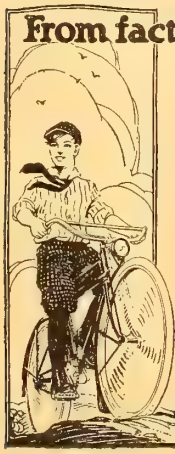

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blue sky, and finally closing in upon their victims with their famous circle of death!

It was all so exciting, so thrillingly real, that as I breathlessly watched the scene taking place under the burning desert sun and in the natural setting which may have indeed witnessed just such tragedies in those early days, I was carried away with its intensity and forgot there was a world beyond these shifting sands.

Then came one of the dramatic climaxes that fairly lifted us off our feet. William Hart, as the gambler, Oak Miller, seeking to save the girl he loves from the scheming villain, (who has planned the Indian raid for his own gain) has made a spectacular race for many miles on his faithful Pinto. He reaches the spot just in time to check the attack, the Indians believing there is an army of white men in pursuit.

"Bill," straight, tall, lithe, looking like a splendid bronze statue come to life, meets the Indian chief,—played by Chief Standing Bear, himself a magnificent specimen of the Vanishing Race,—in a spirited battle among the rocks and they present a study in muscle and brawn that would have delighted the great Michelangelo.

It was a battle royal, primitive bow and arrow against the civilized firearms, each man recognizing in the other a worthy adversary. Later, these two men unite in a common vengeance against the villain, and, with his last breath, Standing Bear saves Oak Miller by sending an arrow into the enemy, then dies as befits a noble warrior.

The acting of the three men was of the highest order, with Hart vibrating with restrained emotions, bringing a gripping intensity and vigor, which ever characterizes his work, and we came back to the present with a start when the scene ended and the cameras stopped clicking.

"This gambler-hero has been in my mind for years," remarked Mr. Hart, a moment later, while Mary Hart, who always accompanies her brother, endeavored to brush some of the dust from his hair. "I'm enjoying putting him on the screen as I see him. He is square, whose game is fair, whose heart is tender, whose loyalty is sure and—" he added, as Viola Vale joined us, "he deserved to win the girl."

Soft shadows were beginning to creep across the sands, it was nearing the sunset hour,—*sunset on the desert,*—of which there are few more impressive sights.

William Hart, ever alert to the beauty and grandeur of natural scenery, swung himself on Pinto, and together, horse and man, the staunch companions that have been immortalized upon the screen in many pictures, shared the scene in silence.

For an instant the flaming brilliance spread its magic carpet over the grey sage, bathing the rocks beyond in its dazzling reflections, then, swiftly, the colors faded, the cool dusk was upon us.

With the cameras packed, the wagons loaded and the last automobile carrying the players down the winding road to the little village, the desert again wrapped itself in its age-old Mystery, Loneliness and Silence!

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(Recipe)

By M. Powell Fohn

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Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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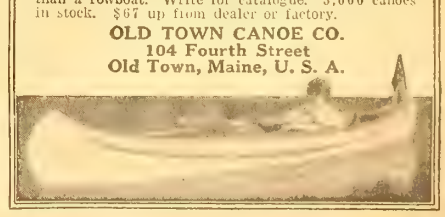

My Three Boys and Their Future

LAST NIGHT I happened to be glancing through a Bulletin of the United States Department of Education. What I read startled me. It was about the "Money Value of Education." This Bulletin clearly proved that the high school graduate earns a better salary than the fellow who has been denied this very great advantage—*High School Training.*

These Are the Reasons

1. High School Training Greatly Increases Individual Wealth.

One example why: "The Massachusetts Committee of Industrial Education made a study of 799 workers who had left school at either 14 or 18 years of age, and traced the actual average salaries received by these workers from year to year. They found that the boys who had remained four years longer in school in order to be trained, soon caught up in salary with their brothers who had stopped at 14, and went ahead of them so rapidly that by the time they were 22 years old, the sum of the four years' salary of the better educated boys was equal to that of the eight years' salary of those who had quit school at 14."

So you see that the boy who thinks he is making money by leaving school and going to work when 14 years old is actually losing money, unless he continues his training during his spare time.

2. High School Training Results in Higher Standing Among Fellowmen.

One example why: "Out of nearly five million untrained men and women in America, only 31 were sufficiently successful in any kind of work to be listed in "Who's Who in America," while out of two million High School trained men and women 1,245 won this high standing."

This shows that the trained man or woman has 87 times the chance of winning success.

3. High School Training Is the Passport to Preferred Positions.

Explanation: "From the twenty-fifth year on, the boys who had quit school at 14 would secure practically no promotion, whereas those who had remained in school until 18 and had, therefore, entered the higher grade industries and positions, would continue to receive promotion and increase in salary for many years."

These reasons are sufficient to convince me that, no matter what happens, my three boys must have the benefits of High School Training. The cost of a High School course is so little and the benefits are so many that no thinking man or boy will do without it.

There is hardly a job worth while that does not require a High School Training. Just stop and consider for a moment that without High School Training you cannot enter college; that you are barred from taking up any one of the leading professions, such as medicine or law; and in most States you will be unable to pass examination for certified Public Accountant, Architect, etc.

Even in everyday business, you are handicapped without this training or its equivalent, for a large number of business houses refuse to burden their pay rolls with men and women who are barred from promotion and responsible positions for lack of this training.

But how about you? Have you completed your High School Training? If you have not, let me urge that you do so at once. If you are not in a position to go back as a resident school student, then let me urge you to drop me a line immediately telling me of your aim in life, the reason for your quitting school, and what position is the goal of your ambition. Is there any reason why you should be denied your share of the good things that life holds in store for those who succeed?

American School

Drexel Ave. and 58th St. Dept. H-458 CHICAGO

Age.....Position You Desire.....

Present Occupation .....

Name.....

Address.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 78)

ARTHUR D. M.—Your letter was truly eloquent. Eloquence, smooth and cutting is like a razor whetted with oil. Yes, Alice Lake was good in "The Misfit Wife." Ethel Clayton is playing in "The Price of Possession." Rockcliffe Fellowes is opposite her with a dual rôle.

LAURA.—Love pleases more than marriage, for the reason that romance is more interesting than history. What man can be romantic for twenty years? Madline Traverse is in "The Ivory Disc." Your stationery was all right. Dont mind me. No, Larry Semon is not the same as Toto the clown. Neither Constance Talmadge nor Theda Bara is married. You can reach Corliss Palmer at this address.

BUB.—Of course I'm not married. No, I dont know everything. The only person who knows everything is the graduate just after he or she gets a sheepskin. You refer to Marjorie Daw as Emma Jane Perkkins. James Crane was Captain Rymill in "The Misleading Widow."

EUGENE, Australia.—Well, I know just how you feel after sending 25c to Norma Talmadge and then to have your letter refused and returned because of insufficient postage. But really, you Australians rarely ever put enough postage on your letters. You know that out of my $10 per I used to spend about $8 a month on insufficient postage. Why dont you write to Eugene O'Brien? Thanks, old chappie.

GLORIA C.—Dorothy Bernard and Glen White had the leads in "Sporting Blood." You just bet Dorothy Bernard is one of my favorites, and I am sorry I dont see more of her.

CELENIA R.—Yes, Eleanor Woodruff and C. Aubrey Smith in "Jaffery." I'm sorry you have had so much trouble, but let's hope it wont happen again. The "Iliad" teaches us that all life is a battle; the "Odyssey" that all life is a journey; the Book of Job, that all life is a riddle. I've been trying to solve it for the last 80 years, and I wont give up.

LINGERING LETTY.—You refer to Saxon Kling and Sue Balfour. Dont mention it.

IONA FORD.—Glad to hear from you. Write me again. I'll have to hurry; I'm 'way behind in my work.

JUST ME.—You cant make me mad by writing every month. Francis McDonald, in "The Final Close-Up." Donald MacDonald, in "The Market of Souls." Yes, Bill Morgan. You say Hoot Gibson is your favorite male player and Ruth Roland your favorite actress. Glad to hear whom you like and whom you dont like.

ALMOST.—The tale, "Bluebeard," was written by Perrault in the time of Louis XIV., and was supposed to be the life of Giles de Laval, a skilful soldier but wicked man. Emory Johnson has been engaged to play opposite Betty Compson. Mahlon Hamilton, Cullen Landis and Mary Alden, in "Snow Blindness."

FLAPPER ARTIST.—"To err is human, to forgive divine," are lines taken from the "Essay on Criticism," by Alexander Pope. No, child, it does not require wisdom and wit to write to me. Anybody can. Thanks for the masterpiece, and I hope some day to see your work in print. Marguerite Clark, in "Scrambled Wives."

SAMUEL.—Yes, I, too, admire Sunshine Sammy. We ran a picture of him not long ago, and some of our good readers objected to it. Yes, D. W. Griffith wants to buy "Ben Hur." He is prepared to pay $1,500,000 for the screen rights.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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Happy Days

(*Continued from page* 47)

life, fun—one and the same thing to him.

In appearance Mahlon Hamilton is heroic—tall, large boned, tawny haired and yellow-eyed. He has a penchant for light colored clothes, grey suits, black and white checked coats, cream colored trousers, tan overcoats. His clothes are rather large, as if he wore them to satisfy civilization and his calling but not himself. He is the sort of man that every girl dreams of encountering in the moonlight. He is the type that can whisper sweet nothings to please feminine vanity, but the wise girl will discount them as meaningless, for ladies as a whole count for little in his life compared to a well-matched game of golf or a prize-fight.

That is, ladies in general. In particular he has a very beautiful girl-wife to whom he is devoted. Just as the handsome house which he recently purchased in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles is the crown of his success, so his wife is the jewel that makes that crown worth while.

Mrs. Hamilton is a beautiful brunette with sparkling brown eyes and shimmering black hair. For one so young she has a great deal of business sagacity and is a decided help to care-free Mahlon in helping him to keep his appointments and remember business details.

Their home is ideally artistic, richly furnished—in no way ostentatious. A beautiful nest for newlyweds and a successful artist.

Out of the Workshop

(*Continued from page* 55)

come in to me, and also in the more substantial tokens that I can count piling up in the bank. Printer's ink is the greatest thing in the world to help a man, or a woman, up the steep incline of his, or her work, but as for the blazonry of electric lights . . . there are more essential and more lasting values."

I asked him whether he wanted to play any particular sort of parts.

"I want to express myself, of course," he said, "and I prefer to do it thru the medium of the psychological. Doing 'Earthbound,' for instance . . . it was actually very hard work . . . but it was also very engrossing work."

"Do you really believe in it," I inquired, "in spiritism?"

"I did while I was working in the picture," he said, diplomatically.

As a rule, however, Mr. Standing is not consciously or even subconsciously diplomatic. He is too enthusiastic. He is too ingenuously interested and heartfelt about his subject. He is too much himself with no thought of himself. It was an interesting and a worthwhile adventure to have met Mr. Standing first in the spirit and then in the flesh. It makes one inclined to advocate that particular chronology of evolution.

TO WYNDHAM

By Reuben Peterson

To stand in any place,
I say, is a disgrace.
A seat in any case
I'm for demanding.
I'm firm enough until
I see him on the bill,
But, if I must, I will
See Wyndham—standing.

West Hair Nets—Cap and Fringe Shape—all colors—Beach and Motor, 15c; Tourist, 3 for 50c; Gold Seal, 25c

March Winds Play Havoc With Your Hair

To preserve the beauty of your hair there are just three things necessary—West Softex Shampoo, West Electric Hair Curlers and West Hair Nets.

West Softex Shampoo—natural for dark hair and prepared with henna for blonde. Absolutely safe—10c

YOU can bring out the lovely glints of color in your hair through painstaking care and the *right* shampoo. Use West Softex Shampoo at least once every two weeks; for oily hair, every week. It acts as a stimulant to the scalp; makes the hair look thicker and softer and is absolutely safe.

A soft, beautiful natural wave is given the hair in 15 minutes through the use of West Electric Hair Curlers. They have rounded edges, which cannot break, cut or injure the hair.

West Electric Hair Curlers last a lifetime. Card of 2 Curlers, 10c—Card of 5 Curlers, 25c.

The finishing touch, a West Hair Net—one that matches your hair perfectly—made of long strands of selected human hair, twice sterilized, and especially processed for invisibility and strength.

And so, for the beauty of your hair you need these three things—

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California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 71)

Nineteen twenty-one looks like a good year for Eileen Sedgwick, Universal star. At the beginning of the year, having been a good girl and completed a serial called "The Diamond Queen," never once flinching whether thrown into the cold ocean or a lion's den, she began work on a feature production under the direction of Edward Kull. The name of the story is "Renunciation." It was written by Peter B. Kyne.

Monte Blue is having an opportunity to show his versatility in "The Perfect Crime," which is being filmed by Allan Dwan. Blue plays the dual rôle of Griggs, the absconding bank messenger and James Brown, the traveler and man of the world.

William deMille has returned from New York where he witnessed the opening of his "Midsummer Madness," and announces that he is thru with film adaptations of books and plays. Henceforth all his productions will be from stories written directly for the screen by well-known authors under contract to write for Famous-Players Lasky. His first story will be an original by Edward Knoblock.

By the way, W. Somerset Maugham, the famous author of "The Moon and Sixpence," has signed a contract to write for the Famous Players-Lasky organization. Mr. Eyton, production manager of the Lasky studio, is seriously thinking of "Outcast" as a future film vehicle for Elsie Ferguson. This was Miss Ferguson's greatest stage success and was done in pictures a couple of years ago by Ann Murdock. It is a virile enough play to stand a second cinemazation, especially with its original star. Meanwhile Miss Ferguson is considering "Footlights," by Rita Weiman for her next picture to follow "Sacred and Profane Love."

Forrest Stanley, the blond matinee idol, is supporting May Allison in her new picture "Big Game."

I saw Herbert Rawlinson, the handsome, in Hollywood the other day. It seemed so good to see his radiant smile and hear about New York from him that I completely forgot to ask him for any advance news regarding his plans.

Now it's a big Viennese picture company which is seeking to appropriate American stars and directors, judging from appearances. From the Uja film combine of Central Europe has come to Betty Blythe an offer to appear in a number of historical spectacles. This organization is the producer of the film play "Passion," starring Pola Negri.

Clyde Fillmore is one of the most versatile of the leading men in pictures. Off screen he is very distinguished looking and tremendously tall. I saw him recently enjoying a brief vacation at the Coronado hotel, Coronado, California.

Bebe Daniels has been enjoying a short vacation in her birthplace, Dallas, Texas.

"Sweetie Peach," from a *Saturday Evening Post* story by Sophie Kerr will be Wanda Hawley's next production and not "The Next Besters," as previously announced.

Hearts and Heights

(*Continued from page* 45)

take a motor trip, if it is only for a few days. And in California, high on a peak which overlooks the deep cañon she is building her new home—where the murmur of the nearby sea, too, comes thru the air to soothe, as a crooned lullaby.

And so, you find Ethel Clayton the girl-woman, valiant souled, rich in promise . . .

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In League With the Fairies

(*Continued from page 30*)

the curse of the bad fairy and forgotten that they are really the daughters of kings. They need something to quicken their imagination and make them realize their inheritance, and I am going to write many things I know to be true in order to help awaken beauty, which is not dead but sleeping.

People have passed thru three phases regarding beauty. First, it was considered wicked for a woman to be physically attractive. Second, it was conceded that there was no harm in being beautiful, and might even be desirable. Third, beauty is now an absolute necessity for every woman, and if she hasn't it, she must acquire it.

So my articles are for those who haven't beauty and wish to acquire it, and for those who have it and wish to preserve it.

The very first thing that should be mentioned in the development of beauty is the skin. Unless the complexion is good one can never be really beautiful. Here are some of the things the skin needs, whether the complexion is good or bad. Cleanse the face and neck thoroly and cover with a good cream that is recommended as a skin food. Dip towels into the hottest water possible, wring and completely cover face and neck. The steam from the hot towel opens the pores of the skin and drives the cream in. Use several applications of the hot towel until the muscles of the face feel entirely rested and relaxed. Then remove the surplus cream by gently rubbing with the wet towel.

Follow this immediately with an ice rub. Cover a smooth piece of ice with a soft cloth and rub briskly over the face and neck but do not press hard against the flesh, for it will bruise very easily when the pores have been opened by the steam.

A soft cloth bag full of shaved ice that will entirely cover the face is better still. Keep it in brisk movement over the face with the finger tips. This closes the pores and hardens the skin against attacks of sun and wind. Also, by stimulating the circulation it has caused the extra flow of blood to carry away many accumulated impurities. And the blood has in turn left with it needed food for the facial muscles, the flesh and the skin. This treatment is especially good at night just before retiring.

For morning treatment, the bath should be followed by an application of cold cream and a brisk ice rub. It is best not to use hot water on the face in the morning as it is too relaxing to the facial muscles. Those so situated that they can not get ice should use cold water, the colder the better.

Now vanishing cream, powder and rouge may be applied as freely as desired without danger of injury to the complexion and with the certain result of improving the appearance. The skin is now ready for the rough treatment of the sun and the wind.

* * * *

The second article of this series by Corliss Palmer will appear in a forthcoming number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

THOUGHT HE MEANT A PROMPTER

"Hang it, man!" roared the director. "Why did you tell that broken down actor I wanted to see him?"

"You said you wanted an old-fashioned stage-coach, didn't you," inquired the new property man.

"Yes."

"Well, he's it," replied props. "He's been a stage coach for thirty years."

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LET US PROVE THIS STATEMENT. Send the coupon, enclosing 10 cents, you will receive a **trial bottle** of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S famous HAIR COLOR RESTORER with special comb to apply it.

Test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray vanish! Note how clean and dainty is this clear, colorless liquid. How nice it makes your hair—how easy to apply. Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. Insist on the original MARY T. GOLDMAN.

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I WANT every woman who reads this advertisement to give it her serious consideration. I want her to know that by a simple "Vacuum Cup Device" I have found a way to put the law of beauty to work.

As we get older the muscles of the face sag. This causes sagging cheeks, crows-feet, drooping mouth corners, frown furrows and many other lines—lines of age.

With my Face Beautifier you exercise the muscles of the face; thus tightening the flabby flesh and thereby help to restore the look of youth.

No woman should be without one of these little devices. They pay for themselves over and and over again. Not electric. Use a few minutes daily. And the price is only $5, with full instructions.

Complete story told in my booklet, "Putting the Law of Beauty to Work." "Send for your beautifier today.

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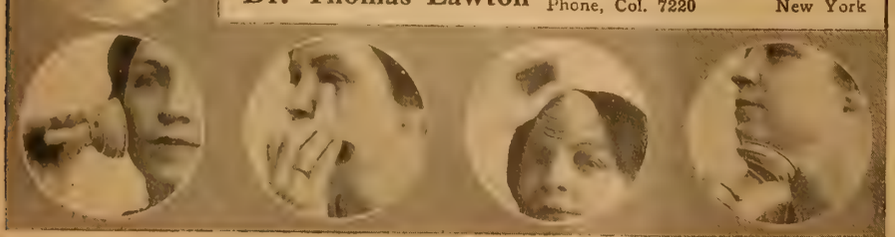

Building the Scenario

(*Continued from page* 40)

going to try to teach you something about it. But no scenario editor will wade thru a long continuity form when he knows, *a priori*, that it would have to be revised to suit his company and his star. What he wants is the story; and if he likes it, he may give you an opportunity to come to the studio and learn continuity writing.

Therefore, *always submit your stories in synopsis form.*

A good synopsis is nothing more than a short story—the shorter the better—running somewhere between 500 and 1500 words. *Typewrite* it on one side of the paper and send it in with a self-addressed and stamped return envelope.

It is well to start your synopsis off with a cast of the principle characters and a brief description of each. If you desire to call the editor's attention to some theme or special feature of the story, do so; but never send a letter telling how good your story is, or how you came to think of it, or that it is based on a real incident. An editor can generally tell by this sort of letter that a particularly uninteresting story is at hand.

There is one important bit of technique to remember in planning movie stories, and that is the rule of parallel action. Try to build your story in such a way that there are two lines of events taking place simultaneously at all times, so that the picture can flash from one to the other and so cover lapses of time. For example, while Jones is fighting with the crooks in the back room of a saloon, the girl of the plot is bringing the police. The cutter assembles the film so that the picture flashes from Jones and his fight to the girl and the police who are coming on the run, thus working up a great dramatic suspense and bringing the police from the station to the saloon in a few moments instead of wasting hundreds of feet of film on their journey. The two sequences, of course, should be closely connected and have a bearing on each other.

In your synopsis, make action, rather than dialog, tell the story. Be particularly sure to make your plot people real individuals who live thru the story, rather than puppets. Amateurs are prone to describe their hero as just a "handsome, athletic young man." That is not enough. Give him a few faults and special virtues. Start your story with several pictorial incidents which show what sort of chap he is without leaving it to the titles to "get across" his character. For example, our hero in a new special production, "Wife Insurance," is a shiftless chap—a rich man's son—and to "plant" him, at the start, we show him pawning all the furniture in the old homestead to buy orchids for his sweetheart, an incident which establishes his individuality at once without losing him a particular of the audience's sympathy. Do this sort of thing for all the characters in your story.

After your story has been accepted, the continuity must be made in accordance with the facilities of the studio and the abilities of the star. Continuity writers are more in demand than any one else in the movies, and their salaries in some cases total hundreds of thousands of dollars a year largely because few people will take the time and trouble to go into the studio and learn photoplay technique.

The dramatic form of a movie is fundamentally the same as the dramatic form of a play. A play is divided into three or four acts. A continuity is divided into ten to twenty episodes or "sequences," closely con-

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D ..... Drama
C ..... Comedy
F ..... Farce
E ..... Educational
SD ..... Society Drama
WD ..... Western Drama
MD ..... Melodrama
CD ..... Comedy Drama
SP ..... Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

Editorial Staff Critique

Always Audacious—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Behold My Wife—D-8.
Mabel Juliene Scott—Paramount.
Beloved Cheater, The—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
Below the Surface—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
Blackmail—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
Blind Husbands—D-10.
Erich von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Body and Soul—D-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
Branded Woman, The—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Branding Iron, The—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.
Brat, The—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Broadway and Home—D-7.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
Broken Blossoms—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith.
Burnt Wings—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
Charm School, The—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Civilian Clothes—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
Copperhead—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
Conrad in Quest of His Youth—D-8.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
Courage of Marge O'Doone, The—MD-9.
Pauline Stark—Vitagraph.
Curtain—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
Dangerous Business—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Darling Mine—C-8.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
Devil's Passkey, The—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Dinty—Wesley Barry—MD-8.
Marshall Neilan Production—1st Nat'l
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
Eastern Westerner—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
Earthbound—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.
Eyes of the Heart—D-5.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
Fighting Chance, The—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
Fatal Hour, The—D-7.
All Star—Metro.
Flying Pat.—CD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Food for Scandal.—CD-7.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
Forbidden Fruit—SD-9.
Agnes Ayres—Cecil de Mille Prod.
Forbidden Woman, The—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
For the Soul of Rafael—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
45 Minutes from Broadway—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National
Frisky Mrs. Johnson, The—SD-7.
Billie Burke—Lasky.
Furnace, The—SD-7.
Agnes Ayres—Paramount.
Girl with the Jazz Heart, The—CD-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
Going Some—CD-6.
All-Star—Goldwyn.
Good References—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Great Adventure, The—C-5.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
Hairpins—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
Haunted Spooks—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
Heart of a Child—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Heliotrope—MD-12.
All Star—Paramount.
Her First Elopement—CD-8.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
High and Dizzy—C-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
Honest Hutch—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
Humoresque—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
Idols of Clay—MD-6.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
If I Were King—D-8.
William Farnum—Fox.
It's a Great Life—CD-8.
All-Star—Goldwyn.
Jack-Knife Man, The—D-11.
King Vidor Production—First National.
Kid, The—F-11.
Charles Chaplin—First National.
Kismet—D-8.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.
Last of the Mohicans—D-10.
Maurice Tourneur—Associated Prod.
Little 'Fraid Lady—D-5.
Mae Marsh—Robertson-Cole.
Little Miss Rebellion—C-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Love Flower, The—D-7.
Carol Dempster—Griffith Production.
Love Light, The—CD-6.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Madam Peacock—MD-6.
Nazimova—Metro.
Madam X.—MD-7.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
Man Who Had Everything, The—CD-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
Man Who Lost Himself, The—D-8.
William Faversham—Selznick.

(*Continued on page* 100)

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OUR famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

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The hair will **stay dressed** after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussy, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the **life and beauty** of the hair. Dress it in any of the **prevailing styles** and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless, **greaseless** and **stainless.**

50c and $1 at Your Dealer or Direct

If your dealer can't supply you we will send it direct prepaid upon receipt of price. Use it 5 days. If dissatisfied return what is left and *your money will be refunded in full.* Thousands use it daily. Try it once; you will never be without it.

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Do you look forward confidently to the day when you will wed the girl you love? Do you see in your dreams a loving wife, and healthy children of your own flesh and blood, and a peaceful, happy home?

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This is the vision that every man should some day realize. But you may be one of those who fell victims to youthful errors, due to ignorance, which has undermined your Manhood and made you hopeless of ever being fit to marry. You fear the consequences of deception. You hesitate to propose lest you ruin the life of some pure, sweet, innocent girl. You know that if you are not physically fit that your children will be sickly weaklings, and you may destroy your wife's health. It looks dark and hopeless to you, but cheer up, you can prepare yourself with

STRONGFORTISM

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of despair and restored them to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has revived the Manhood they had thought lost forever and made them over from head to foot into vital, vigorous, manly men. It will do the same for you.

My FREE book **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy"** will show you how to prepare for Marriage and Parenthood. Write me regarding the ailments on which you want special information, enclosing a ten-cent piece (one dime) to help cover cost of postage and packing. I will do the rest. Send for my free book **right now.**

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Learn the Marvellously simple secret of a Perfect Voice. Rich, clear tones, and a wider range can be yours by simple exercises practiced at home. Weak voices given full, magnetic power. All pupils given course in Vocal Music, Sight Singing, Ear Training, Harmony, etc., FREE. Diploma granted. WRITE at once for book describing Secret of a Perfect Voice and full particulars—sent free and prepaid.

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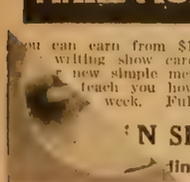

You can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting—we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free

N SHOW CARD SCHOOL

ding, Yonge & Shuter Sts.,

CANADA.

Building the Scenario

(*Continued from page* 96)

nected by lapse-of-time or change-of-locale titles (the written inserts). Each episode, as a rule, begins with a "fade-in" and ends with a "fade-out," which corresponds to the raising and lowering of a curtain on the stage. This episodic form is planned both in the original synopsis and, more particularly, in the semi-continuity.

The first episodes are usually devoted to "planting" or characterizing the plot people and opening the theme of the story. In "Mama's Affair," which we have just finished for Constance Talmadge, the first episode showed the Garden of Eden with Eve forcing Adam to let her eat the apple by throwing a fit of hysterics, and explaining that "nerves" have always been woman's greatest weapon to secure what she wants. Then a lapse-of-time title beginning "Many centuries later we find another Eve who, etc.," brings us down to the present when we show another woman using hysteria as a weapon to force her daughter to submission. In this episode the selfish mother makes her daughter forego her first matinée by throwing a fainting fit; then comes an episode where she plans to marry her daughter to the anæmic son of her best friend; then follows an episode where a doctor, called in to treat the mother, instead finds the girl is the one who is on the edge of a nervous breakdown; then comes a lapse-of-time title and another episode where the girl, under treatment at a sanitarium, falls in love with the doctor. And so the story is developed.

Each episode is divided into the necessary number of scenes. The scenes are interspersed with subtitles, either spoken (abbreviation is Sp.) or unspoken. All scenes are numbered in sequence from one to the last scene and, in the average scenario, there are from 250 to 300 scenes and from 150 to 200 subtitles.

By way of trying to make all this as clear as possible, we are going to show the first episode from the continuity of "Wife Insurance," which we are at this moment producing. Here is the first of the "Wife Insurance" continuity.

"Wife Insurance"

by

John Emerson and Anita Loos

Title:—It's bad enough for some to boss the rest of us while they are alive, but the limit is reached when they want to keep right on after they have cashed in.

Title:—For instance, there was that old skinflint, Harder N. Stone, the vice-president of the British-American Insurance Company.

One.—Library, Stone Home in Washington. Fade-in. Harder N. Stone, an old skinflint, is seated at his desk writing.

Insert:—Stone's hand writing the following: "I, Harder N. Stone, of Washington, D. C., hereby direct that should I die before my son, Roland Stone, he is to receive from my estate the sum of $60,000 per week and the use of residence in Washington, D. C., until his twenty-fifth birthday."

Stone sits back and regards what he has been writing, smiles smugly, and then continues writing.

Insert:—Stone's hand writing the following: "On his twenty-fifth birthday, provided he has lived according to instructions herein set down, my son, Roland Stone, is to receive his inheritance at the hands of my chosen executor, Lord Howe-Green, of London, President of the British-American Insurance Co."

Stone sits [illegible] and reads over what he

"FROM FARM TO FAME"

THE well-known ugly duckling becomes the well-known swan once more.

FUN WITH THE FAMOUS AND FORTUNATE!

We will guarantee this—something new under the sun.

The funniest thing in the world, is the making of a moving picture comedy. The finished product is not always so entertaining. But, in "FROM FARM TO FAME" a two-reel comedy, now being filmed at Roslyn, L. I., in connection with the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, we let you in on the actual making itself.

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has written and is highly pleased. He then rings for a servant and presently Briggs enters. He is a little English butler, who has been in the family for years. Stone turns to him and tells him that he has just been making out his will. Briggs is properly impressed and Stone says to him:

Sp.:—"Briggs, I have provided in my will that if I die before my son, you are to stay on with him as long as you live."

Briggs is highly pleased, thanks him, Stone dismisses him, goes on writing. Fade-out.

Title:—The old boy did die, as he deserved to, and left his son and heir, Roland Stone, with nothing to do but live on $60.00 per week.

Roland's bedroom, fade-in. He is lolling in bed in pajamas . . . etc., etc., (and we go into the next episode).

It can be seen from the above that the full continuity is a rather complicated, technical affair. It will be well worth your while to learn to write them. But first of all, learn to write the original story.

The writing of that original movie plot is what we are going to take up again in the next number of this series.

EDITOR'S NOTE: — In submitting your communication to Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis of a story.

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The Gilded Lily

(*Continued from page 35*)

knew she must be dreaming that, because men at the Cafe Royale didn't talk like that to their hostess. Only Frank. Just Frank. But he hadn't meant to, exactly. He had talked that way because he wanted her, with the same desire, with the same lust as the other men. He had proposed marriage, only because he didn't know any better, not because he *cared* any better. She knew it, remorselessly and clearly. Yes, she knew it.

Frank came in. He had followed them, he said. His voice was roughened and unpleasant. He tried to assault Creighton, to kill him. Lily thought him ridiculous. Creighton did, too. It took Creighton two minutes to show Frank up as a blustering young coward. Creighton prepared to leave. "You needn't fear him, Lily," he said, "the young animal is seventy per cent. bluff."

When Creighton had gone, Frank came over to her on the couch. She was unprepared for the ferocity of his attack, for the coarseness of his appeal. She struggled with him. She felt a loathing of him. His mother was in him, she sensed, his mother who had classified her, had spurned her. He was muttering to her that marriage needn't matter, it didn't matter anyway, had never mattered to her, now had it? He wanted her. She wanted him. She had said so. They had both said so. They were young and this hour was theirs . . . Lily . . . Gilded Lily . . .

Gilded Lily . . .

She glared at him. She fought him off. Her sharp teeth cut the bad blood from him in a thickish stream. "You little beast," she kept saying, "you *nasty* little beast . . . ugh . . . you are . . . nasty . . . . aiiiiiii," she screamed.

Her maid could be heard advancing. Frank flung her from him. He swore at her. She was disheveled. Thru the paint and powder and satins and laces, all awry, the real Lily peered at him, scornful, sullied by him, only by him. He hated her for it. He hated her essential self because it was good. His nasty dream-bred little soul had wanted fever, had wanted murk and sensuality. He went out.

Lily, on the couch, prostrate. Lily's dreams, not gilded at all, wan and broken up, lying about the floor, untidily. Lily's self, good. Hurt and tramped upon. By muddied boots. Country boots. Hob-nailed, manured, clownish. Clowns, all of them. Clowns with broken hearts. What did it matter? That was it. What *did* it matter? But it did. It did, terribly.

After a while someone came in. The maid murmured someone's name. Lily didn't look up. It was Creighton Howard. He had had to come back, he was saying. He gathered her up in his arms. She couldn't resent it, because his arms were cool and firm and very tender. Oh, how tender. He was talking to her, soothingly. He didn't call her "Poor Lily." She had shivered away from the fear that he might. He called her "Wise Lily." He told her that now she was ready, he thought. He called her "Dear Lily . . . and Real Lily." He asked her if she could take him, could make a home for him, for the two of them together. He was so tired, he said. He had always wanted her, but she had been unprepared, had been resentful of him, of them all, because she hadn't been able to differentiate. She had not been able to grasp that he, Creighton Howard, was different, in himself. She had thought them all, a pack, sensual, preying and hungry. He was hungry but just as she was. He drew mental pictures for her. Why—*they were the same pictures*, the *very* same pictures that *she* had drawn for herself and Frank. He told her of his mother, how she would welcome Lily . . . How she would love grandchildren . . . about his home, not very splendid, but simple and all comfy. He begged Lily to visit his mother, to see for herself. His mother would love Lily. He had shown his mother her picture and his mother had said "Under all the trappings how sweet her face is," Lily could see by that . . .

He talked a long while, quietly. And the hurt thing that was Lily's self, stirred and gathered itself together and was healed. She snuggled closer to him. The dreams picked themselves up. She murmured "Talk to me more . . . I'll say yes . . . oh, you *are* good . . . so good . . ."

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The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 97*)

MARK OF ZORRO—D-11.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

MIDCHANNEL—SD-4.
Clara Kimball Young.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—D-9.
All Star—Paramount.

MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson and Meighan—Tucker Prod.

MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

NOMADS OF THE NORTH—D-7.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.

NUMBER PLEASE—C-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

OH, LADY, LADY!—CD-7.
Bebe Daniels—Realart.

OVER THE HILL—MD-10.
Mary Carr—Fox.

PAGAN LOVE—D-7.
Mabel Ballin—Hugo Ballin Production.

PASSION'S PLAYGROUND—MD-7.
Katherine McDonald—First National.

PASSION—TRAGEDY DRAMA—11.
Pola Negri—First National.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM, THE—D-7.
Cosmopolitan Prod.

PEACEFUL VALLEY—D-11.
Charles Ray—First National.

PAYING THE PIPER—MD-6.
Dorothy Dickson—Paramount.

POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

POLLY WITH A PAST—CD-7.
Ina Claire—Metro.

PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

PRISONERS OF LOVE—D-8.
Betty Compson—Goldwyn.

REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

ROMANCE—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.

SEX—SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.

SILVER HORDE, THE—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.

So LONG LETTY—F-7.
All Star—Robertson-Cole.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-10.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—
Cecil de Mille Production.

SONG OF THE SOUL—D-8.
Vivian Martin—Goldwyn.

STOP THIEF—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

SUDS—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

TESTING BLOCK, THE—MD-6.
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount.

TEXAN, THE—MD-7.
Tom Mix—Fox.

39 EAST—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.

TIGER'S CUB—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.

TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN—D-9.
Claire Windsor—Lois Weber Prod.

TWIN BEDS—F-6.
Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven—First National.

WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—Paramount.

WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.

READERS' CRITIQUE

ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—CD-10.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

BAIT, THE—D-9.
Hope Hampton—Tourneur Prod.

BLACKMAIL—MD-10.
Viola Dana—Metro.

BLACKBIRDS—D-7.
Justine Johnston—Realart.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BRANDING IRON, THE—MD-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.

CHARM SCHOOL, THE—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DAUGHTER PAYS, THE—D-8.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.

DEVIL'S PASSKEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Production—Universal.

DINTY—MD-7.
Wesley Barry—First National.

EVERYBODY'S SWEETHEART—D-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.

FLYING PAT—CD-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-10.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.

45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National.

GIRL WITH THE JAZZ HEART, THE—CD-8.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.

HELIOTROPE—D-12.
All-Star—Paramount.

KISMIT—D-11.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.

LADDER OF LIES—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—D-9.
All Star—Tourneur Prod.

LIFE OF THE PARTY—C-9.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-10.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

MADAM X—MD-10.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Selznick.

MIDCHANNEL—D-7.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.

MOLLYCODDLE, THE—10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS—C-7.
Chas. Ray—First National.

OH, LADY, LADY!—C-7.
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ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—D-7.
Dorothy Phillips—Universal.

OFFICER 666—CD-10.
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PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-9.
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Constance Binney—Realart.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSA—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-6.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

Trust Your Wife

(*Continued from page 65*)

came here tonight to bargain for such gewgaws as this!" and she struck the orchids, crushing them into a bruised, purple mass.

"Then why did you come?" he sulked, baffled, covetous eyes on the firm warm whiteness of her arms and throat.

"To talk business," flashed the wife of Dick, "to ask you to back my husband's invention—for business reasons! Because it is a sound idea, because it can make a fortune for you as well as for him if you will invest in it, because you are a business man!"

Slater Holcomb stared at the beautiful woman before him incredulously. He had thought he knew women. He had never known one either so innocent or such a fool as this. "You came here, alone—knowing what I wanted of you, to ask me to invest my money in your husband's invention? You came here in that gown to discuss interest rates and percentages with a man like me? Are you a fool, or did you take me for one?"

"There was no other way I could talk with you," Margot answered, "you would not listen to me this morning. And it is so important to us! It is everything!"

He swore then, caught her roughly, kissed one white shoulder with hot lips. "Well, the important thing isn't why you came, but that you're here! We will talk about the invention later. Why, you beautiful fool! Do you suppose I'm a saint? or a stone?"

She did not struggle. She did not cry out. "I suppose you are a man with a conscience like all other human beings on God's earth," she said, looking straight into his glistening eyes, "you will not harm me—you cannot! My conscience and yours will not let you!"

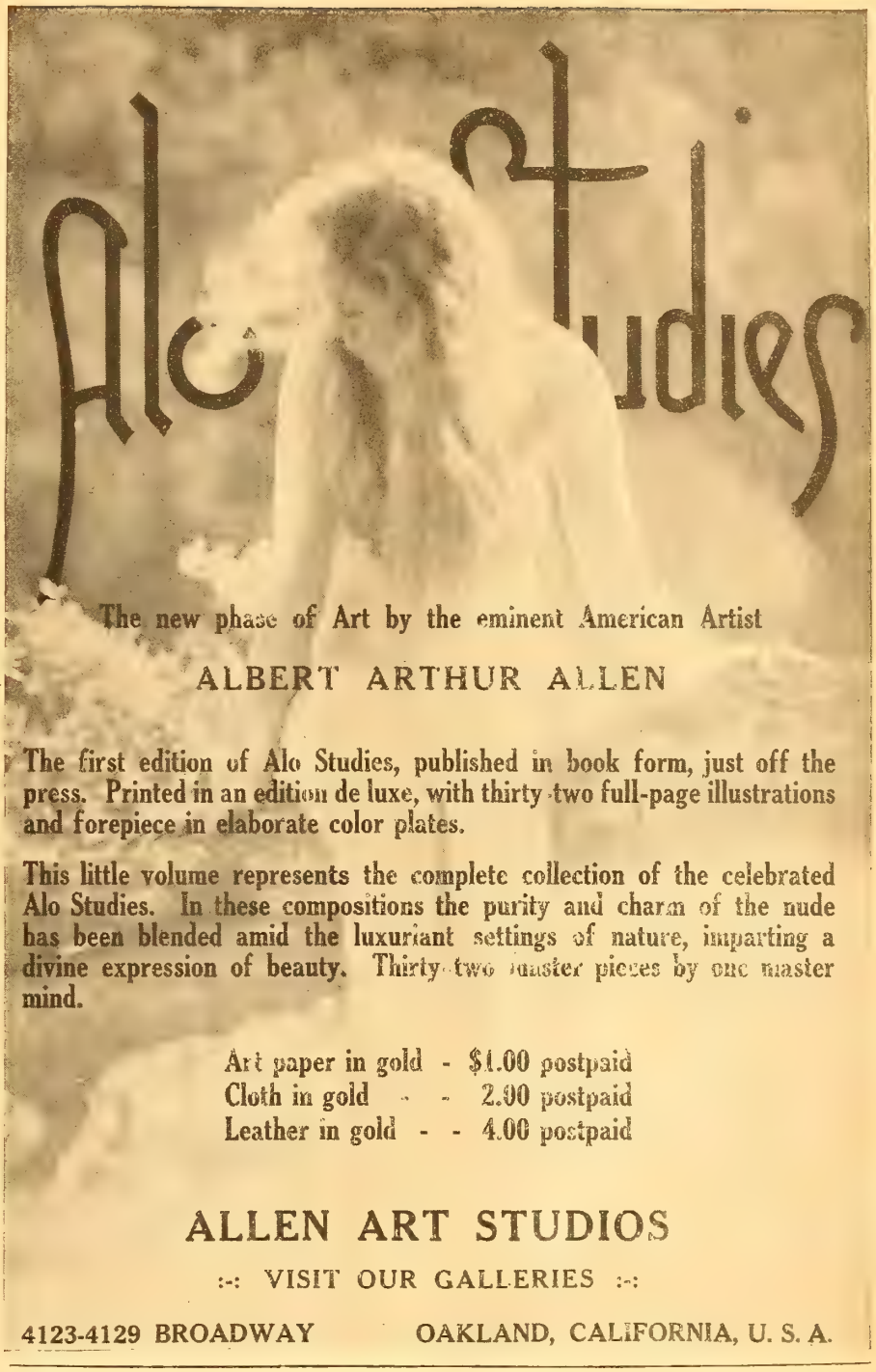
He stepped back, amazed by the prophetic look of her, but it was only momentary. Then once more he caught her in his arms and crushed his lips upon her throat . . .

And at the same moment she felt the yacht move, heard the rush of footsteps on the deck outside, and the beat of the engines. They had left their moorings and were headed out to sea!

Dick Hastings sat in the grey and gold studio, head in his hands. It seemed that he must have dreamed the woman with the rusty, streaked red hair and wild eyes whom he had found at his door when he returned this morning. But he could not have dreamed what she had said to him! It was too impossible—too unbelievable even for a dream. Did he want to know where his wife was, she had asked him with dry lips smeared with red greasy stuff, well then she could tell him! She had gone away with Slater Holcomb in his yacht. Believe it or not, it was the truth, so help her God! He had told her himself that he had a new fancy, a beautiful young woman from the West. It had taken her all night to find out who she was, where she lived. She had seen the yacht sail away with her own eyes——

Dick groaned. A dream! Or a damned lie! But where was Margot? If it was a dream or a damned lie, where was Margot? "She was so pretty," he said, using the past tense unconsciously, "she was so sweet. I thought she loved me, but of course she couldn't have . . . and it was I asked him here! I told her to buy that dress—to be nice to him! God, what a fool!"

He writhed with bitter laughter and the room was full of the ugly sound when Margot opened the door and stepped in. She wore the evening dress under her shab-



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by old coat, and her face was drawn and weary but beautiful in spite of that. It seemed to him suddenly shameful that she should still be beautiful, and, because he was afraid of being a soft fool and speaking to her gladly he sprang up and crouched above her and snarled out dreadful things—words that he had never known, he knew. "Go back to your lover!" he finished, "your rich lover! I'm not wealthy enough to afford to buy beautiful ladies' love!"

She stood quite still, looking away with wide eyes of horror. But curiously enough the horror and the shame in them seemed to be not for herself but for him. He felt an immeasurable self-rage, as tho he had struck at something helpless, unprotected. He wanted to hate her, but instead he hated himself. The coat had slipped down. On her bare shoulders he saw a faint bruise. He could have killed, then.

There was a sound at the door. Dick turned and saw Slater Holcomb in the room. Thick waves of shadow blurred the figure but he began to move toward him slowly, craftily. Then, as at a great distance he heard Holcomb's voice——

"Wait! Before you kill me, Hastings, suppose you listen and see whether it's worth while! Ask your wife, man—ask her whether I've done her any wrong or not!"

Dick Hastings choked out incoherent words, "Scoundrel—the boat! All night—you cant get away from me by lying—"

"The captain misunderstood orders," Holcomb said earnestly, "and when I ordered him back into dock the tide was against us and we couldn't make it. I admit it sounds incredible, but your wife has done an incredible thing. She showed me something I hadn't seen for years—my conscience! It was a pretty poor one, a puny little undeveloped thing, but it saved us both—and you too, man! You can kill me, of course, but what's the use going to the chair for it if it isn't necessary?"

The shadows cleared a little. "Margot, is it true?" Dick grated, "is this man telling the truth, or shall I kill him?"

"He is telling the truth," said Margot Hastings slowly, "I went to him, Dick, to get him to back the invention. I wasn't afraid to go because I believed he had a conscience, and I proved it! He is going to finance us. He is going to be our friend——".

He knew that she spoke the truth, yet her eyes! They were still wide and horror-filled. And then he knew the reason. "Margot!" he groaned, "my Margot! And I doubted you!" He slid to his knees, hiding his head against her dress, shaken with a man's difficult sobs. And seeing them so, Slater Holcomb turned and slipped quietly from the room and left them together.

The beautiful face above the bent head was twisted with spiritual travail, out of which forgiveness was born. She had given everything she had for this man, and he had taken her white love and cast the mud of doubt over it, and torn it with dreadful words, more dreadful thoughts. Yet she could forgive. It was the mother in her that lifted his head, and drew him up and laid her cheek against his cheek.

"You can forgive me, Hon'? You can still love me?" he begged her, "everything's going to be as it was before?"

"Everything—as it was—before—" she answered, and thought she spoke the truth. But she was wrong. Two things never again would be the same. The bridelook was gone forever from her eyes; and never again would either of them say as of old, boastingly, "such things couldn't happen to us—we're different!"

With Browning at the Movies

By Marguerite Stevens

Ethel Barrymore
"That woman's face,
It's calm simplicity of grace."
The Italian In England.

Constance Binney
"If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold."
A Face.

Francis Bushman
"Let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain;
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again."
The Lost Leader.

Dolores Cassinelli
"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"
De Gustibus—

Betty Compson
"When afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!"
Popularity.

Virginia Lee Corbin
"Infantine Art, divinely artless."
Red Cotton Nightcap.

Elliott Dexter
"I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on."
In A Balcony.

Douglas Fairbanks
"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! no spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock up to rock—"
Saul.

William Farnum
"Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke
As the honest heart laughed thru
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:"
Hervé Riel.

Elaine Hammerstein
"This young beauty, round and sound
As a mountain-apple, youth and truth."
Dis Aliter Visum.

William S. Hart
"The great mind knows the power of gentleness."
Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

Wanda Hawley
"A girl with eager eyes and yellow hair."
Love Among The Ruins.

Lila Lee
"How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!"
In A Balcony.

JEALOUSY

By J. R. McCarthy

She is lithe as a willow in springtime
That plays with the wind like a fay;
She is lithe and slim like the willow
When June will be gone in a day—
But whose are the arms that enfold her
When the dusk of the woods is grey?
Yon hulking brute of a "hero"
In the mimic photo-play.

Her dimples are daughters of laughter,
Of laughter fit for a queen,
And they tempt to a thousand kisses
And shackle the heart, I ween——
But who shall taste of the kisses
When the woods like spring are green?
Yon "hero" that plays in the movies,
When they come to the final scene!

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

The phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND has firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be carried on for the year 1921.

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Send Your Photograph in at Once

The honor roll winners appear in SHADOWLAND, CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month until the end of the contest.

Men, women and children are eligible, married or single.

Send in Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Take notice of the following conditions of the contest:

No photographs will be returned.
Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
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Do *not* send tinted portraits.
Address all communications to Contest Manager.

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Man—Woman—Marriage

(*Continued from page* 53)

where one had thought oneself a knight, one was a clown and wore a motley suit.

She said one could discard the motley. It was a case of readjustment.

He said there was help necessary. Terribly necessary.

She said she thought not. In the final analysis one had to stand alone. By oneself. Proving. One had to be tested. The chemicals sifted. She had learned that.

He seemed to break, to bend toward her, ever so slightly. In the small bare room, within the allotted space of time given them, their sensibilities suddenly quivered, as tho a wind, unduly, had blown on aspen leaves.

"It is decent of you to be here," he said.

"This is where I belong."

"What do you mean?—Oh, no."

"Of course. One doesn't get beyond it. Not far."

"Beyond . . . ?"

"Beyond marriage. Beyond Man and Woman. Beyond Man, Woman *and* Marriage. Remember, David, the three are a triumvirate. They always will be. Anything, anyone else is an interloper, something extraneous."

"I know. I feel that—now. But injury. Irreparable injury."

"No injury is irreparable to fundamental things. Because it cant be, you see. No matter how hard it wants to be."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean, my dear, that you and I and marriage; you and I and Love have come down thru the ages together. God gave me those visions of other lives to be my cups of strength in this. You have laughed—but you will learn. You dealt me a hurt, but then, David, you have dealt me other hurts and I have lifted my torch higher—and it has never gone out. Never become extinct. Why should it now?"

"I may—come back?"

"When you are ready to. When you are ready to pick up the visions you have put your heel upon. When you are able to stop hurting me."

"If you mean the other woman. I hate to say it. I know it hurts, but I have to be clear, to explain . . ."

"Of course you do. It doesn't hurt. Please go on."

"Well, it *is* all over. Quite all over. Not just now; not since I have got to this, but myself. Of my own volition, my own free will. Soon after you went it all came up and hit me in the face. I knew that it was a flame, only a flame burning temporarily and out of place, and I knew, too, that the fuel feeding the flames had been my visions, white and sharp, and all I might have done—and you. You most of all. I pushed her away, told her what she had done, rushed from the place as tho innumerable others of her ilk might follow me. I think I went mad. With what I had done, with what I had become, with what might become of you. I thought, in my fever, that the only remedy was to plunge deeper into the oblivion of petty compromises with the honor that had been mine. I went in for politics. Politics can be clean and fine, a weapon. Mine were not—as you know. Well, and here I am. A fine David, beaten."

"Not beaten—beginning. We'll begin to fight. And then we'll wait. When you come out the upgrade will be sharp and hard climbing, but you'll have a purged feeling. You'll be able to feel of your sinew and brawn, to take stock of yourself. You'll have me . . ."

"Victoria . . . you must have come thru the ages, dear, No raw, unlettered soul could be so fine, so dear. When I come

Motion Picture Classic

for April

Night after night you sit in your favorite movie theater and watch the stars as they shine from the silversheet.

They register joy and you thrill with pleasure.

They show sadness and you feel sympathetic.

And as you go home you wonder about these stars that glow "up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky."

Have they really personality and character as they appear to have on the screen?

Have they emotional heights and depths?

Are they shallow and frivolous or do they take their work seriously?

You decide you must know—but how? Then you remember MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. It will have just what you want—personality stories of the stars revealing that other side not seen on the screen. There will be revelations of that other side of stars not seen on the screen—interviews by gifted writers wherein the veil is lifted and the real man or woman is seen.

The stories are illuminating, enlightening, revealing in the April CLASSIC. The one about

LIONEL BARRYMORE

by Frederick James Smith

is a vital, comprehensive revelation of the man and actor.

Allene Ray, a winner of last year's Fame and Fortune Contest, who is now being starred in serials, is interviewed by

Lillian Montanye

Claire Windsor, a new discovery of Lois Weber's, is the subject of a story by Willis Goldbeck. **Alice Lake's** story is written by Elizabeth Peltret and **Florence Vidor's** by Maude Cheatham. **James Kirkwood** also is interviewed.

And, too, new and startling pictures of **Betty Blythe** as the Queen of Sheba fill two pages of this fascinating issue.

The April number of Motion Picture Classic

back it must be upon my knees, humbly, begging the alms your heart can give me. You have been the Keeper of the Vision, and I thought you didn't know."

Victoria smiled, oddly, wisely.

"Men have thought that from time immemorial," she said, "that we do not know, and then they come, at the very last, little children, penitent, begging jam from the cupboards they have scoffed. But the women know that, too, you see, and so it is all right."

"Oh, wise among woman, and wisest . . ."

"We are so *old*," Victoria reminded him, with her inscrutable smile, "we have crossed so many Stygian tides and suffered so many Lethean streams. In our youth we are very bold. And we change so little. When you were the Emperor Constantine, you would not let me sit at council with you, oh my Lord, but now in this our twentieth century I may sit in your senate and bend my anguished mind to the making of the Law. That is new. But back of that is Man, Woman and Marriage, as it was in the beginning . . ."

Three months later David came back.

Victoria had prepared a new home for him. Some of the old things were there, to remind him that it had been before. In this incarnation as in others, she knew that he would blunder about, would be uncustomed and pitiful. He was. His fingers fumbled with little rites he had grown away from. He seemed uncomprehending; afraid to be too glad.

And when, at night, she undressed the baby, he sat by and watched her with something of the same expression he had worn when the first baby was born, and he had knelt beside them, an acolyte at a high altar.

"It is all that matters," he said slowly, "it is the vision. It is color. One doesn't get away, as you have said, Victoria. But there is a reason for that."

"What is it, Dear?"

Victoria looked up casually and brightly from her combat with baby's pins and straps.

"It is because, deep in one's self, one's sacred and holy self, *one doesn't want to*."

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 69)

villagers and rather than surrender he dashes himself to death. Soon after her baby is born and her mind weakened by the frightful sorrow she has known in the death of her two brothers and the tragedy of her love, the sisters at the convent give her baby into another's keeping. Then her former sweetheart comes home blinded and she devotes herself to him——

During a frightful storm she risks her life to save her baby, who is on a storm-lashed craft, and the fade-out finds her recovering her lost happiness thru her service to others.

In this production Mary has piled her curls upon the top of her head and any praise she wins, she wins because of the portrayal itself. The supporting cast is good and the atmosphere excellent. However, it seemed to us that the story was constantly interrupted by the antics of the farmyard friends. Now and then an animal episode helps a story considerably, but the animals here seem overdone.

It has been a long time since we have had Mary—Mary, the little girl with the curls and a smile—and we have missed her.

NINETEEN AND PHYLISS—FIRST NATIONAL

After "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," we decided that Charles Ray was not

(*Continued on page* 107)

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The Stagnation of the Screen

(*Continued from page 68*)

their wares are good enough, the leading distribution system will buy them from sheer necessity.

"The simple and direct photoplay is coming. There are other symptoms besides those I have mentioned. Will Rogers, for instance. I believe the day of the typical old time star has passed and passed definitely. There will always be Mary Pickford and a few stars, but you already count the few real luminaries on the fingers of your two hands. Right now there are many promising people. For instance, I believe personally that Betty Compson is the screen's biggest bet at this moment.

"The present day rush to meet schedule is another vital drawback to photoplay making. If it is to become an art, the director and producer must be absolutely unhampered.

"From an exhibitor's standpoint I see other developments. The big *de luxe* theater will continue in its present popularity as long as it has good showmanship behind it. Exhibitors must not drive patrons away with repetition of program ideas. Audiences must not be satiated with the same stuff week after week. Exhibitors must vary their efforts and keep their brains working.

"I still see an appalling carelessness in direction. I view photoplays every week which have the most atrocious errors. These are principally in questions of social etiquette in costumes.

"There will be more and more demand for short subjects. There are not enough good short film offerings. Personally, I am tired of two-reel slapstick farces. I think they disjoint a program. I would like to see short dramas and comedies developed in one-reel lengths, something perhaps along the line of those pioneer efforts of the Sidney Drews.

"There is a fearful lack of production initiative, simply because the industry has as yet no real thinking leaders. Let Griffith try the soft focus for certain imaginative and suggestive effects and every director apes it, thinking it necessarily must be artistic. Let Griffith try color photography and the usual procession forms with color imitators. And so it goes.

"I see the industry as possessing no great leader. No one man stands out over and beyond the whole army of cinema workers. Sometimes I think there is a potential leader in Erich von Stroheim—but that remains to be seen."

WHAT SOUNDS SWEETEST TO HER

By Frank H. Williams

When She Is Ambitious to Become a Movie Star	When She Has Become a Movie Star
"You will soon be working before a camera, I'm sure."	"It will soon be time to lay off camera work and rest a while."
"You make up beautifully."	"It doesn't need a make-up to make you beautiful."
"All the home town folks will talk about you when you're a star."	"The home town folks have finally stopped saying things about you."
"You look like a vamp."	"You look like a nice, sweet woman."
"What a nice husband you have."	"Your divorce has been granted."
"You will work in fifty-two pictures this year."	"We will have you make only four pictures this year."

Music and the Movies

By Sylvia Cushman

The Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman."

That wonderful, haunting cry of love to love.

We all adore it, but we insist that it shouldn't be mixed up with a Mack Sennett comedy.

Nevertheless, that is actually what happened in a little movie house in Rhode Island a few weeks ago.

Ridiculous? Of course, but I refuse to excuse it on the ground that it was a little house and a little town. Some equally atrocious things have occurred right in the big cities, and no one seemed to protest.

Do you know that the orchestra in a theater, whether it is a fifty-piece, ultra fine arrangement, or a single pianist in a hick town, can make or mar the finest picture?

In one of the biggest motion picture houses in New York a "master picture" was being shown.

"On the level," as the youngster in back of me said, "it's kinda cheesey."

The boy was right. It was "kinda cheesey," but 75 per cent. of the audience never knew it, because the huge orchestra was playing descriptive music that in its harmony completely swept away most of the crudeness and inharmoniousness of the "master picture."

The violin spoke so perfectly of the love that passeth all understanding, we forgot the heroine was only making faces, as per the suggestions of her over-worked and perspiring director. We saw her only thru the notes of the musical instrument.

Recall, for instance, "Broken Blossoms."

Do you remember the weird, minor harmony of the reed pipe that played almost continuously thruout this picture? And then, at the end, where the child is murdered . . . that shriek, that awful shriek, of the violin . . . that trailed off into nothingness, as the young soul passes out?

What subtitle, no matter how cleverly written, could have spoken the words, the message, the violin string carried?

And so it goes, not only with tragedies, but with the comedies and near-comedies. Many a snappy jazz tune, well played, and a good trap drummer got a laugh, where a director and a trick derby failed.

Like the pictures, which most producers tell us "are still in their infancy," the music of the motion picture houses has improved with time.

A baby grand, the latest ragtime and a good grip on the loud pedal were once all that was necessary to accompany the screen showings Now most houses have a pipe organ and much space, in the programs and advertisements, is taken up telling you how much it cost, which nobody cares, as long as they play the right pieces at the right time.

A thrilling hunt isn't when we want to hear "Hearts and Flowers," and when Norma Talmadge is kissing Conway Tearle, we could murder the pianist who plays "the Bay State Commandment."

The next time you go to the movies, pay special attention to the music you are getting for your money, and if you think you have a kick . . . kick. Ten chances to one, the house manager is a music lover, but he's too busy counting the box-office receipts to know whether you are getting "Tales of Hoffman" or "Shimmy for Your Daddy."

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 105*)

so versatile as he was letter-perfect in the rôle of the country lad. And we decided, too, that it really didn't matter so very much because *he was* a joy in his rural characterizations with a place all his own in the shadow world. Then along came his new production "Nineteen and Phyliss," and we have to change our mind all over again.

As the Beau Brummel of the sleepy little Southern town on a clerk's salary of eighteen dollars a week, Charles Ray is delightful. The first dress-suit takes the place of the battered straw hat and overalls, and his adoration for Phyliss becomes every bit as pulsatingly human as his previous yearning for fame as a detective. In his suit for the hand of Phyliss, Charles Ray in the character of Andrew Jackson Cavanaugh has a rival. And his rival is the son of his employer and the possessor of what would seem unlimited wealth, not to mention a smart little racing-car. Phyliss in her heart of hearts prefers Beau Brummel Jackson but she does like the racer—and how is poor Andrew to understand the ways of women.

So he suffers every throe known to youth. And finally, his bill with the mail order house which has clothed him becomes something of a nightmare and he begins to wonder how he can settle that and buy Phyliss the engagement ring she has admired and he decides it cant be done before forty years at least. Then he catches the desperate burglar who has made the lives of the townsfolk miserable and with his thousand dollars reward the future dawns bright.

We admit that the episode of Andrew meeting the burglar on the roof of his home is far fetched and the following scenes dramatically weak. And we admit that the story comes perilously near petering out before its logical ending. Nevertheless, with Charles Ray his old self once more, even the story is of more or less second importance, providing it has atmosphere and the spirit of youth and "Nineteen and Phyliss" has both of these things in generous measure.

Clara Horton as Phyliss has very little to do, and while she plays her rôle adequately, we have seen her look more attractive and appear to better advantage.

If you had a youth in a small suburban town, and a Phyliss before whose house you stood in awe; and if there was a rival with a wealthy father, "Nineteen and Phyliss" will be dear to you. And if, in your April days, you missed these things of youth, "Nineteen and Phyliss" may still bring them to you.

BLACK BEAUTY—VITAGRAPH

Frankly, we went to see Vitagraph's "Black Beauty," reluctantly. Anna Sewell's book was a friend of school-room days. We did not want to see it demolished and a tawdry and aimless substitution erected upon its fine old ruins. And thanks to Lillian and George Randolph Chester, our fears were in vain. Evidently they too cherished a regard for the book of their childhood, for they have adapted it to the screen truly. While the story of Black Beauty goes on in the stable and in the meadow, there is another simultaneous story being lived within the walls of Squire Gordon's home and this inside story, as it were, is from the collaborating pen of the Chesters.

Everyone, almost, knows about Black Beauty, the fine colt owned by Farmer Grey and later sold to the Squire. Always

Announcement

IT has been found necessary to change our plans regarding the picture play, "Love's Redemption." This play was originally intended to carry the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, but it is now quite clear that justice cannot possibly be done to both in the same picture, for reasons that will be quite obvious to those who see either picture. We are, therefore, compelled to release "Love's Redemption" as a straight five-reel photodrama with the original cast, including Blanche McGarity and Anita Getwell, winners of the 1919 contest and many of the 1920 Honor Roll as announced. The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be released in a Two-Reel Picture to be called

"From Farm to Fame"

in which **Corliss Palmer** will be featured and in which several hundred other contestants will be shown, including all of the Final Honor Roll, Gold Medalists and Honorable Mentions.

Ask your Theatre to be sure and book

"From Farm to Fame"

Have You a Creative Mind?

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This is an opportunity for you to test yourself in the privacy of your home without cost to learn if you have *creative imagination* and *dramatic insight*—for if you have, the great motion picture industry offers you a wide field for your endeavors and perhaps a larger income than you could earn in any other way.

This courageous test, originated and put into practice by us for the first time in connection with any correspondence course, was prepared for us by Professor Malcolm Shaw MacLean, formerly instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University and University of Minnesota, and H. H. Van Loan, America's most prolific photoplay writer.

Its purpose is to *find those who really have the natural qualifications of a successful photoplaywright* and to *save the time and money of those who* lack them.

Its purpose is also one of self-interest—to maintain a university standard for the Palmer Plan of teaching photoplay writing by correspondence. For the Palmer Institution represents the best interests of the *producers*, who look to it for the development of *new writers* of *new photoplays*, now the industry's most pressing need.

Are *you* fitted for this work—have *you* a creative mind? If so you can be trained in the technique of photoplay construction during spare time at home.

On the Palmer Advisory Council are Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. Our advice to you, endorsed by them, is worth your while.

Will you make this home test if we send it free? Pass it, and we will then send you two interesting free books, "Essentials of Photoplay Writing" and "Little Stories of Success," in which the Palmer Plan is described in detail.

But first, mail the coupon for the Palmer Questionnaire. It may be a most important step for you.

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Please send me your New-Method Confidential Questionnaire which I am to fill out and return to you for your perusal and subsequent advice to me without charge. If successful, I am to receive further information about the Palmer Plan without any obligation on my part to enroll for the course.

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(All correspondence held strictly confidential.)

"Ramon, the Sailmaker"

What was the attraction of the great, hairy-chested, unkempt Ramon for the dainty, exquisite group of society women who followed him about? What was it that made an otherwise proud little heroine humble herself before him? And why wasn't his the usual way of a man with a maid?

Ask your exhibitor to book it, so that you may see it at your favorite theater, and find out these curious things for yourself.

"RAMON, THE SAILMAKER," is a beautiful romantic comedy. Its story is romantic and original. It is a pretentious and ambitious five-reel feature film, far above the ordinary.

The star, or rather stars, are Miss Corliss Palmer, winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest; Orville Caldwell, the lead in the great spectacle, "Mecca," now playing to crowded houses in New York City; Allene Ray, another beautiful winner in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Miss Palmer is a Macon, Georgia, girl, with the usual irresistible charm of the South. She has a decided flair for the screen, and an instinctive grasp of dramatic ethics, all of which make a voluntary and invaluable contribution to her part as a young society girl with artistic ambitions, in "RAMON, THE SAILMAKER."

Mr. Caldwell represents a type of masculine beauty and strength which is ideal to most women. His ability has been proved. He plays the title-part, Ramon—a beautiful, wonderful, brute-male sort of creature.

The rest of the cast has been chosen with the careful selection usually accorded only to stars. Some of them are Honor Roll members of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. This is in itself a guarantee of their appearance and ability.

Date of release to be announced later.

For further particulars, address

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Black Beauty was loved and cared for—and in return he did his share for the family. But when the Gordons sailed for a distant land they found it necessary to sell Black Beauty and then his troubles began. He went from one master to another and they were not kind, all of them. Finally, however, he saved Jessie, the eldest daughter of the house of Gordon, from marrying a scoundrel and once more the story finds him well-groomed, well-fed in the old stables he had come to love so well.

The story going on inside the house concerns Jessie, the boy she really loves, Harry Blomefield and a Jack Beckett who has exacted a promise from her that she will marry him when she comes of age. Jessie has given him her promise because she believed him when he told her that the money her father missed was stolen by her brother just before he was killed in a hunt. In reality, Beckett himself is the guilty person but his pr[illegible]ake or mar the that Jessie [illegible] kee In one of the biggest motion pictu fie[illegible]ouses in New York a "master picture fr[illegible]as being shown. Be[illegible] ett[illegible] the [illegible] wit[illegible] all, [illegible] his [illegible] deal[illegible] that[illegible] love[illegible]

"On the level," as the youngster in ba[illegible] me said, "it's kinda cheesey."

The boy was right. It was "kin[illegible] heesey," but 75 per cent. of the audien[illegible] ver knew it, because the huge orchest[illegible] s playing descriptive music that in s[illegible] mony completely swept away most e[illegible] crudeness and inhar[illegible]usness [illegible] "master pict[illegible]" [illegible] children's literatur[illegible]e screen was given into his hands. [illegible] the l[illegible]

James Morrison as Harry Blo[illegible]e fo[illegible]d and the other characters are well [illegible]aces, n, while Jean Paige in the hoopskir[illegible]wo[illegible]nd bonnets of another generation reminer [illegible]ne of a fine old painting which has co[illegible]un to life. Her characterization of Jessie Gordon is the finest thing she has ever given to the silversheet.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—FIRST NATIONAL

Maurice Tourneur may always be depended upon for artistry. And in the James Fenimore Cooper tale, "The Last of the Mohicans," he has undoubtedly revelled in the great stage nature has set for him. Taking the famous Leatherstocking story for his foundation, he has given the silversheet one of the finest things it has had in months. And in giving his every scene a background worthy of the artist's brush, he has not neglected his plot, his people. He has given the massacre scenes a hideous reality — the regimental scenes a dashing spirit and his characters, one and all, a humanness.

The story, as everyone knows, tells of Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, and Cora, the daughter of Colonel Munro, who, in the face of suffering and danger, come to care for one another. It wends its way thru the massacre of the other tribe on the warpath, and when they are victorious, Magua, one of the warring Indians, asks the Indian High Tribunal to give him Cora, and his wish is granted. Uncas follows them and finally finds them atop the high precipice, with Cora threatening to throw herself into the depths if Magua draws one step nearer. It would seem that Mr. Tourneur could have endowed the following scenes, where Magua discovers Uncas coming upon them with more suspense, but that is the only fault which could be found.

And his ending, with both Uncas and Cora's spirits having departed to the Happy Hunting Ground, is one of the most exquisitely beautiful things ever depicted.

On the other hand, it must be admitted

(*Continued on page* 110)

MAKE YOUR BEAUTY DREAMS COME TRUE

Science has rivaled nature. Chemists have applied their magic wand. The medical profession has expended its greatest effort in scientifically solving and mastering the problem of beauty for women in all its forms. It is no longer necessary to envy this priceless charm. You can possess it—make your mirror reflect sunshine and radiance of supreme beauty that will be envied by your dearest and closest friends. Age is no barrier. You can be 15 or 60 and possess every charm of beauty that nature intended. Regardless of the present condition of your complexion, hair, scalp, mouth, nose, ears, chin, neck, chest, breast or entire form—regardless of your weight—too stout or too thin—regardless of what improvement you desire to enhance your beauty—from the top of your hair to the tips of your toes you can now, for the first time in history possess any or all of these charms. "SCIENCE OF BEAUTY" in eight volumes—eight marvelous books on this vital subject—beauty—contains over 70,000 words. These books cover completely and scientifically in excess of 250 subjects on beauty, diet to grow thin, diet to gain weight and beauty of form through exercising. Every line—every page—every one of these eight books from cover to cover is scientifically written on this one vital subject—beauty. It took in excess of six years constant research work and investigation and cost over $20,000 to prepare these wonderful books for the press. They are complete. They have been passed upon by leading eminent American and European authority as being the most marvelous books ever written on the treatment of beauty and should be in the hands of every woman who appreciates the value of charm, attractiveness and genuine beauty that nature intended. These wonderful books contain hundreds of recipes, formulas and complete directions for overcoming and eradicating every known barrier to beauty, form and health.

Mae Murray, one of America's foremost Motion Picture Stars, says of "SCIENCE OF BEAUTY":

"This is the most wonderful collection of beauty secrets it has ever been my privilege to read. I have been using the exercises and suggestions contained in these books and have found them all that you claimed for them. I hope many women will obtain the happiness which comes from new beauty and youth and which these books make possible."

Yours very truly,

MAE MURRAY

A FEW OF THE MANY SUBJECTS COVERED

Complexion; Make-up; Ears; Eyes; Eyelashes; Eye-brows; Mouth; Hands; Manicure; Itching Hands; Red Hands; Chapped Hands; Thin Hands; Enlarged Veins on Back of Hands; Reducing the Wrists; Exercises for the Face; Wrinkles on Forehead; Mouth and Laughing Wrinkles; Face Lifting; Pimples; Blackheads; Eczema, Rash; Irritation; Freckles; Sun-burn; Preventing Tan; Superfluous Hair; Moles; Warts; Discolorations; Conspicuous Nose-pores; Double Chin; Breast Reducing; Breast Development; Perspiration; Treatments for Greasy Skin, Scaly Skin, Pale Colorless Skin, Sallowness, Rough Course Skin, Oily Skin, Sluggish Skin, Tender Skin, Blemishes, etc. Filling Out Sunken Cheeks; Rounding Out Thin Face; Sagging Muscles of the Face; Making the Face Younger; Skin Beautifier; Rounding Out Neck and Chest; Reducing the Ankles; Bringing Quick Color to the Cheeks; Refining the Texture of the Skin; Rough Skin and Pimples on Back; Local Face Treatment After Outing; Beautiful Feet; Care of the Feet; Removing Corns; Fallen In-step; Tired Aching Feet; Exercises for the Neck; Cold, Hot, Sponge, and Turkish Bath; Teeth, Gums; Acid Mouth; Treatment for Red Nose; Superfluous Fat; Health Suggestions; Hair Shampoo; Growth of Hair, Dandruff, Oil Hair, Dry Hair; Stubborn Hair; Kinky Hair; Falling Hair; Grey and Faded Hair; Blonde Hair; Silver Shades of Hair; Checking Grayness; Advantages of Short Hair; The Bob Hair; Casque Effect; Classic Effect; Vermin in the Hair; Corset, etc.—Beauty Formulas—over 200; Table of Weights; Diet to Gain Weight; Menu to Gain Weight; Diet to Grow Thin; Menu to Grow Thin; Beauty Through Exercising; Physical Culture for Women; Chest Exercise; Upper Trunk and Lung Exercise; Shoulder and Back Exercises; Wind-mill Movement; Striking-out Movement; Deep Breathing and Chest Expansion Exercise; Exercise for the Foot and Leg Muscles; Side Bending Exercise; Chest, Back and Biceps Exercise; Side Bending Exercise No. 2; Chest, Shoulder, Back and Arm Exercise; Neck Exercise; Body Bending Exercise; Rear Kicking Movement; Trunk Swinging Movement; Forward Bending Exercises; Side Bending Exercise No. 3; Knee Bending Exercise; Side Swinging Exercise; Chest Exercises; Side Bending Exercise No. 4; Front Bending Exercise; The 1, 2, 3 Movement; Double Wind-mill Movement; Side Bending Exercise; Upper Arm Exercise; Trunk Rolling Movement; Stepping Out, Shoulder and Chest Exercise, etc.

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You can gain weight—take on flesh—improve the stature—add to the form—fill out the sunken parts—become stronger—and have a perfect figure. Proper eating—the selection of the diet—the use of flesh-building foods should enable you to quickly and easily accomplish all of these things. Volume No. 6 "SCIENCE OF BEAUTY" explains it all. The flesh-building foods it tells you to eat have been carefully selected by eminent authority.

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Volume No. 7 "SCIENCE OF BEAUTY" dwells extensively and scientifically on reducing weight through eating. Remember, obesity is a disease. It is dangerous. It causes heart trouble, apoplexy, diabetes, etc. Rid yourself of it—grow thin through nature's method. This marvelous book tells you how—no self-denying—no medicines—no violent exercises—no fasting. Eat appetizing, delicious foods properly combined. Vigor and energy will return—superfluous fat will disappear and the flesh will become firm and hard.

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Volume No. 8 contains 72 pages of beautifully illustrated physical culture exercises—correct scientific movements for reducing and building the body—the producing of perfect form—perfect health and perfect beauty of figure. Famous beauties—perfect formed actresses—leading movie stars attribute their charm of attraction to the use of these exercises. They posed for the exercises—they endorse their use. You can benefit by their experience—make your fondest dreams come true—correct your figure—weigh exactly what you should weigh.

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 108)

that Albert Roscoe in the rôle of Uncas looks like anything in this world but an Indian, while we feel sure that the most sardonic of redmen never leered and grinned in the fashion of Wallace Beery in the rôle of Magua. Men of their race wait patiently, with inscrutable mein. Barbara Bedford as Cora Munro is delightful, suggesting her emotions rather than depicting them.

Everything taken into consideration, we are grateful to Mr. Tourneur for his sympathetic handling of this famous tale—he has remained faithful to the man in whose mind it was borne, even to retaining the original title—if a similar treatment was assured, it would be pleasant to have other beloved works pictured for posterity.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE—FIRST NATIONAL

We have been able to say always of Lionel Barrymore's pictures—"they are unusual," but that has been about all, except to bewail the fact that his art is handicapped by the story material he has had to deal with. "The Great Adventure" is the best thing Mr. Barrymore has done in some months—that is in so far as Mr. Barrymore is personally concerned. On the other hand, the story, which was a whimsical affair between two covers, has lost its whimsy and therefore its chief charm, on the screen.

Priam Farll is an artist who has shunned publicity of all kinds, so when his valet dies and in an absent-minded moment he gives his own name, the public fail to know the difference and a Henry Leek is buried in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp and glory the world feels due him as Priam Farll, the greatest master of the brush. Then Priam Farll, under the name of Henry Leek marries a widow and there are a series of complications, especially when the former Mrs. Leek, who was deserted years ago, turns up with the two younger Leeks. Forced to again take up his art in order to earn a living, he is recognized by his former merchant thru his painting, but he prevails upon him to keep his secret and to the outside world he remains Henry Leek.

The scenes of Farll watching his own funeral were humorous, but thruout, the production tends far more towards slapstick than whimsy.

PAYING THE PIPER—PARAMOUNT

Anyone who can write a synopsis of "Paying the Piper," after seeing it once, possesses far more concentration than we do—so, casually, the story tells of a wealthy boy and girl who grow up and marry and a poor boy and girl who grow up and marry.

Eventually, the rich become poor and the poor become rich or something like that, and we learn that they who dance must pay the piper——

Frankly, the story contains action—so much action that the characters fly madly from one party to another frantically, so that every possible sort of party is depicted before the fade-out where the now poor rich boy and girl find a happiness in doing sane things and leaving parties alone.

Fitzmaurice produced the picture—why, we fail to see. He has not, in this choice, even permitted himself the glory of artistic scenes and picturesque people.

The titles—words fail us.

Dorothy Dickson of New York cabaret fame is featured with Rod la Rocque playing opposite her. Alma Tell and Reginald Denny are also in the cast, and while we liked Mr. La Rocque better than the others, we admit we never liked him less.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 92)

GERTRUDE R.—No, indeed, Raymond McKee did not die in service. He is playing. Elinor Glyn is writing a story for Gloria Swanson in California. She says that Orville R. Caldwell is her perfect ideal man. He is playing in "Mecca" at the Century Theater, New York, and has just finished playing the title rôle opposite Corliss Palmer in "Ramon, the Sailmaker."

R. A. B.—Why is this thus? How so? You, an Englishman, resent a little joke on your wit, or your appreciation of wit. Come now, be a sport and laugh. Dont take nonsense seriously!

TYLLIE.—You think we should have more information about Milton Sills. I guess you are right. Yes, I am eighty but I dont expect the undertaker to overtake me just yet. Well, you just look for Milton Sills in "What is the Matter with Marriage?" Marjorie Prevost is Marie's sister.

C. E., Brooklyn—Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." Yes, Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," is being released and he intends to start on another picture right away. The 1920 Fame and Fortune contestants will appear in a two-reel play entitled "From Farm to Fame," featuring Corliss Palmer, the first prize winner. About one thousand girls are in it.

GERTRUDE S.—Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs.

BUSTER.—Hoot mon! The motto "E Pluribus Unum," was first suggested as the motto of the United States by Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in August, 1776, they having been appointed a committee to chose a design for the Great Seal. Yes, I understand about Kenneth Harlan.

P. K.—But knowledge is the father of wisdom—get wise. Yes, Pearl White is married, and William S. Hart has been on the stage. He is 6 feet 1 inch high. Yes, Kenneth Harlan is playing opposite Constance Talmadge in "A Butterfly in Harness."

VERA V.—No, you certainly cannot believe all the men tell you. If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, etc., beginning from his youth, and so on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last! Such is life. All improvement is based on defect, and all progress provided by calamity. Write me again.

RICKY.—You say you are not chicken, but you're game. No, I dont mind it. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "To be seventy-three years young is something far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old." Why yes, Mary Pickford is playing in "The Love Light." Robert Edeson opposite May Allison. Write him at Metro, Los Angeles, Cal.

ETHEL R.—But it's beauty that begins to please, and tenderness that completes the charm. Cleo Ridgely, Elinor Fair and Mrs. Irving Cummings in "Dangerous Pastime." You just go on writing verse, and I'll promise to read it.

MARGIE.—So you dont like to see Mary Miles Minter dressed in rag-doll parts. You think she looks swagger when she is dressed up. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Girl from Nowhere."

MARQUIS OF THE SAVAGE.—That was a great letter of yours. Thanks.

DELAWARE DELIGHT.—Your letter was indeed interesting. You say, "I have ten letters from Mme. Petrova, all very lovely and dear to me. Money couldn't buy them. I love Madame and she will always be my

favorite, altho sometimes I get fickle and fall for other stars but always hold my affection for her above all the rest. I have met her too, and what a very great pleasure it was to hold her hand. I can never express it in words." I am sure Madame appreciates your friendship as you appreciate hers. You must write me again.

CAVALRY JACK.—Whoa, there Jack. You hit the nail on the head all right. But keeping to one woman is but a small price to pay for the privilege of having one woman. Edmund Lowe opposite Katherine MacDonald in "The Second Latchkey." Jackie Saunders is going to play opposite William Farnum in "The Scuttlers." Will be glad to see Jackie again on the screen.

SOCIETY SENSATION.—And what do you call that? Dorothy Green was with Selznick last. Jack Pickford is on the Coast. A modest blush is my only answer. Do you hear it?

MLLE. SENSATION, Paris.—*Comment vous en va?* You wield a clever pen. Do write me again, do, but do it in English if you want me to read it.

MARGARET T.—So many woman do look upon their apron strings to find an excuse? But was it not from the apron of fig leaves worn by Eve, when she covered herself, and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse for eating the forbidden fruit? Yes, indeed, Gladys Brockwell is playing right along.

J. D. H.—Yes, Colleen Moore in the Ray picture. Well, neither can I explain to you why people laugh at those farce comedies where a person meets with a serious misfortune. It is so in all comedies. Even if a person has his teeth knocked out, some idiot would laugh at it.

G. T. R.—Thanks for all the news. Your letters are great.

PERRY.—All right, I'll dare you.

SWEET 16.—Hello, missey. No, I never stumble over my beard. You say it must be cozy and warm. It is that. No, I dont wear a celluloid collar. I am not in the celluloid business to that extent.

KIWANEE.—Believe only half you hear, but be sure it is the right half. No, I dont care for crystallized ginger, thank you, so please dont send me any. I must say that you are a bright boy. Write me again.

GEORGE R.—I cant speak for the fair sex, but I can tell you that the odors of plants reside in different parts of them—sometimes in the roots, as in the iris and vetivert; the leaves in mint and thyme; the stem or wood in cedar and sandal; the flower in the roses and violets; the seeds in the tonka bean and caraway; the bark in cinnamon, etc. Lillian Gish is playing at the Biograph Studio, New York. Fannie Ward is in Europe. She is forty-five.

OVIEDO SPAIN.—Well, you write me all the way from Spain. Greetings. Yes, Pearl White can be reached at Fox studios, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. Creighton Hale is with D. W. Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

VENERABLE ONE.—You say "Dignity, high station, or great riches are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age." Good stuff, but I seem to get along without any of those qualifications. Yes, Marion Davies is in New York now.

PHOEBE SNOW.—Who is always on the go. I laughed right out loud when I read parts of your letter. Run in again some time when you are traveling thru New York.

ALMA.—Well, I have never been to Japan. I envy you. The Apes of Japan represent, Mizaru, who sees no evil; Kikazaru, who hears no evil; and Iwazaru, who

(*Continued on page* 112)

Flood Tide in Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page* 67)

the glowing, full-lipped, dusky-eyed, Castilian type of beauty, that makes one think of long warm nights in Spain and soft warm voices.

Levia Maggiora, 464 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, California, has only thirteen years to her credit and no stage experience, but we will unhesitatingly say that she has temperament, raw and plastic of necessity, but what a chance for the all-seeing director! She has black hair and black eyes, and the olive skin of Italy.

Jeanne Rubin, 456 Saratoga Ave., Brooklyn, New York, is a dashing brunette. Under the shadow of her wide black hat, she "has a little curl right in the middle of her forehead," but we are sure she is always "very, very good." She has had no previous experience. Note her beautifully arched brows.

Peggy Ford, 336 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C., has had some stage and screen experience. Peggy is mighty easy to look at, with such an exquisitely curved pair of shoulders and that wonderful wealth of curls piled high on her ornamental head.

Doris LeFevre, 128 Oxford St., Syracuse, N. Y., is pretty and young, both valuable assets. Her only experience has been playing the ubiquitous bathing beauty, in O. V. Schille's movies. For all her lack of years, she has a far away and long ago look in her eyes. Intelligence and the will to do, coupled with the confidence of youth, show in this girl's face. She has blue eyes and fair skin and light blonde hair.

A. Kenyon Newman, 31 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo., has had some slight screen experience. He is a fine type of man. Observe the determination in his chin, the penetrating eyes, the fine straight nose, and the sensitive mouth. Red-blooded stuff is here. Kenyon is five feet-ten and a half inches in height.

We will publish every month in all three of the Brewster Publications, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, all news of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

There has been some slight confusion in regard to the judges of this year's contest, but these matters have been satisfactorily adjusted, and we herewith append the complete and authentic list: Mary Pickford, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas H. Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates, Jules Brulatour, Ruth Roland, and Eugene V. Brewster.

DREAM-PICTURES

By OLIVER JENKINS

I will build a castle, far up in the air;
For sunbeams and moonbeams, remind me
of your hair.

I will build a mansion, under southern skies;
For heaven's blue, the love-hue, reminds
me of your eyes.

I will build a palace, where the sunset dips;
For red-rays and sea-sprays, remind me of
your lips.

Sometime, I will leave them—this I always
knew;
For then, dear, is when, dear, my dreams
will all come true.

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Inauguration of Ideal Cast Contest Postponed

The inauguration of our new Contest, which was to have started its official existence in the April issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, thru various unavoidable circumstances has had to be held over to the May issue.

Pursuant to the current belief that stardom as an institution, is on the wane, we have devised a new kind of contest, which will recognize the other members of the cast. It will be called "The Ideal Cast Contest." It is practically self-explanatory.

Our last year's contest, the great Popularity Contest, was an amazing success from every angle, but we believe that this one will be extraordinary. Its field is so much wider. It does not limit the voter, as in the previous contest, to *one* favorite.

You may willingly concede that Richard Barthelmess is your favorite leading man, but it does distress you to leave unmentioned the beloved, irascible, peppery old dear, that Theodore Roberts is on the screen. We would spare the voters the agony of indecision that must ensue in casting their vote unreservedly for *one* star out of the myriads of shining lights in the movie firmament.

Think of the endless and delightful possibilities of being able to select an entire cast, beginning with the all important director himself and including every type of screen actor, even the children. There are dozens of winsome and attractive screen children, and one is bound to have a favorite among them, for which one is privileged to vote, without sacrificing any of one's other loves. That is the beauty of this kind of contest. We believe that it is the fairest and most comprehensive contest that could be devised. It gives every actor an equal chance, and allows the fan great liberality of judgment. The ballot will be as follows:

THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male) .....
Comedian (Female) .....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

NOTE:—This is a sample ballot and cannot be used, as the Contest has not yet officially opened.

We believe that the fewer the rules the better, but that there must be some rules to govern any contest, however simple its nature, no one will deny. The Ideal Cast Contest rules are these:—

1.—All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

2.—In voting for the Ideal Child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or a girl.

3.—It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Dorothy Gish may be your ideal woman comedian as well as your favorite leading lady. You may vote for her under both headings.

We have made every arrangement in our power for the efficient handling of this contest. We will publish all information and news of the progress of the contest in all future issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Watch your favorite magazine for further announcements of the status of your favorite stars.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 111)

speaks no evil. No, Katherine MacDonald is not married. She has been in pictures about 3½ years. But extremes in everything is a characteristic of women.

LLYWLYN.—Thanks, come again.

MAC.—In spite of our Pure Food Laws; about the only thing we can get fresh nowadays is fresh air, and most of us get very little of that, altho it is the cheapest and most important of all. Jackie Coogan was the child in "The Kid." He is now playing in a series of "Peck's Bad Boy." I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

SQUIRREL.—You write, "Can you suggest something for a dying vampire to say with her last breath. I am writing a story and I would like her to say something original. Say, it is some story. I murdered the villain and the vampire. They had to die, but a death scene is so hard to write about." I am not very strong on death scenes and vampire swan songs. I suggest that you try Carl Laemmle.

AMBITIOUS BLUEBIRD.—No, I am not on exhibition yet. You're a wonder. I thought love matches and parlor matches amount to the same thing, because things that equal the same thing are equal to each other. Not all kinds of matches are made in heaven. Some seem to have been made in the other place—particular the sulphur ones. You will see Mabel Normand soon again. She can come back.

ADA A. K.—I refuse to quarrel with you. Say what you like—I wont argue.

THERESA P.—No, General Foch was born in France 66 years ago. Of course I have teeth—what did you think I ate with? You seem to agree with Rousseau, who says that women have the same desires as men, but do not have the same right to express them. Cant say that I can argue with you on it. Lionel Barrymore is doing a comedy.

FLOY MERRY.—You here again. *Semper paratus* means, always ready. That's me. You say your father knew J. Stuart Blac ton when he was in England. That's teresting. Mr. Blackton is producing England now. Why dont you write hi

JUST ME.—Hello. You say you envy right here in New York where everythi goes. Even the selling of liquor goes he Have no fear, child, you will know it sc enough when you are in love. Love is flame, and therefore, we say beauty is tractive; because physicians observe t fire is a great drawer.

ROSEBUD.—"Anatol" is the first all-s... cast play, including Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts, that Famous Players have done. There will be more. Nazimova is about forty-two years old. No, naughty, naughty you must not ask me who is the best player. They're all good.

ROSARIO PHILIP.—Your letter was indeed interesting, and you are to be encouraged upon your good English. Write me again. Pearl White is with Fox. See above for address.

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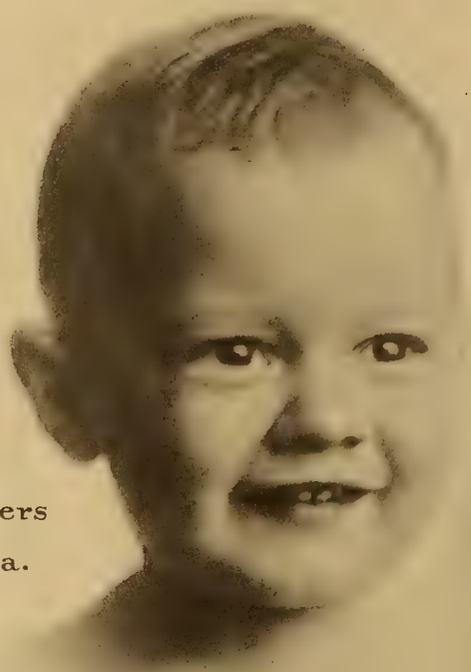

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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W. Lopez

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—Arthur Hopkins' production of the Shakespearean tragedy, "Macbeth," with Lionel Barrymore and Julia Arthur starred. Robert Edmond Jones' settings. In no way electrical.

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." Another musical entertainment. Charles Purcell is featured. Rose Rolande stands out in the dancing, altho Lydia Lopokova is headlined.

Astor.—"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Dodson Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco.—"Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomime of the thirties. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplesis, the "Lady of the Camelias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old uncanny stage craft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Mackaye, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with realism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war, will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Blue Eyes," with Lew Fields and Mollie King. A passable musical show, not over original. Fields has a humorous moment or two, Miss King is pleasant to look at, and Andrew Tombes and Delyle Alda give effective aid.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainments. "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that gives the Hebrew much the better of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Mary Rose," Sir James M. Barrie's newest fantasy, with Ruth Chatterton as star. Not Barrie at his best, but a whimsical and charming bit of imagery. Very well done.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The story of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Aphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." The best thing, dramatically speaking, in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's.—"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

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(*Continued on page* 8)

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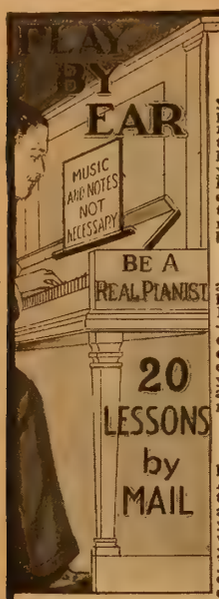

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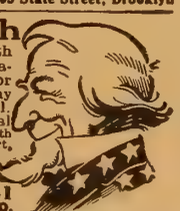

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(*Continued from page 6*)

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Selwyn.—"The Prince and the Pauper," with William Faversham. New adaptation of that interesting Mark Twain fantasy of boyhood in Merrie England of the old days. Well staged by Rollo Peters and acted with considerable spirit, particularly by Mr. Faversham.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

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Photograph by Evans, L. A.

BARBARA BEDFORD

It was Tourneur's "The Last of the Mohicans" which brought demure Barbara into the limelight, and we voice the hope that she will remain there

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MILDRED HARRIS

Mildred Harris is once more devoting her whole energy to her work—legalities forgotten. Her next picture will be "The Woman in His House"

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick Barthelmess is one of the greatest cinema celebrities, despite the fact that he has never been starred, which goes to prove you cant keep a good man down. He is now playing the rôle of Youth in "Experience"

Photograph © by Ira L. Hill

BERT LYTELL

Bert Lytell has a long list of artistic characterizations to his credit, appearing consistently under the Metro banner. He will shortly be seen in "A Message from Mars"

Photograph by Abbé

BETTY ROSS CLARKE

Betty, along with many other film folk, entered the cinema world by way of the Griffith fold. She is now in California, where she is busily at work, having recently appeared with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions"

Photograph © by Moffett Studio, Chicago

MADGE BELLAMY

Madge is a Thomas Ince discovery. He brought her from the stage, where she was playing the title rôle in "Pollyanna," and she is now giving her best efforts to his silversheet dramas

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

LUCY COTTON

Lucy's home is where her make-up box happens to be. In other words, she free-lances, playing with the various companies. She contributed one of the leading rôles in the George Arliss production, "The Devil"

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DOROTHY DICKSON

Dorothy recently made her bow to the screen world in "Money Mad." However, evenings find her one of the chief attractions of the New York roofs, where she trips the light fantastic

Pipes O' Pan

By
D. L. ROSENCRANS

O THE pipes of Pan are calling,
And the wood-land trails are sweet,
And the whole wide world lies waiting
The touch o' my dancing feet.
So I'm off to walk the mountains
And hark to the night-stars sing—
To see violets born
In the hush of the morn
And to dance with the winds of spring.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *An interview with Robert Bruce, who is responsible for this photograph, telling of him and his travels, may be found on pages 46 and 47.*]

"And They Lived Happily Ever After"

By

Lois Weber

ALL too often when we see our screen hero and heroine in their final embrace, the critical observer must realize that the real trouble begins. Yet the producers evidently have held fast to the belief that the public really are like children—that they want their fairy story to end happily—and they have made pictures accordingly.

The happy ending is the right one when it finishes the subject logically. But often the separation of a man and woman is in reality a happier ending than tying them together—when, for instance, they have been showing for five reels that their temperaments are not suited to each other.

When the happy ending merely patches up matters, it becomes a tragedy; the so-called tragic ending of separation might in the long run prove to be a happy one.

On the other hand, it is just as inartistic to end a picture willfully in a tragic note as to end it willfully in a happy one. There are certain subjects which naturally call for light or comedy treatment, where one cannot take the characters too seriously and which it would be absurd to end in tears.

When we are dealing with big, strong subjects, we should aim for truth and a logical outcome of events, whatever that outcome may be.

A classic example of this in the field of literature is Dickens's "The Old Curiosity Shop." This story first appeared in serial form, and subscribers wrote Dickens letters beseeching him not to let "Little Nell" die. But Dickens, determined to work out his theme to a logical ending, made the death of "Little Nell" one of the greatest moments in the novel.

It is the same in motion pictures. If you have to kill your "Little Nell," kill her. And dont let her live for the sake of a few over-sentimental people.

When I refer to a picture with a tragic ending, I do not mean a picture without hope—a picture that ends in gutter-gloom. Renunciation, self-sacrifice, putting honor before selfish ends—all these may in a sense be tragic endings, but at the same time all these are fine, noble motives that have a big uplift and teach a splendid lesson.

Even to-day in most motion pictures there is somebody who has to renounce or sacrifice, but this noble motive usually falls to the patient friend or unrequited lover, who is a secondary person. In other words, the best and most interesting characters in a story are those that do not stand absolutely in the foreground.

Why should the hero and heroine be deprived of this advantage?

I am looking forward to the day when convention will not prevent motion pictures from developing logically. Then we shall have really great screen stories.

The Eternal Feminine

"*EVERY woman wants a cave man,*" Elsie Ferguson leaned forward ever so slightly in her chaise-longue, not a seat of luxury by any means, but a bit of furniture supplied by the Hollywood Lasky studio as the piécè de résistance to their star's dressing room.

From the crown of her gloriously burnished hair, to the tips of her slender arched feet, it was that they really wanted, and she had replied a "caveman."

"Mind, I dont mean the old type of caveman who would beat up a woman or drag her around by the hair of her head," Miss Ferguson explained further, "but I do mean a man who will boss her, a man who will take the initiative, who will command and demand, but always with tenderness. It is the *Human Touch*

From the crown of her gloriously burnished hair to the tips of her slender arched feet, Miss Ferguson typifies the ultra-civilized woman—the patrician of today

Miss Ferguson typified the ultra-civilized woman — the patrician of today. Her exquisitely modeled white hands were relaxed momentarily in her lap. They seemed as fragile as butterfly wings and as lovely. Her eyes—with their weird introspective expression were dreamy, yet restless. She who has attained everything for which most women struggle, that is: wealth, fame and love, seemed to want something.

And so I had asked her what made women so restless, what in the world

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

that brings the greatest happiness to women.

"I often say to my husband when I come home at night, exhausted by a nerve-racking day in the studio: 'Why do I do it? Are pictures worth all this expenditure of vitality,' and he will bring forth bundles of letters from young girls and boys filled with halting sentences of praise and telling me how happy my work has made them. And my husband reading them will remind me: 'You have often called these little people your children. Surely it is worth while to entertain and please them.'

"And that is what makes me go on with pictures and continue sacrificing 'the human touch.'

"For we women who lead the 'artistic life' as it is called, simply meaning we who create something, must—because our strength and our time are so used up on our work—sacrifice the personal life for the public.

"For instance, I haven't the vitality to go home after a day at the studio and get my husband a meal, yet just such small intimacies and camaradérie make for personal happiness.

"Very often I say to Mr. Clark: 'Tom dear—*why* dont you ever bring home tickets for the theater without my asking you to?' and he, nearly shocked to death, replies:

Photograph (above) by Ira Hill Studio

"And fame—women want fame because they long for the demonstration of the fact that they are admired. Every woman wants to be appreciated"

'Why, I wouldn't dare. I might not pick out the play that would please you, or you might be too tired to go. Oh, I wouldn't think of it.' And I remonstrate: 'Never mind if I hate the play or if I *am* weary. Make me go. Drag me there somehow.'

"A woman doesn't want to be a queen. *She wants to be mastered.*

"Woman thought she wanted independence and she bent all of her powers to succeed economically. And now many women have outstripped men in their earning ability. And what is the result? The independent woman achieves a certain satisfied feeling. She knows she is free to go and come as she chooses. I have watched married women who are dependent on their husbands for the luxuries which have become necessities to them and I have seen the horrible, haunted look that comes in their eyes every time their husbands look at another woman with interest. They are continually terrified for fear they will lose him, because they

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Demi-Tasse Girl

All photographs by Hoover Art Co.

Ann May, being of the super-feminine material which has fashioned the Charlotte Cordays and Marie Antoinettes of history, is the sort of girl who would starve to death for an ideal—only her family wont let her

IF ever there existed a person to whom that trite but true phrase, "the courage of her convictions," was applicable, Ann May is she.

Ann, being of the super-feminine material which has fashioned the Charlotte Cordays and Marie Antoinettes of history, is the sort of girl who would starve to death for an ideal—only her family wont let her.

The unusual element of Ann May's existence is the fact that she chose to suffer—that is, soul-suffer—instead of idling her time away at home with her mother or traveling foreign shores with her aunt. To which fact is attributable Ann May's differentiation from 999 other society girls who are content to while away their time buying beautiful garments and hunting for suitable places to wear them.

Ann May refused point-blank to stay in the place that God and a comfortable circumstance put her. She bounced out of her nice, warm, gilded nest, to war the world alone, for she wanted to be someone, do something.

She was—nay, is—ready to starve for her art if necessary . . . that is one reason she is going to succeed, and the fact that she's such a little girl, a regular demi-tasse of a girl, as it were, makes this indomitable quality of hers all the more remarkable.

Ann May presents a unique picture in picture-history—if you'll pardon the alliteration—for she is one of the few girls I have ever met who doesn't have to work for a living, but does so for an ambition. When she came out to Los Angeles, not quite two years ago, it was merely as a traveler to our beautiful shores and a curiosity seeker of California's justly advertised climate. She and her aunt took rooms at the Alexandria Hotel, the Los Angeles hostelry where only plutocrats and stellar luminaries are wont to stop or dine, and sometimes tea, and occasionally dance.

Ann insists that she had always intended to adopt the theatrical profession. She has a diploma from the Strauss Martin (or some similarly named institution) Dramatic School to back her assertion. But I have a very keen idea that when she got to the Alexandria and whiffed the Bohemianism of filmdom, it awakened her dormant ambition, for straightway she made up her mind she was going into pictures.

And when Ann makes up her mind . . . Beware!

Griffith saw her dining at

By
JANE HERNON

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Tiny and dainty in stature, clear-cut as to feature, with large brown eyes, in which gleam a thousand tantalizing emotions, the come-hither one pre-eminent

the Alexandria one evening, met her, and eventually offered her the part of the little Mexican girl in "Scarlet Days." Ann refused. She had mentally hitched her wagon to a star, and she had no intention of starting in as an extra—for such she considered the small bit in "Scarlet Days." Later, however, Clarine Seymour was given the part, and she, as the vernacular has it, "ran away with the picture."

Ann is big enough in character to admit she "wished she had had sense enough to take the part." Instead, lured by the offer of a leading-lady rôle out at Universal, she served her apprenticeship there in a picture which became involved in litigation of some sort and has never been released.

Such are the mistakes of youth —mistakes which have done Ann a world of good. But Ann's picture-entry wasn't as easy as it sounds in print. There was her aunt to be coped with. She didn't consider studios any place for her young niece. But when she realized how determined Ann was, she stuck around to see that no harm befell her.

After the Alexandria, they went to the fashionable Beverly Hills Hotel to live. Ann then was established as a leading lady with Charles Ray in "Paris Green," and "Peaceful Valley," with Bryant Washburn and Julian Eltinge.

Now Ann's aunt has gone back to New York, for she has her own affairs to attend to, and she has seen that no cold water will put out the flame of Ann's stellar course. And Miss May has gone to the studio club to live, and has reached the stage where all she has to do is choose the rôle she would rather have, so many offers pour in upon her.

She will do only the sort of rôle she wants to do, and she wants to do only that which will advance her career. Recently she was offered a contract with Paramount, but she refused, because Paramount always supplies the actresses' gowns. They wanted her to take the part of a Back-Bay Boston girl, and, says Ann:

"They gave me clothes such as an actress would wear. I protested, and showed them the frocks I would wear if I dressed the part. The costumer couldn't understand me. 'Your dresses are not half as pretty as ours,' she told me. Very true, but they weren't any more what a Boston-bred girl would wear than Hollywood . . . is Boston."

So, in order to be free to do pictures correctly, Ann believes in free-lancing. She is a decided apostle of the pick-and-choose school. She knows what she wants, and she gets it.

In appearance, she is as far from that usually attributed to a strong-minded woman as possible. Tiny and dainty in stature, clear-cut as to feature, with large brown eyes in which gleam a thousand tantalizing emotions, and short black tresses that curl—she is in appearance an ingénue. But in head-work she is a young Bernhardt. In temperament also. She likes purples and reds, deep blues and gleaming yellows. She uses a haunting perfume—Egyptian oriental. Once you smell it you are pursued by its penetrating odor and the unforgetable illusions it calls to mind.

Unless I am mistaken, her ambition will carry her to success, not only in pictures, but on the stage as well.

The Love Nest

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallery have built their love nest in a Hollywood bungalow, where they have resided ever since their wedding day a few months ago. The bungalow is not far from the studios, where both are busy all day. Mrs. Gallery, you probably know, is Za-Su Pitts

All photographs by Heighton Monroe, L. A.

Gloria Swanson

By

CERLINE BOLL

The Saintly Eddy

"I ALWAYS get my reward in Heaven," sighed Helen Jerome Eddy, with an upward glance toward the Milky Way.

We were chatting in her dressing-room at the Brunton studios, a rather barren room reflecting none of its owner's personality, for she had just moved in to take the leading rôle in a Frothingham production of "The Other Woman."

Miss Eddy was speaking of her saintly screen course.

"They persist in casting me as the girl who gives up everything for love of some other person. I am always sacrificing my screen self for someone else. Of course, I generally win in the end when the 'vamp' has died off . . . but, you know," this with a rather wry smile of her splendid mouth, "I am getting weary of left-overs!

"Then, too, I dont believe in sacrificing everything. Very few people in this world do. I believe that a person should use all his power to retain that which belongs to him. I do *not* believe in using one's power to take away that which is another's. There's a difference, you know."

She smiled again, very much as St. Cecilia might have smiled or Joan of Arc, or Cornelia, the ideal mother of the ancient Roman era.

There is a superb calm about Helen Eddy, a mental poise as well as a physical poise which speaks of spiritual repose. I have never anticipated meeting a saint in a studio, but if there be one—Helen Eddy is it! Such a serenity of brow, such a patient spirit. She reminds me of a young missionary, eyes aglow to deliver her great message to the world.

And Helen Eddy has a great message which she wishes to deliver via the silversheet—

She wants to portray the great mother-love that she thinks is dormant in every girl's heart. She wants to be the

Helen Eddy wants to portray the great mother-love that she thinks is dormant in every girl's heart. She wants to be the young mother of the screen. Left and below, new camera studies of Miss Eddy

All photographs by C. Heighton Monroe, L. A.

By
BARBARA
BEACH

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Five and a half years ago Miss Eddy made her début in pictures. Now, she says, "I just live for pictures. I am as much in love with them as I was with the ancient Greeks!"

young mother of the screen, to depict the great sorrows and joys of maternity—as all girls experience and *want* to experience them; to show the influence of maternal love, a love which we all know is the basis of our civilization. She feels that the screen is ready for this; that there will be no more Mary Pickfords, that Mary Pickford will always hold her own—yes—but that there will be no more Pollyanna becurled ingénues. Because Mary Pickford has done this so well that any other seems —well—nauseating, an overdose of sweets, as it were.

Miss Eddy thinks that the screen, too, has outgrown the artificial era typified by the Theda Bara type of eccentricities. In other words, that the shadow stage has reached the level of normality—and that its followers wish simply human characters with every-day problems, even as you and I.

She cited the success of "Humoresque" as an example.

I was rather surprised at the beauty of Miss Eddy. She is tall in a sweepingly graceful way. Her throat and arms are superbly modeled, as are her features. Again I get an impression, that of a young Greek goddess—a Juno. Her hair was curled for her new rôle, and she rather resented it.

"I'm not made for curls," she protested; "at home I pin my hair back just as tight and straight as possible." In just such a way would a young Joan of Arc have spurned a ball-gown.

Helen is too practical to be visionary—but she is idealistic, has been ever since she was a Los Angeles school girl. From the very beginning she intended to be a dramatic actress. She attended the best dramatic schools in California.

One day, after school hours, she wrote a scenario. It was filled with gods and goddesses—for at that time she was suffering with a tremendous admiration for Grecian mythology and history. In the language of the school girl —she had a crush on the ancient Greeks. So she wrote a heart-throbbing drama of these people and, since the old Lubin studio was next door to where they lived, took it in to Captain Melville.

"He was awfully good to me," recounted Helen, "he promised to read it and asked me to come back next day. When I did, he handed my story back to me and said he was so sorry, but they couldn't use it. I was highly indignant! Then he asked me if I wanted to act in the movies. Heaven forbid! I was more insulted than ever. 'I am a real actress,' I proclaimed impressively.

"He seemed to take me as seriously as I took myself and begged my pardon, urging me to reconsider his offer.

" 'I'll give you fifteen dollars a week,' he said . . . and I accepted, for it was a great deal of money in those days. I thought I was a real millionaire. That was five and a half years ago—now I just live for pictures. I am as much in love with them as I was with the ancient Greeks."

Photograph © Underwood & Underwood

Two Is Company

Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, having "been and gone and done it," are enjoying a honeymoon vacation where the only third party is the bird. Mr. and Mrs. Rennie have appeared in pictures together

New Regulations of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

York City, is a haughty young beauty, who has had some screen experience on the Coast. Helen's blonde hair makes a becoming aureole for her aristocratic profile.

Mildred Mar Lovell, 708 North 19th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is without any previous stage or screen training, but she evidently knows how to pose. Mildred, with the euphonious name, is a brunette and just eighteen years old.

Beatrice Danta, 35 West 82nd St., New York City, has been a singer in vaudeville. She has brown hair and dark grey eyes. Her beauty is so Italian in type that we were irresistibly moved to pronounce her "Bay-ah-tree-chee"!

Our former contest winners are steadily rising in the picture world. That the Fame and Fortune Contest does actually give one a lift is amply proved by these young stars. We are immensely gratified to report their various achievements.

Photograph by Moody, N. Y.

Above, Helen Myers, of New York City; left, Mildred Mar Lovell, of Philadelphia, Pa.; below, Beatrice Danta, of New York City

Anetha Getwell, one of the four 1919 Contest winners, has a contract with the American Cinema Company at a salary of $150 a week.

Blanche McGarrity, another winner, who played the lead in "Love's Redemption," has now organized in the South her own company, which will be known as "The Blanche McGarrity Productions."

Virginia Fair, the third, had a contract with Universal, but broke it for the greater field of free-lancing. Anita Booth, the fourth, played parts for Ralph Ince and Famous Players, and is now likewise free-lancing.

The 1920 winners are also well launched on their chosen careers.

Corliss Palmer, the beautiful young aspirant, who won first honors, has played the lead in "Ramon, the Sailmaker," a five-reel romantic comedy-drama, and the lead in a comic skit called "From Farm to Fame," two radically different types, which she portrayed equally well. She is now being cast for another big five-reel production.

Allene Ray, winner of second honors, has signed a contract with Burt Lubin for six Western comedy-dramas, in which she will play the lead.

There were four Gold Medal awards in 1920. They are: Mary Astor, who has a five-year contract with

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Little Miss Happiness

Photograph by Campbell Studio, N. Y.

IT was a cold, rather dreary evening, and I longed to spend it by my ain fireside. But beggars, and interviewers—they belong in the same category by sense of being always present, impervious to rebuffs, ever insistent upon getting something, whether it is possible or not—cannot be choosers. So I fared me forth 'mid lowering skies, scattering raindrops and chilly winds, to the subway and an uptown express.

In the Seventies I found the apartment I sought—and June Caprice. I cant recall much about the room in which she received me. I know there was a piano, a tiny one, rose shaded lamps, a divan with silken cushions, an enormous box of candy, a very agreeable and very attractive aunt—and June. She wore a dainty, pink-sprigged frock of organdie, ruffled, frilly, short of sleeves, white stockings and pumps. Her bright hair curled about her face, her cheeks were pink—not from make-up, I'm sure—and in her eyes danced blue-bottle imps of happiness. There was something about her that held the eye and soothed the mind and made one think of rosebuds on an early morning and a robin singing somewhere in an elm tree. Had I thought it was a dreary evening with chill winds and lowering skies? Not so. Here was the lure of June—all the things about which poets rave in springtime.

Thruout the hour or so I spent with June Caprice, thru her gay, girlish, inconsequent chatter, something vaguely remembered kept repeating itself in my mind . . . "Little Miss Happiness" . . . a story . . . a picture . . . what *was* it? . . . until, from a chance remark of June's, it flashed upon me. It was the name of a picture she did a couple of years ago. I had not seen the picture, only heard of it, but the title had lingered in my sub-conscious mind until now. "Little Miss Happiness." There was never a title more oddly apt.

June Caprice is not a mere sweet-tempered child, nor the Polyanna type who is glad about everything—*regardless*. She has a mind of her own, business ability and brains

Not that June Caprice is a mere sweet-tempered child, nor the Polyanna type, who is glad about everything—*regardless*. She has, most decidedly, a mind of her own,

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

All photographs by Campbell Studio, N. Y.

business ability and brains —the kind of mentality that enables her to keep a clear perspective, to find a sane joy in life, gaiety and laughter and to pity those who hold a perpetual grouch against the world in general. Such people are their own worst enemies, she says.

Since she left her home, her school and musical studies, also Betty Lawson —her really-truly name—in Arlington, Mass., and came, a prim little Puritan maid, to New York to be launched as a ready-to-measure star, she has worked very hard. Strange to say, she is not a bit spoiled, and, because she had the intelligence to realize the opportunities which were hers, and because she had wise care and guidance, she has taken the best of care of herself. No midnight parties or late cabarets for June. She has not had time to cultivate fads. Her favorite pastime is a week-end at her home in Boston. She goes occasionally to the theater, but on other nights ten o'clock finds her happily dreaming. How else, she says, could she be up every morning at seven, and keep fit and fresh for the camera? That's why she has not, thus far, accepted the many offers to appear on the stage. She could not endure the late hours and do justice to herself in pictures . . . and she is not ready to forsake the screen.

The evening I talked to June Caprice she had spent a long, strenuous day on location in "The Sky Ranger," the Pathé serial then in process of making. "I spent most of the day on top of apartment houses," she

(*Continued on page* 80)

"Serials are splendid advertising," says June. "People are so curious. They will keep on going to a picture just as they keep on buying a magazine to see how a continued story is going to end." Above and right, camera studies of Miss Caprice

Things You Never Knew

Random revelations about pictures, actors and Hollywood

In a Culver City studio, where a scene depicting a wild party in a roadhouse was being staged, one of the actresses banged away tunelessly at a piano, while others in the scene danced—and the usual music was nowhere to be heard. Inconsistency, thy name is movies!

PICTURES and picture people and picture-making have all been written about in a certain conventional way that has invariably savored either of some efficiently mimeographed publicity department or some equally rubber-stamped lady reporter. Too little has been said of conditions as they actually are—conditions in which every photoplay fan is intensely interested. This, then, may be considered as a series of pages from a layman's diary: impressions of Hollywood and what it contains as they struck one Eastern "investigator" armed only with a typewriter and a sense of humor.

I visited twenty studios of recognized reputation on the Coast, and at the time of my arrival, in only three of the score was actual photographing in progress. In all of the others, the players sat and lounged around the sets, talking, chatting, *waiting*. The eternal *waitingness* of the movies is the first thing to strike one in going from filmery to filmery. And no one seems to mind it.

To capture that elusive thing, called "atmosphere" for want of a better title, it is true that in most studios a small organ and a violin are played, to aid the actors in creating illusion. And yet, in one Culver City studio, where a scene depicting a wild party in a roadhouse was being staged, one of the actresses banged away tunelessly at a piano, while others in the scene danced—and the usual music was nowhere to be heard. Inconsistency, thy name is movies!

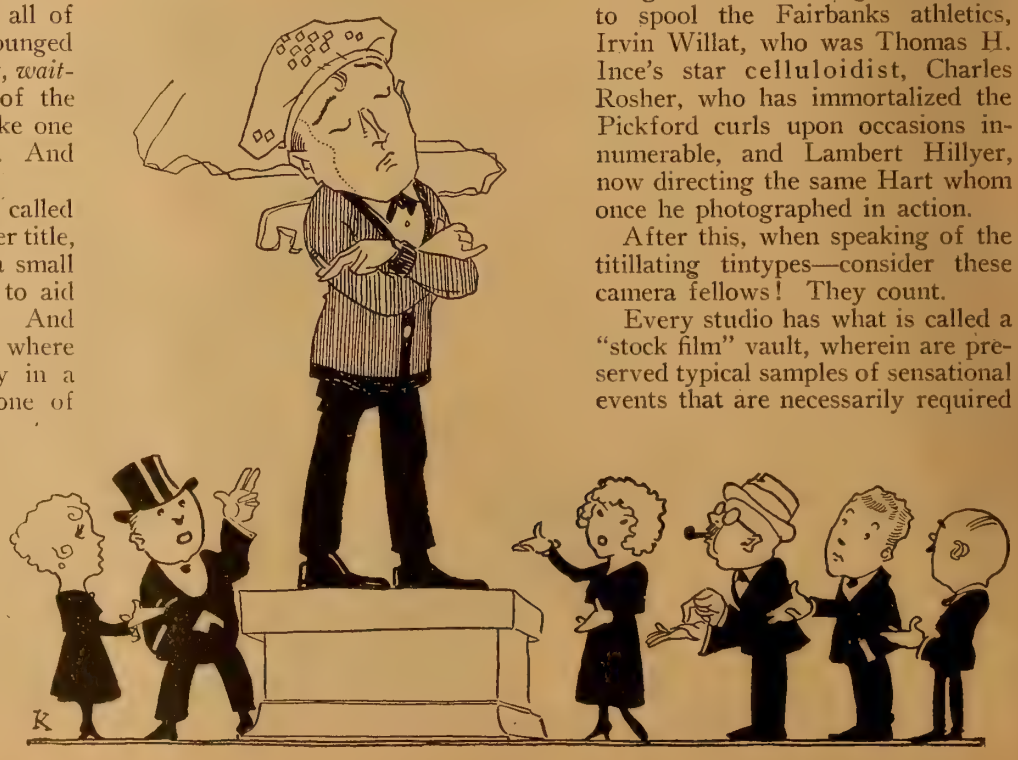
No one has appreciated the importance of the part played in every picture by the man behind the gun—the sharpshooting cameraman. Few people know that the action is often changed by the cameraman in order that he may focus on the central character, or to allow for a better lighting effect, or to make possible more artistic grouping, dramatically or pictorially.

A good cameraman (and there are dozens of them who draw $500 a week) is constantly consulted by director and star. His opinion as to construction "angling" and furnishing of a scene, make-up, and action itself is always asked before the shooting is started. The lighting of the set is entirely up to the cameraman, and it is usually to the cameraman that the fading star appeals for advice to conceal those crow's-feet that persist in creeping in at the corners of her eyes.

Many camera-grinders have graduated into the more select director's class, among these being Victor Fleming, who used to spool the Fairbanks athletics, Irvin Willat, who was Thomas H. Ince's star celluloidist, Charles Rosher, who has immortalized the Pickford curls upon occasions innumerable, and Lambert Hillyer, now directing the same Hart whom once he photographed in action.

After this, when speaking of the titillating tintypes—consider these camera fellows! They count.

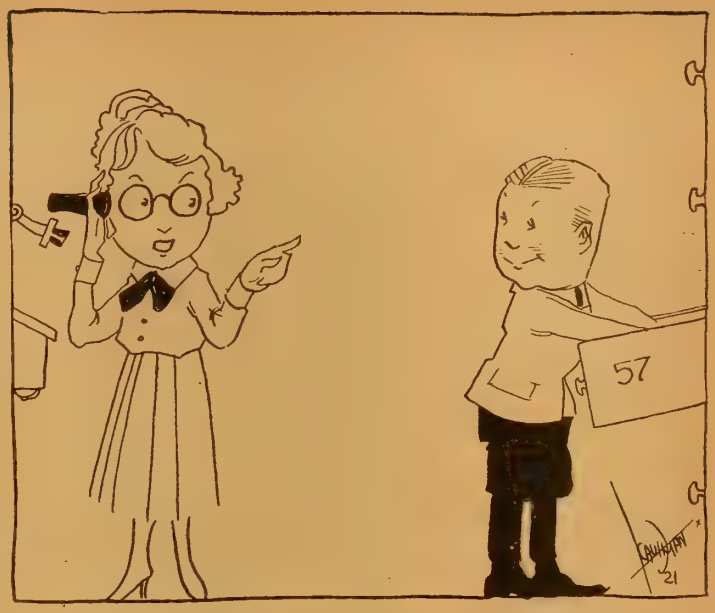
Every studio has what is called a "stock film" vault, wherein are preserved typical samples of sensational events that are necessarily required



Breaking into pictures is as hard as breaking out of a strait-jacket. Of course, if you are a Houdini, and can do the latter, it's easy enough to accomplish the former!

By
MALCOLM
OETTINGER

When the heroine looks out of her apartment and sees columns upon columns of marching men, dont think the director hopped on a special train to New York to spool the scene! No. He rang the bell connecting him with the "stock" office, and ordered some "snappy scenes out of Drawer 57"



in film after film, the expense of staging which each time would run into millions every year. So you find, in this vault, drawer upon drawer of "stock" stuff, labeled plainly, Railroad Wrecks, Fires, Night Fires, Civil War Parades, Battle Scenes, Mobs, Modern Warfare, Runaways, and Cattle Groups. Everything that might be needed is there, in its proper drawer.

And when the heroine looks out of her Fifth Avenue apartment—in Hollywood—and sees columns upon columns of marching men, dont let the imaginative press agent tell you that the director had hopped on a special train for New York to spool the scene. No. He rang a bell connecting him with the "stock" office, and ordered some "snappy scenes out of Drawer 57."

It is true that legitimate producers and worth-while producing units actually shoot a single scene a dozen times to get it right. I've seen them do it. I've seen Hobart Bosworth lose a hundred thousand dollars six times inside of an hour, with the same scowl each time. And then, I think, they decide to use the scene they had canned in the first five minutes. So it goes. But no one has told the waiting world that the comedies and serials are photographed by the ream—ground out like so much sausage. It is not unusual for the Sennett squab-squad to complete a reel in a day. That means a picture in two or three days. Charlie Murray admitted to me that it's often done —when everyone is, as he said, "feelin' right." And whole episodes in those awful serial outbursts are wrapped up and mailed to Peoria in less time than it takes to write of it. The Fox Sunshine things are spooled by the mile, and Christie's also has a no-stop speed record. When you're making comedies or continueds, it's "Full Speed Ahead!"

It's a crying shame to take away the romance of the set, and the glamour that is usually associated with a star "in action" but truth to tell, it's the tamest sight in the world. In fiction, the director stands breathless, coatless and collarless, waving his arms and coaching the actors and their lady friends. "Faster! Faster! Now hit him. Hard!" they shout—in fiction. Not so in studio reality.

In every studio I peeked, the director chatted over the scene with the participants—assuming that it was an average, sparsely populated sort of thing—then sat himself in the chair bearing his name, and asked Joe if he was ready. Joe is important, as we have seen, Joe being the cameraman. "Hit 'em up, boys!" says Jo, and the Klieges start spluttering. "Aw right," says Joe. "Let's start," says the director. "Come on, Doug," and the action starts. Some directors say "Camera!" Most dont. They say, "Start grinding," or "Well, let's shoot," or "Reel the drayma," or "Let's go." There is nothing Rupert Hughesy about it, at all. And during

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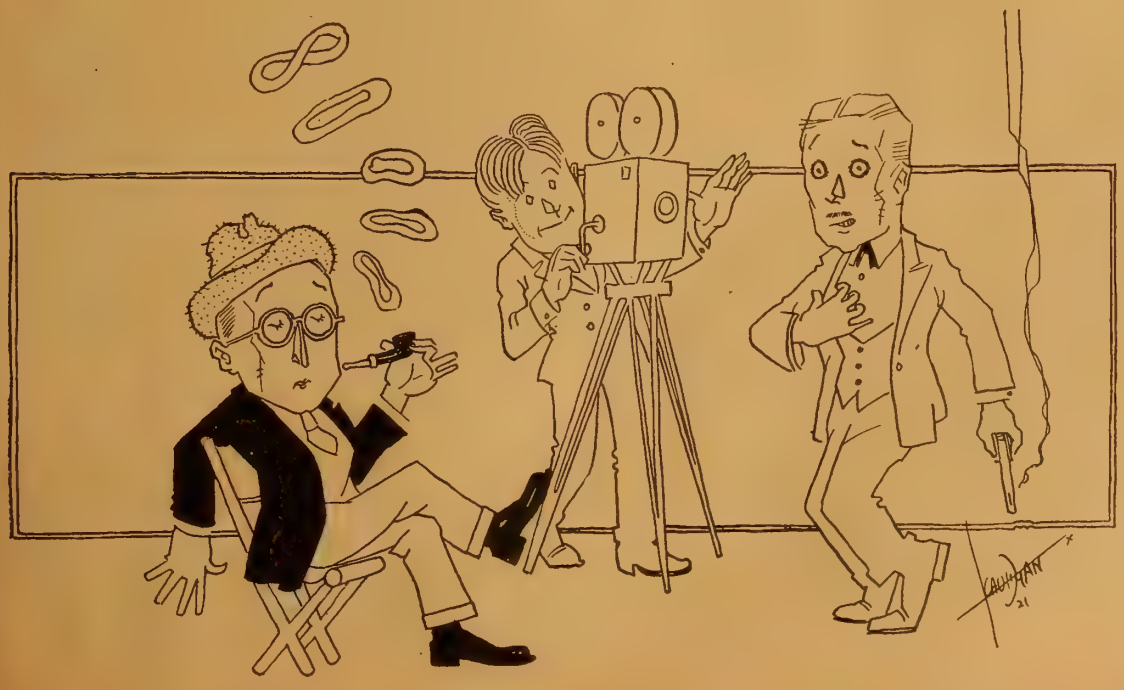


The director says "Camera," or "Let's shoot," or "Reel the drayma." And during the action the director sits in his chair, and makes a noise like a deaf-mute at a clambake

By
TAMAR LANE

GRIFFITH is to blame for the present slump in the production of pictures, but it isn't his fault. Whatever the famous D. W. does, all the other would-be Griffiths follow suit. Since D. W. takes six or eight months to make a production, they must do the same when formerly they could make the same picture in eight weeks. The only thing they succeed in doing is to spend money and lose the thread of the story.

Bill Hart may be handicapped a bit by having to play the same type of parts continually, but viewing him in a picture leads one to reflect that Bill has forgotten more about the art of silent expression than most stars will ever know.

After all, the real test of popularity is the ability to draw persons to the theater. Here are some players that I would go out of my way to see:

Mary Pickford.
Wallace Reid.
Douglas Fairbanks.
Ethel Clayton.
Elaine Hammerstein.
George Walsh. And there are others.

I am still living in hopes of discovering a movie cowboy tending to some cows.

On an electric sign outside a New York Theater: "To Please One Woman. And Fatty Arbuckle."

The best thing about most pictures nowadays is the title. Here are some new ones calculated to draw money to the box office:

"What Do Men Want."
"What Women Will Do."
"What Women Love."
"The Things Men Do."

Norma Talmadge, First National star, is to be presented with a cup as the most "popular" movie star. But why shouldn't she get the cup. First National paid for it.

AN IDEAL CAST

By M. Powell Fohn

Scenario by:	Don Quixote
Directed:	Ben Hur
Leading Lady:	Jane Eyre
Leading Man:	Ivanhoe
Ingénue:	Little Nell
Juvenile:	Tom Sawyer
Villain:	Shylock
"Vamp":	Becky Sharp
Character:	Old Maid Pyncheon
	Rip Van Winkle
Servants:	Topsy
	Jean Valjean

and in these servantless days, think of having for:—

Housekeeper	Vera Gordon
Butler	Thomas Meighan
Cook	Louise Fazenda
Maid	Lila Lee
Chauffeur	Wallace Reid
Stable Boss	William S. Hart
Grocer Boy	Charles Ray
Messenger	Wesley Barry
Iceman	Charlie Chaplin
Cop on Home Beat	Tom Moore
"Chink" laundryman	Dick Barthelmess

More stars that *will* shine:
Anna Q. Nilsson.
Conrad Nagle.

Famous Remarks

D.W. Griffith: "It's easy to make good pictures if you know how."

George Loane Tucker: "The director doesn't count. The star's the thing."

Lewis J. Selznick: "The man who said it pays to advertise said something."

William Fox: "It's time the stars got some money. The producer has been getting it all."

Maurice Tourneur: "There's too much art in the movies. What is needed is more slap-stick melodrama."

An exhibitor in the East is deliberating whether he should play "Black Beauty" which has only one horse in it or wait until "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" comes along and get three extra horses for the same price.

Now that the German production "Passion" has been so successful, it may be safely predicted that Fox will reissue the Theda Bara version of "Du Barry" under the title of "DuBarry's Passion."

Those who think that Pearl White is only a serial queen should see her in "The Tiger's Cub." If she can make a few more like that she will give the best of them a race for popularity.

Sure sign that the screen is improving: only three bottles were broken over a man's head in the past month.

It is all very well—this talk about the passing of the star—but a studio isn't practical without one.

The director would have no alibi if the picture was late; it's always because the star held up scenes.

And the other players—they'd have no one to discuss between scenes.

There's no use talking—the idea isn't practical.

Romance on a Throne

Betty Blythe portrays the rolé of Queen of Sheba amidst gorgeous settings and clad in costumes of barbaric beauty—so marvelous that it is safe to predict a big success for this latest Fox extravaganza. Below is depicted one of the big emotional scenes, Fritz Liebler, as King Solomon, playing opposite Miss Blythe

The Threshold

IT would be easier, far, to tell of Mary Miles Minter by way of brush and canvas than by way of words. You would paint her as I saw her one day, recently—her pale golden hair pinned loosely, her eyes bright with hope—in her April days; the girl, standing at the threshold of womanhood, anxious to be ready for the responsibilities awaiting on the other side. And it would be well, then, to call your painting "April," or perhaps, "The Threshold."

Mary's mother told me that Mary enjoyed deep plays . . . deep books . . . too, that she had a rare understanding of even those things which had not touched her . . . and a corresponding sympathy, but that these things did not make her melancholy. It was that she loved life—every speck of it. Top, a new camera study; above, snapped at the studio, and right, ready for the morning canter

She did not talk of her career or the sort of pictures she preferred to do in answer to direct questions. Rather, she preferred to question herself.

"When you were younger did you want a theatrical career?" I asked, knowing that she had been on the stage since an early age.

"I didn't think much about it," said Mary. "I think I must have been a quiet child, for I can remember always dreaming dreams. My favorite dream was that I would marry the little French boy who lived on the same block and who sometimes came to my parties. I thought we would live in a chateau in France, a chateau badly in need of repairs and with old furniture. And I thought I would have," I think I remember this correctly, "four children; a boy and a girl, and a boy and a girl."

"But that's a silly thing to talk about in an interview," she concluded, and nothing would induce her to relate any other dreams.

She was expecting the arrival of a girl friend with whom she was to have luncheon and later go to see "The Merchant of Venice." And her anxiety, lest they miss any part of the first act, was that of any girl, anywhere—hardly what you would expect from one who is a child of the theater.

"I enjoy the theater every bit as much as if I'd never belonged to it," she told me. "I've seen all the good plays since we came to New York—I like those best which make me cry. Those which tell about life and people who are brave enough to face their problems. Mother and Margaret just wont go to some that I see. I cant persuade them to."

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

Her mother and sister had left to do some shopping a few minutes before, leaving me alone with Mary, but before she had finished dressing, they had told me that Mary had a soul and enjoyed deep plays—that she insisted upon going to the weepiest and deepest in town and that she read the same sort of books.

"I often wonder that it doesn't make her melancholy," Mrs. Shelby had said, "for she has a rare understanding of even those things which have not touched her, and a corresponding sympathy. She isn't melancholy, tho—it is just that she loves life, every speck of it."

So when they had gone and Mary had again mentioned her fondness for the drama, I asked her about her soul.

She laughed. "You have been talking to mother," she announced. "To hear her and Margaret talk you'd think they didn't have any souls. They love to tease me, and if you lived with me as they do, you'd know I'm no more soulful than anyone else. And please, dont call me soulful or,"—she laughed again, "you'll hurt my feelings. Soulful people usually wear such a far-away look that you know they'd never be any good in an emergency. They're a sort of helpless people, really, I think."

As she sat there, dressed in dull blue velvet and squirrel fur, the high noonday sun touching the gold of her hair with highlights, it did not seem possible that she was world-known; endowed with years of theatrical experience, and the party of the first part to a contract involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. She seemed much more the untried girl, free from all responsibility, with her greatest worries and interests the coming examinations and her rôle of a fairy princess, perhaps, in some high-school play.

Later on, however, she did tell me about another dream—her memory garden, she called it. She is building a new home in

(*Continued on page* 86)

More than the world-known star, she seems the untried girl, free from responsibilities, with her greatest worries and interests the coming examinations and her rôle of a fairy princess, perhaps, in some high school play

The Soul of Europe

ALL his life, Robert Bruce has been the victim of wanderlust. No so long ago, he lived on a ranch in Washington. One day, like one of old, he lifted up his eyes unto the hills—and found inspiration. Beyond the ranch the Cascade Mountains reared their snow-capped heads into the clouds. Beyond the skyline, in the lonely places, among unknown dangers, he would find the adventure he craved. He would capture the spirit of the hills, the big outdoors, its peace, its mystery, and present it to the world in pictures which would be a revelation.

He knew little about motion pictures, but in the little movie theater, twelve miles from the ranch, he studied the pictures, counted the scenes in a reel, measured the scenes by seconds until he had a good idea of how pictures were

Robert Bruce purchased a car which would stand the siege of touring Europe. He found a camera-man suited to his purpose and shipped the car. Then his camera-man and he sailed for foreign shores

Upper left, the town clock in a Swiss village; upper right, a Swiss highway; center, an informal snapshot of Robert Bruce, and left, a Scotch cottage

By
LILLIAN
MAY

Left, the Matterhorn, and right, the Castle of Chillon, Lac Léman, Switzerland

made. Carefully he made his plans and, among the peaks of Mt. Adams, thousands of feet above the sea, with only his cameraman and packer, he made his first picture. When it was finished he booked his picture across the continent until he reached New York, where it was given a showing and the approbation he craved.

Above, an English cottage at Shottery, England, and below, the old stone post-office at Tentazel, England

Back West he went, planning scenarios, noting locations, roughing it in the wilds with his cameraman and packer, carrying the filming thru many states, making not mere panoramas but beautiful pictures filled with adventure—just the hint of a plot, of heart interest that makes the Bruce scenics just a little bit different from all other scenics.

For six years he found a never-failing field for his subjects in the great Northwest, in Canada and, finally, in a brief visit to Cuba and Jamaica. And then, he grew restless, dissatisfied. He had not filmed Europe! Surely with the skill born of long experience, he could picture the spirit of the Alps, the peace of English landscapes, the banks and braes of Scotland, the picturesque beauty

(*Cont'd on page 99*)

Philosophy and the Make-Up Box

By
BETSY BRUCE

He picked up one of the numerous studio cats which was prowling about and stroked its head. The cat purred and settled down for a siesta. It had evidently been there before.

"How the Guiding Hand which controls our destinies, moving us over the life course, must shake with laughter," he said. "Here I have been waiting anxiously to get to New York so that I could take in the new plays . . . everyone would come back to California and tell me what fine things the theaters offered, and I resolved to take in every blessed one of them the first month I was here. I've yet to see one."

"Why?" I queried.

He smiled ruefully and rubbed his hand over his unshaven face——

"We went South, to Jamaica, you know, first, for the exteriors; and it was while there I grew this fine crop. Behold me, then, a martyr to the

(*Continued on page* 98)

All Photographs by Puffer, N. Y.

There are many things displayed in life's shop-window. Of them, Harrison Ford will never choose the things of tinsel. He will take for his own the finer things. Above, a camera study, and right, dancing with Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower"

IT is not what Harrison Ford says—not what he does—but the way he does it that makes him Harrison Ford. This has been said of others; it is especially true of him.

You cannot end every remark with a description of the light of understanding in his eye, and every quotation with a description of the soft shadings of his voice, and, therefore, as pen portraits go, you are helpless.

I talked with him at the Talmadge Studios in New York for about half an hour after Norma introduced us, saying, "Harry, tell the lady the dark secrets of your life." I tried to see in the bandage-swathed, bearded person before me some semblance of the poised man I know on the screen, and I was unsuccessful until I ceased to think about the bandage and the unshaven condition and heeded what he was saying and the way he was saying it, then all was simple.

The beard and the bandage were both part of his make-up in the new Norma Talmadge picture in which he plays the drunken lover of an English girl stranded on a Southern island. The bandage was removed along with the other make-up at the close of the day, but the beard was not—it was the price he was paying for the realism of his dissolute characterization.

"You bet, I'm glad to be here," he grinned, "because 'here' in this instance means the Talmadge studios. They're the finest people in the world, and I'm looking forward to the coming year with keen joy, for then I'm to alternate between Norma's and Constance's pictures."

The Heart of Maryland

By GRACE LAMB

The Lilacs, Boonsboro, Md.

MY Sweet Cousin: By now you know of our predicament, politically and idealistically. But of me you do not know. And because I think you will want first of all to know of me, I am abating my vigilance ever so slightly to write you, but very poorly, I fear, and very inadequately.

They are calling me "the fiercest little Southerner of all," Prunella, but tonight I do not feel very fierce, I must confess. A maiden's heart is a maiden's heart, once in a while, methinks, be the fortunes of war ever so tragic or ever so gallant. You know, or you do not know, my sweeting, that I have severed myself from Alan Kendrick. So I have. But you do know, because I have written you, word of our trysting and sweethearting before these terrible days of travail for our Southland; you do know what this means to me—as Maryland Calvert, not "the fiercest Southerner of all."

I had thought I loved him beyond all things. Beyond all men, I do. But I have found, Prue, that old traditions work in the blood against a conscious volition. I love Alan, but he is not the blood in my veins; his blood did not give me birth nor nurture me, once born. And the sunny bosom of the South did. From the South I have drawn my first breath, drawn my being, absorbed my faith and my convictions, for what they may be worth. So did my daddy and his daddy before him. I am steeped in it. It is me, and I am it. These are the things I told Alan when I knew he was going to fight for the Union. "Your sword is between us," I said—grandiloquently, perhaps; "I know that I shall always feel it, cold and cruel. It would spoil all that we have known together, all our dreams. You know how sweet our dreams have been, Prunella! Wont you tell me that you know me to be right? Loving the South as I do, how could I marry a man who, at this very moment, may be running his steel into her tender breast? It would be like wedding the murderer of your mother. Her affrighted flesh would be constantly crying out to me, "See thou, my daughter, how this man has betrayed me!" He tells me that a conviction is a conviction, and that his allegiance to the Union is as fine, and should be accounted as fine, as mine to the Confederacy. Logic tells me this may be so. But what is logic, Prunella, when the blood of generations is clamoring? I know only service. Only the relief work I am doing with all the heart and soul and stamina I have. I feel only the impelling desire, the terrific urge to bind up the bleeding South—her wounds are my wounds and infinitely pitiful to me. Write to me, my dear. Mother and sisters join me in dearest love to you. We thank you for the good flannel and ointment. We have need of it.

Your Maryland.

The Lilacs. (A month later.)

Prunella, love:

The fortunes of War are akin to the fortunes of Love, as the maxim of "All's fair" has taught us. I wrote you last with Alan gone away to fight for the Union, with things more or less quiet about Boonsboro, save for occasional overcrowding at our Relief station, and now we seem in a very thicket of complications, many of which distress me more by their ambiguity than by their actuality.

Lloyd is here, in his Confederate uniform. He seems inactive. I dare not voice my suspicions, my dear one, for many reasons. But I could wish a Calvert to ring more truly, to dare more strongly, to stand more definitely. Lloyd is my only brother and my good comrade, and yet now, for the first time, there seems to be a barrier between us, a something we do not like to talk of, cannot discuss. He carries father's sword. I noticed it today, and it didn't seem to me to shine as it should. It looked dulled, shoddy. I polished it for him. Ah! When he saw it, he turned a hurtful scarlet. There was constraint between us.

He frequently brings a Colonel here to see us. The Colonel is commanding the Confederate garrison here in Boonsboro, and seems capable, but not to my liking. I met him the other day, and he took my hand as tho it was something he was hungry for.

I showed some slight contempt, I fear me, in my own home. I have ever been averse to men who seize upon me as tho I were food rather than woman, and they were

The Colonel is commanding the Confederate garrison here in Boonsboro, and seems capable, but not to my liking. I met him the other day, and he took my hand as tho it was something he was hungry for

girl. It does violence to our modesty, my dear friend, that I must speak with such brazenry, but we are learning stern lessons these days, and of the sternest the one of unveiling our sensibilities is the leader. Naturally, Thorpe being in charge, and so in the valedictorian position, did all he could to hurry the exchanges thru on that very night. I did not know until later why he was so vehemently anxious to have Alan reach Charlesville that night.

. .How the war does uncover the brute in man when the brute is there. It seems to shine thru the outer covering, hideous and apparent. War makes ordinary vices ugly and ugliness abhorrent. The sweet sanctifying things of peace seem all gone, Prunella, here is our Southland, where peace and plenty should remain inviolate—untouched.

Alan and I had a moment of supreme understanding, only to have that annihilated. He begged me, yet a second time, to become his wife. We had stolen an hour at our old trysting place, and all the earlier glamour was upon us. Is there anything, ever, anywhere, that can even approach that first glamour, dear? That virginal pristine glow? And yet it came to us again, there. War and peace seemed only terms, and very far away. Even suffering was remote because we were so happy. We seemed to swing between earth and sky in some sort of exquisitely balanced equipoise, sufficient and delirious.

I begged him in turn to forsake his intention of returning to active service after his exchange had been effected. I thought, in the swimming of my heart, that he gave assent. I told him I would marry him; that only the severance of our faiths had kept us apart, never a severance of our hearts. He asked me what I meant; did I suppose he was going to abandon his ideal? And when he realized that I had meant him to forego further fighting, he put me from him, as one would put a menace to something or someone one held most priceless.

"You would tie up my sword with silken ribbons!" he said, and his voice was hot and alien; "you would be willing to badger my honor with your kisses. I had thought differently of you, Maryland."

But, of course, he did not know that all my honor was ravening rather than respectful. Howbeit.

Last night Alan Kendrick came into The Lilacs. He had been wounded, and was en route to Charlesville for exchange. I must confess me to the extent that I didn't feel an iota fierce when I saw him bandaged and weak. I thought only of beef broths and beds and rest and help for him. I had stern discipline of self to accomplish before I could bring myself to the full realization of the fact that he was so wounded in similarly wounding my motherland.

He met Colonel Thorpe, and they were instantly antagonistic. What I did not hear of the meeting, what with my duties at the station, and household tasks and one thing and another, Lloyd told me later on. It seems that Colonel Thorpe and Alan had met before. They were old enemies.. Some time, not very long ago, Alan had had Thorpe drummed out of his regiment for assault upon some young

for and of the South. That for him to abandon, as he called it, the Union cause, was as nothing to me. This may not be fair. Even you—even you, friend of my bosom, may criticize me, may ask me where my sense of justice and proportion has gone, but I shall not be able to tell you. There are occasions, there are moments, when only one's blood matters—one's deepest blood in one's keenest veins. I am glad I love the South. I am glad I love the South better than Alan. For I do, better than Alan. More finely, more strongly. It is a finer, stronger love. One has to be fine and strong to be capable of it. For it is without selfishness and without the hope of self-attainment. I love it more than Alan—I think—I think . . .

Your Maryland.

The Lilacs. (A month later.)

It is so easy to write of war, Prunella, when war has not bitten one's flesh by the devious routes of honor and of tragedy.

The night after my last letter to you, after our secret meeting, Alan left me. I can remember standing there. I think my heart was in my eyes. But I know that my hand was, so to speak, on a Southern sword.

After he had gone, my brother, Lloyd, told me that he had overheard the plans for the capture and demolition of Charlesville. Alan was going, then, to his certain death. Thorpe had done this thing to him. My instincts told me why. First, because he owed Alan a grudge, and such a man never forgets a grudge. And secondly, because he wanted me. And such a man is dominated by such a want, when it is thwarted.

I followed Alan, caught him, warned him. I glorified in the risk I took. In being able to justify my doing this for him, I felt that I salved the wound I had to give him.

That night I learned that Alan brought about a disastrous repulse of the Confederates.

While I worked at the Relief station, I knew that I was binding the wounds he, vicariously, had given. And it made me put soul into my fingertips and God into my heart. One toils best when one toils to avenge what one's Love has done. Women are strange, Prunella, are they not? Variable and weak, capable and ineffectual. Cleaving with their marrow to some stanchion, be it country, man, vision, endeavor. That it flames mightily is enough.

During the next few days, Lloyd came to me with the request that I go to the old mill to see some Northerner who was hiding there, having endeavored to get thru the lines in order to see his sweetheart and, thus far, failed. I told him I saw no reason why I should entertain the righteously frustrated Northerner. I failed to visualize him as some stripling lad with his heart in his hands, disappointed and desperate. As Alan . . .

War hardens some part of us. Temporarily only, I think.

Mother and sisters tell me, tho, that I have become a full-blown woman who was a girl. "You will probably never be more mature, Maryland," mother says. I can see that she is regretful.

Well—I went to the old mill, and the "Northerner" was Alan.

He had come back thru the enemy lines in order to apologize to me and to thank me for my risk in following him!

It was splendid and foolhardy and unnecessary and precious to me.

He was in Confederate disguise. For a moment it endeared him to me, curiously. And then it came to me that

The night after my last letter to you, after our secret meeting, Alan left me. I can remember standing there. I think my heart was in my eyes

he wore it not because of what it represented, but because he had wanted to be with me. He had used it as a ruse; employed it, so to speak, rather than served it. I felt hurt and acutely repelled. "You *are* the fiercest Southerner I ever met," he told me; and he added (I'll tell you because I have told you everything, always, from 'way back), he added, deeply, "and the most precious."

"I'm glad you say that," I told him. "Oh, I am! I'm glad!"

With all our love,
Maryland.

The Lilacs.

Dearest:

I haven't been able to write. I have felt too numbed and exposed.

The night after I wrote you last was a terrible, terrible night for us, for The Lilacs, for Boonsboro. We shall never be the same again; never any one of us.

It was, to begin with, one of those nights of terror we have all experienced, I think, without quite knowing why. Formless. Sometimes provenly so.

When I came down the stairs that night, for dinner, I seemed to be afraid, of I knew not what. I seemed to be expecting something dread and unforseen. In the rather unusual quietude there lurked potentialities that were somehow sinister and horrid.

On the main floor, as I made it, I perceived a shadow. It was grotesquely large, and resembled Lloyd. I felt that if I were to retain the courage I had tried to make memorable, I must brave the creaking stairways and 'wildering shadows. I tried to hum a little tune. It was most grotesquely off key.

When I came down the stairs that night, I seemed to be afraid—of I knew not what. I seemed to be expecting something dread and unforeseen.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND

Fictionized, by permission from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by William B. Courtney; adapted from the play by David Belasco. Directed by Tom Ferriss and starring Catherine Calvert. The cast:—

Maryland Calvert	Catherine Calvert
Nancy McNair	Victoria White
Phoebe Yancy	Marguerite Sanchez
Mrs. Claiborne	Jane Jennings
Alan Kendrick	Crane Wilbur
Bob Telfair	Ben Lyon
Lloyd Calvert	William Collier, Jr.
Fulton Thorpe	Felix Krembs
Uncle Daniel	Arthur Earl
Provost Sergeant Blount	Bernard Siegel
General Kendrick	Henry Hallan
Tom Boone	Warner Richmond
True Blue	Russell Griffin

An hour later they brought Lloyd in to us, shot thru the heart, thru the treacherous heart, my friend, with the Confederate plans on him. He had been bound for the Union lines.

In that same dread hour Alan was captured in the Old Mill, in his foolish Confederate disguise, and brought to the house.

But I anticipate. I tell my story badly. That is because it flows from my heart to my lips and thence to my pen in little agonized spurts and darts, with little coordination and no planning. You will know . . .

General Kendrick, Alan's father, met me and told me of Lloyd's death. Told me he had been shot for a spy, that the proofs had been found on him, and that another man was suspected of complicity. This man, he told me, gently, had just been taken.

I lost my wits. I felt overstrained, overwrought. Lloyd, lying dead, disgraced. Disgraced, dead! The two words formed strange combinations and twanged and clawed at my nerves. Lloyd had been harmless; a tool in the hands of his conspirator. Lloyd would never have a chance to make good, to retrieve. He was gone, poor weakling, dead and disgraced—a Calvert, my father's son.

I cried out on this other man, this conspirator. I accused him, deliberately, with venom, of being the real spy. I proclaimed

Lloyd's lovable ineffectualness in the clutches of this arch-demon who had so contrived to warp him—him, a Calvert . . .

It was impossible for General Kendrick to halt me. I noted, with some dismal pleasure, the grey tint of his face.

In the midst of my denunciation Alan walked into the room, himself the prisoner, himself Lloyd's "conspirator."

He told me how Lloyd had loaned him the uniform to help him thru the lines in order that he might come to me for forgiveness, for an apology. It had been a silly and heedless ruse, he admitted, but he had not been spying. Lloyd . . . but he didn't speak of Lloyd, who needed no further convicting and could have, at worst and at best, only the last sad rites.

And mother's tears . . .

She is alone with them. I shall not weep for Lloyd who could not weep for his country.

Alan has been sentenced to death. The others—Thorpe and the others—did not believe him as I believed him. They sneered at his tale of having donned a disguise in order to see me. They told him he was lost to the world of fiction, unhappily for that world. But he must die. They came to that point clearly, definitely, with unction.

I obtained from General Hooker a letter stating absolutely that Alan did not come to Boonsboro as a spy. Thorpe tore it up in my face and jeered at me for my "lovingly ardent pains." He assured me that they were of no avail; that the "fiercest little Southerner of them all" could now be fierce to her heart's content, for there would be no clemency.

We came, at last, to a bestial fight. Alan, Thorpe and I were alone one of the last days in Thorpe's office. Preparations for the execution were being completed. Alan, of course, was bound. I am hoping that, one day, his memoried face, as it was that day, will go from me. It stabs me, now, as I write, sharply, unbearably.

On the main floor I perceived a shadow. It was grotesquely large and resembled Lloyd—I tried to hum a little tune

Thorpe, more to torment Alan than out of desire, made crude advances to me. The situation was goading and intolerable. Both Alan and I were flayed. When I could endure it no longer, I struck Thorpe over the head with the hilt of his bayonet and he fell to the ground. While he was there, in a comatose stupor, I untied Alan and bade him fly to his regiment and return to rescue me.

The instant Alan escaped, Thorpe and Tom Boone—the same Tom who has sought my hand so persistently long—cried for the bell to be rung; the great town bell which, since the war has begun, has warned the outposts of an escape so that they will be ready to do their utmost duty.

I was prepared for that. I knew the way to the belfry. I knew,

(*Con'd on page* 104)

Alan and Tom Boone have shaken hands—my two oldest friends. Mother and sisters are pleased and more at peace than they have been this long while

Beyond the Silversheet

Away from his work, Dick Barthelmess is found to be like young husbands the world over. He is concerned over the flower beds in summer and the heating apparatus in winter . . . happy in the tasks of every day. And those who have visited with him and Mary Hay Barthelmess in their little cottage have voted "Dick" the same earnest boy beyond the silversheet that he is pictured on it

Above, Dick Barthelmess and his mother; left, with Mary Hay Barthelmess in the fields; and below, afternoon tea on their own veranda

Agnes In The Abstract

Photograph (above) by Evans, L. A.

IT was the opening night of the New Ambassador Hotel.

We sat in the pink-and-black grill, the Dramatic Critic of the Los Angeles *Times,* I, and our ladies. The Critic was enthusiastic. Witness his fists thumping upon the table top. And he was exclaiming—as he had been exclaiming for the past five minutes . . .

"The kind of a woman who radiates charm! (Thump.) *Radiates it!* (Thump, thump.)"

I turned presently to see for myself—aware of the stiff displeasure of the ladies. I shall not attempt to describe Agnes Ayres—nor to subscribe to the asseverations of the Critic. He is, in normalcy, a blood brother to the clam. That he asseverated at all—and that his lady was very haughty for the remainder of the evening (Agnes Ayres indeed!)—is proof, beyond a doubt, that she is beautiful, charmingly beautiful.

I ventured a second glance at her, sitting there in her pink chair, her ash-blond hair piled high, smiling her curious, abstracted smile, with the ebony walls and ceiling, smoothly polished, casting back faint reflections of her.

I noticed that she had a cloak about her shoulders, and I wondered vaguely how she could bear it in the heat of the overcrowded room. But my attention was drawn from her to the dance floor—now cleared of the jostling dancers—where at one end Nazimova, imperious in her turgid locks and—was it a kimono?—was holding court before the staring eyes of the crowd. Ann May, delicious, flitted among the courtiers. Ann, with the charm of vivacity—darting, restless. In contrast—my eyes turned back again—that faintly smiling abstraction, that utter indifference of Agnes.

Perhaps a week later, I waited at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, while Miss Ayres was finishing her gown fittings for her new story—a racing picture with Wally Reid.

For want of better diversion, I wandered about the big stages and came upon the artist, Penrhyn Stanlaws, of Phœbe White and Road of Anthracite fame, in the throes of directing. He is a dapper man, rather small than not, strongly inclined to flavor his personality with English mannerisms—a bit arrogant toward the property man.

I was summoned

When Agnes talks, it is with no particular interest in what she is saying. And she listens as indifferently. A less beautiful woman could never have justified the lassitude with which she regarded, or disregarded, the interviewer

finally to an office wherein Agnes, busily 'phoning, acknowledged the introduction with a murmured excuse that she must finish her conversation. Presently, she put down the receiver and turned to me questioningly, almost wearily. Her eyebrows interrogated me.

"What is it you want to say to me?" she asked, at last.

The room spun dizzily. For the moment I had the sensation that one gets in a rapidly falling elevator. There is no one question which can so effectively destroy that easy, unforced atmosphere so necessary to a successful interview. I attempted, futilely, to explain—and ended by getting up and changing chairs; after which I remarked, calmly enough, that I had nothing to say to her.

"I want *you* to say something to *me*," I said, and added as a helpful afterthought, "this is an interview, you know."

The winged eyebrows fluttered down.

"Oh," said Agnes, paused a moment, and then, quite cheerfully, "what do you want *me* to say to *you*, then?"

Mentally I made a note: "Goldbeck *vs.* Ayres. First round all Ayres's."

Came a breathing spell in which I regirt myself by concentrating upon the beauty of her grey eyes—eyes that are startlingly, wistfully, like the eyes of Alice Joyce. A photograph brings out, even more strongly, the resemblance of these two women.

When Agnes talks, it is with no particular interest in what she is saying. And she listens as indifferently. A less beautiful woman could never have justified the lassitude with which she regarded—or disregarded—the interview. But even in her lassitude there is charm. That

(*Continued on page* 88)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"I started as an extra," said Agnes. "Of course you know that. I was with Essanay and Vitagraph, and later made about twenty-five O. Henry pictures. Then came Fox and American Cinema . . . and now Lasky"

Photograph (left) by Evans, L. A.

Animation is one of the qualities of Priscilla Dean which sets her apart. In these costumes Priscilla looks like sweet Kitty Bellair of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," but is really wearing a costume in which she appears in "False Colors," a forthcoming Universal production

All photographs by Freulich

Lady of Light

The Editor's Page

You Are the Censor

The people who would foist upon us Sunday blue laws and all sorts of legislation to curb the "dangerous" movies are still at it. From Washington and every state capital comes news of their daily activities. They will continue until the nation decisively tells them to mind their own business.

It is in the hands of every film fan whether these people will succeed. Write to your State and National legislators and voice your protest. If the screen is curbed, it will be because you have not insisted upon having YOUR say.

Sunday blue laws would move us back several hundred years, to the era of witchcraft, stocks and the pillory. Do you WANT THEM?

Censorship is an absurdity. True censorship lies directly with the people who go to the motion pictures. If you countenance and encourage films savoring of the immoral or sensational, you are striking a blow at the thing you love — you are substantially approving of the presentation of such screen dramas.

YOU ARE THE CENSOR—and do not let a narrow-minded minority take this power away from you.

You are the Censor. Do not let a narrow-minded minority take this power away from you—take the sun out of Sunday

Anent Personal Appearances

Does the personal appearance of a motion picture player in the flesh injure that person's popularity? The question is debatable pro and con, but we are with those who look upon personal appearances as destructive.

Bear in mind that the success of the cinema lies in its appeal to the imagination. Just as audiences supply dialogue, detail and color to the animated scenes they watch, so, too, do they supply the personalities moving thru these scenes, with heroic attributes. The film stars are as Gods upon a celluloid Olympus.

What, then, can be the effect of a personal appearance? Great advance expectations, keen momentary interest, disillusionment—the collapse of an idol. Here and there among our stars are personalities big enough to stand inspection, but, in the main, we are firmly against appearances.

It is essential that the star should live up to his adherents' expectations in his private life, and that his private life be kept a thing apart.

Are Audiences Dwindling?

A certain scenario writer and playwright, known as a constructor of lurid serials, recently advanced the statement that motion picture audiences are falling away. The gallery gods of the speaking theater are returning, he said.

The gentleman went on to say that he had written enough miles of celluloid drama to occupy a goat three or four lifetimes in feeding. And he whimsically added that the film public, being the goat, was growing tired of its food.

To which we answer that it is the attitude of just such second-rate playwrights and authors that has brought injury to the photoplay. Thank heaven, intelligent and able men of books and the drama are now giving their first-hand attention to the films.

The photoplay has advanced beyond the gentleman of the goat breakfast-food, and he doesn't know it. And if the gallery gods are returning, it is because the rivalry of the cinema has brought a new life to the "speakies."

Shaw and Screen Immorality

The Blue Sunday specialists will be interested in George Bernard Shaw's crisp statements anent the immorality of the screen. It seems that a meeting was held in London when Mr. Shaw said:

"I asked where the immoral films were to be seen, as I had visited cinemas in many European countries and had found their morals oppresively conventional.

The eminent persons were shocked at my assuming that they had seen what they were denouncing, or that they had ever been in a picture palace. There was only one man present who spoke from personal experience of the pictures, and he was the master of a school for defective children. He testified eloquently to the value of the picture palace as a refuge from the streets for children locked out while their mothers were out working.

"What other chance have such children of seeing well dressed people in handsome houses, behaving themselves courteously? If it makes them discontented with squalor and poverty and savage manners, so much the better.

"Such restlessness is far more helpful socially than gambling, cruelty to animals and theft, which are the alternative excitements offered by the pious people."

The Plot Thickens!

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

The rarest thing in the world is a scenario with real, human characters, which live and breathe and laugh and love in its pages as they would in real life. Above, a new photograph of Anita Loos

GENERALLY speaking, plots may be said to have three dimensions. The Theme gives it height and depth—makes it spiritually lofty, or intellectually profound; element of Character, as applied to the plot people, adds all breadth of human experience, and, finally, the Situation is needed to give the story length. You can make your plot any type you desire by stressing one of these dimensions, but the other two must be there, no matter how small they are, if your story is correctly constructed.

St. John Irvine has called attention to the fact that a good play arouses two ideas in the spectator: (1) that it must have been extremely easy to write, and (2) that he will immediately go out and write one as good, if not considerably better. On the other hand, a bad play always looks as if it had been written with the blood and sweat and tears of the author, and sends the spectator away with the firm resolve never to attempt so Herculean and impossible a task. This is because its dimensions are bad. It is top-heavy or narrow or lengthy enough to tire out a Chinese audience, or perhaps the author has even tried to give it the Fourth Dimension or a high specific gravity.

Probably the most important consideration in photoplay-making is that of Character. The rarest thing in the world is a scenario with real human characters, which live and breathe and laugh and love in its pages as they would in real life. A story like this has infinite appeal, for it has the element of human sympathy and retains the interest of the audience, even if the story has very little drama in it. "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" are recent examples of photoplay which succeeded almost entirely because of this quality.

You should characterize your plot-people as soon as they enter the story. If you are building your story about one particular character—as Charlie Chaplin built his story about the tramp in "The Kid"—it is well to devote one entire episode at the outset to properly "planting" that person, building up sympathy for him or her. Sympathy, in the dramatic sense, is really "understanding"; that is, the audience understands the character and therefore, has an intense sympathy for him during the rest of the play. For example, we built up sympathy for Constance Talmadge in "Mama's Affair," by opening the story proper with an incident showing her crushed and confined by a selfish mother, and characterizing her as a girl who knew nothing of life, except as seen thru a second-story window. The story itself did not really start until the next episode, but the sympathy had been established and the plot-people definitely characterized.

Always make your characters individual. Dont make your hero merely virtuous, handsome and athletic; give him emotions and personality, which makes him different; and show why your heroine falls in love with him instead of with one of the extra men. Try to give him the same qualities which have made some man you have known in real life attractive, and dont make him too inhumanly good. Make his character, so far as possible, account for his motives in the plot.

The Theme of a story is the moral—the thought behind the plot—the lesson which you are trying to teach the audience, or the fact which you are trying to demonstrate. In Griffith's "'Way Down East" the theme teaches the evil of intolerant moral codes which recognize no excuse for a fallen woman; the theme of George Arliss' "The Devil" is that evil can never overcome truth; in writing

By
JOHN EMERSON and
ANITA LOOS

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

"Reaching for the Moon," for Douglas Fairbanks, our theme was that it is unwise to wish too hard for great power, for you might get it and also its responsibilities; and in our new picture for Constance Talmadge, "The Contented Woman," we are trying to show that beauty and brains are not incompatible. Every proverb in the world is a theme for a story.

It is most unwise to build a story simply upon a theme. It becomes too much like a sermon. The moral sticks out in every scene and the audience resents it. The theme should be a thought which comes naturally out of the story, rather than a stubborn force which distorts every bit of action. If you start out solely with the idea that you are going to write a story demonstrating that honesty is the best policy, you will probably produce a most uninteresting, cut-and-dried affair. Start with the conception of a man who believed, or perhaps did not believe, this maxim, and write your story naturally about his character and the predicaments and final triumphs it led him into.

Many writers like to plant a theme at the outset with a bit of allegorical prologue. Sometimes this is good, especially if the theme be very original, but more often it has the effect of making the audience feel that a moral is being forced upon them and that they are about to be bored by a "propaganda picture," which advocates blue laws or prohibition or war-time saving, or something of the kind. It is usually better to let your theme develop as the story develops.

The theme of a story is the moral—the thought behind the plot, the lesson which you are trying to teach the audience, or the fact which you are trying to demonstrate. Above, a new picture of John Emerson, and below, directing a scene with Constance Talmadge and Conway Tearle

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

The Situation is the most obvious part of the story, and many people are prone to mistake it for the story itself. Amateurs are apt to be struck by an idea for a trick situation and try to make a scenario of that alone. For example, we had one scenario sent in which dealt with a man who fell in love with a girl who had been brought up on an Alpine peak and who was unable to breathe the denser air of the valleys. This chap married her and built an air-proof glass case about her, in which the air was always rarified, and eventually brought her back to New York. But one day an unscrupulous rival for the girl's affections made a hole in the case—and the air rushed in—and, well, you can write the rest yourself.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Beauty's Crown

By
CORLISS PALMER

Photograph by Charles Albin

"It has been truly said that a woman's crowning glory is her hair. Whether it is black or golden, it sits in high estate upon her brow and has the power to make or mar her beauty," says Corliss Palmer. Above, a recent camera study

IT has been truly said that a woman's crowning glory is her hair. Whether it is black, brown or golden, it sits in high estate upon her brow and has the power to make or to mar her beauty.

Beside the physical attraction of beautiful hair, it has a wonderful psychological effect. If you do not believe this, watch children at play, and you will notice that it is always the little girl with the long curls who assumes a queenly manner and is able to make the most unruly boy bend to her will. Children's lives are largely make-believe, according to their fairy stories, the heroines of which usually have long curls. So, they can play they are lovely heroines, such as Goldy Locks and Mayfair and countless others, in a more realistic way if they have long, luxuriant hair. However, as bobbed hair is more practical, it is destined to continue and increase in popularity for children.

Since pliable, healthy hair is so essential to beauty, it is necessary that a woman should study the needs of her hair and learn how to care for it.

There is really no excuse for oily hair that hangs in stringy fashion about the face and ears, nor for dry, brittle hair that is so hard to manage. There are shampoos specially prepared for the various kinds of unruly hair, and all one has to do is to discover what they are and either buy them or learn to make them.

Oily, stringy hair is certainly a beauty spoiler. It makes both men and women look careless, even slovenly. Dry, brittle hair gives a harsh expression to the face, so people who are careful of their appearance must avoid both extremes.

If you do not attend the beauty parlors regularly for your shampoo, you should buy the best shampoo preparations in the market and use them every two weeks.

Egg shampoos have been proved valuable thru years of use, and will always be good for hair that is fairly healthy and needs no special corrective. One who has not access to an egg shampoo already prepared, may cleanse the hair as usual, then apply the beaten white of an egg, rubbing it thoroly into the hair and rinsing it out with clear lukewarm water. With the egg shampoos that can be purchased at almost any drug store or department store, there are special directions that should be followed.

A good shampoo for dry hair should contain tar, as the balsamic and antiseptic qualities of the tar have a neutralizing effect on the oil. There is a medicinal value in the tar that is good for the scalp as well, and will help to eliminate dandruff. In estimating the amount to be used on the hair one must be governed by the degree of dryness.

Oily hair, being the opposite of dry, requires a different kind of shampoo. There are a number of pine shampoos on the market under various names, which are splendid for reducing the amount of oil, at the same time thoroly cleansing the hair.

Both dry and oily hair need to be brushed rapidly for at least five minutes before retiring. This brings new life into it and increases that strange electrical supply, so necessary to the health of the hair.

If these directions are followed carefully and regularly, the hair will become thicker and healthier.

But the demands of modern femininity do not stop with

(*Continued on page* 100)

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

PERHAPS there is nothing of more importance in the new cinema month than the latest effort of Charles Chaplin, "The Kid." If there be any one who belittles the art of Chaplin, who feels him to be a clod and a clown, let him see "The Kid," and simultaneously change his opinion, for this new picture places Charlie of the famous mustache, swagger cane and huge shoes with the greatest artists.

Such an artist is he, in fact, that he practically plays opposite the youthful Jackie Coogan, who is entrusted with the title rôle. We can think of few others who would do this voluntarily and so thoroly, even in appreciation of budding genius.

To relate the story of a Chaplin production is futile. So let it suffice to say that Charlie plays the rôle of a tramp glazier who adopts a deserted baby, lavishing all the affection of his nature upon him as he grows to be an overalled youth who smashes the window the glazier later replaces, and who is so very tiny that he has little difficulty in dodging the guardian of the law.

Just for a time the picture hovers perilously near the vulgarity of some of Chaplin's previous efforts, but this is true of only a few short flashes in one particular episode and to be forgiven in view of the other pictorial episodes.

"The Kid" has quite as many laughs as any other Chaplin picture, but well intermingled is a deep pathos. When the authorities of the orphan home attempt to take the kid away from the glazier there is registered a sorrow and grief which would do credit to the greatest emotional artists.

Then there are heaven scenes. Imagine Chaplin in heaven! A different heaven than that which you learned about in Sunday-school it is true—perhaps a more comfortable heaven as we understand things now, but with winged angels, nevertheless. It is quite the most delightful thing ever witnessed, especially when the angelic hosts have a dispute and feathers cloud the air, flying in all directions.

Edna Purvianse plays the leading feminine rôle; and again we ask why she continues to play small and unimportant parts when she might do bigger things.

As for Jackie Coogan, all that has been said of him is true. He is a finished actor without possessing any of the unpleasant and officious traits so common to theatrical children.

Much has been said about "The Kid," and our expectations were great—still we were not disappointed. It redeems "Sunnyside," and "A Day's Pleasure," and dispels the theory often voiced in the past that Charles Spencer Chaplin shot his lone bolt in "Shoulder Arms."

Top, George Arliss in "The Devil"; center, Charles Chaplin in "The Kid," and bottom, Agnes Ayres in a scene from Cecil B. de Mille's "Forbidden Fruit"

FORBIDDEN FRUIT—PARAMOUNT

"Forbidden Fruit" is not the best thing Cecil B. de Mille has done and, as a matter

(*Continued on page* 101)

California Chatter

Above, Rosemary Theby and Louis Gasnier have a tête-à-tête between scenes of "Good Women"; center, Elsie Ferguson and Elinor Glyn become great pals, having met at the Famous Players studios; and below, Wanda Hawley plays camera-man and admonishes Clyde Fillmore to "Look pleasant, please"

THE big event of the Los Angeles film world last month was the formal opening of the Ambassador Theater with "Passion," featuring Pola Negri as the attraction. This new theater is really unique, being located in the new Ambassador Hotel, and is practically an outgrowth of the Little Theater movement. Only pictures of unusual artistic merit will be shown, and original prologues are to be the rule. Sol Lesser and Gore Brothers are the owners. Not the least attractive feature is the ushers—each girl apparently chosen for her beauty. The costume is a black-satin page's uniform, short black-satin breeches and long-tailed coat, lined with crimson watered-silk; gorgeous lace stockings and high-heeled buckled pumps lure you fetchingly down the aisle to a seat.

I saw Bull Montana out at Lasky's the other day. He is very much hurt when he is called the homeliest man. He insists there are at least two others more homely.

William de Mille was directing Conrad Nagel in a garden scene for "The Lost Romance," Edward Knoblock's original story. Seldom have I seen more widely diverse methods of directing than those employed by the two de Milles. William rehearses each trifling piece of business over and over with his players. For instance, he had young Mr. Nagel sitting on the edge of a garden pool, then showed him carefully just how to do the action, then watched him painstakingly taking out a cigarette and lighting it, before he had the camera shoot the episode. Cecil de Mille, on the other hand, never shows his actors what to do, but quietly stands behind the camera, explains the situation verbally and lets the actors interpret the action for themselves.

On the next set to William de Mille, James Cruze was directing a scene for "Fatty" Arbuckle's new feature, called "Crazy to Marry." Mr. Cruze's little daughter, Julie, has been very ill, but is now on the road to recovery. Mrs. Cruze is Marguerite Snow in professional life.

And, by the way, the report is verified that Buster Keaton is engaged to Natalie Talmadge, the third Talmadge sister. 'Tis said that the wedding will take place in June.

The Brunton Studios have been more quiet than usual of late. Independent concerns are still feeling the tightness of ready money. On my last visit there two concerns

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

were at work—Jackie Coogan in "Peck's Bad Boy," and Naomi Childers in "Courage," a Sidney Franklin production. Miss Childers is one of the few actresses who admits that her mother was not averse to her adopting the stage as a profession. In fact, if it had not been for her mother's urging her to go on the stage when she finished her education in a St. Louis convent, at the age of sixteen, Miss Childers says she would never have had the courage to do so.

Betty Compson is to appear in Famous Players productions, having signed a five-year contract. She has severed connections with Goldwyn, the company which has released her for two independent productions. Her company has been disbanded, her studio quarters abandoned and her technical staff scattered to the four winds of the picture colony.

Bayard Veiller, the well-known playwright and chief of productions at Metro's West Coast studios, is personally directing May Allison in "Dated," which is to be a special Metro production.

And, have you heard the news? Tom Moore's engagement to Rene Adoree, leading woman in his new picture, "Made in Heaven," has been announced. In fact, it is probable that the marriage will have been consummated by the time you read this.

Frank Mayo spent a short vacation recently hunting and fishing, and is now hard at work on the Universal lot, making a film version of "The Magnificent Brute," from Malcolm Stuart Boylan's story.

Niles Welch, now supporting Priscilla Dean in her new picture, "False Colors," denies the widely-circulated report that he has been signed by Universal for three years. Niles prefers to free-lance.

Douglas Fairbanks' latest present to his wife, Mary Pickford, is "War Bond," an Airdale dog, bred in Cincinnati. The purchase price was $4,000.

George Patullo, short-story writer and war correspondent, has been signed for the Famous Players-Lasky staff and has taken up his residence in Hollywood.

An announcement bound to stir film circles is that Mabel Normand is to return to the Mack Sennett banner. What is more, her salary is to be one of the largest ever paid a star—somewhere around the million-dollar

(*Continued on page* 96)

Above, Marcus Loew visits the Metro studios, and May Allison demonstrates the art of make-up; center, Alice Lake is writing all the real estate dealers in the hope of finding a bungalow to house her family, who have just arrived in the land of sunshine; and below, King Vidor and Colleen Moore enjoy the snow while away on location—there's nothing like that in Hollywood

Greenroom Jottings

Mabel Normand has joined the famous forces of Mack Sennett, and her first picture for him will be a romantic comedy whose rollicking title is "Molly-O."

On January 19th, an unique picture theater was opened at the leper colony at Trinidad, Spain. American generosity and foresight established a fund for this theater and presented it to the Trinidad government.

W. A. Brady is on a western tour in the interests of motion pictures. His object is to get in closer touch with the various factors of the picture industry and to establish a more intimate contact between them and the immense organization which he heads.

Jacqueline Logan, a one-time beauty from that apparently inexhaustable source, the Follies, is playing opposite Thomas Meighan in that star's latest Paramount production. Its "really awful" title is: "White and Unmarried."

Two other "really awful" titles that have come to our notice lately are, "You Cant Kill Love," with Hedda Hopper, and "What's A Wife Worth?", the print of which W. Christy Cabanne recently brought to New York.

Jim Kirkwood has grown a beard. It is undoubtedly vermillion! Why, oh why, have you done this terrible thing, Jim?

Director Norman Dawn, of Universal, was married on February 7th to Miss Katherine Madden.

The diminutive Lila Lee has confirmed the announcement of her engagement to Captain Claude Collins of the Aviation Service.

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Allan Dwan believes in comfort first, last and always. Here he is on his veranda, while he plans the scenario of his next production

Courtney Foote plays a dual rôle in the forthcoming Thomas H. Ince production, "The Bronze Bell." He appears as an Indian Prince and as an adventurous American. Mr. Foote plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower."

Francis X. Bushman and his wife Beverly Bayne are headlining in vaudeville in a one-act satirical comedy by Edwin Burke, entitled "Poor Rich Man."

In Japan it is the custom to have a man behind the screen to explain the story to the audience as the plot unfolds. This function in America is usually usurped by some one in the audience—always the one nearest you!

Roscoe Arbuckle is back in California after his recent trip abroad. Like all other Americans, Roscoe finds that "East—West—Home's Best." Anyway, a Frenchman kissed him in Paris!

The unmistakable talent of George Fawcett will grace the cast of "The Tower," starring Alice Brady.

Al Christie, of Christie Comedies, who had not left Los Angeles for nearly five years, recently paid New York a visit. How did you like us Al? Had we changed?

Robert Hichens, the noted British author, has signed a contract to write original stories for Lasky. He will doubtless work in the London studios of Famous Players in such distinguished company as Arnold Bennett, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Joseph Conrad and Sir James M. Barrie.

Rudolf de Cordova has left for London, England, to assist J. Stuart Blackton in preparation for the pictures he will make with Lady Diana Manners.

Douglas Fairbanks' next venture will be "The Three Musketeers," of Dumas Père. This world-famous story is being put into screen shape by Edward Knoblock. This is a wide departure for the ambitious Doug. It should be interesting, and we wish him luck, but we cant help wondering if the agile Doug is going to play all three of 'em?

Dumas fils, famous son of a famous father, is represented on the screen by "Camille," work on which has already been begun by Alla Nazimova, who plays the fragile courtezan, and Rudolf Valentino, who will play her lover, Armande. Nazimova promises many new and startling features with her "Camille."

March 13th is the date of release of Ruth Roland's new Serial, which will be called "Avenging Arrow." This is Miss Roland's eighth serial for Pathé.

Rex Ingram has come to New York hoping to contract the dread *Encephalitis Lethargica*. While directing the stupendous, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the tireless director slept less than four hours out of the twenty-four. He proposes to spend his entire vacation sleeping.

Louis Lovely has been selected for the lead in Fox's next production, "While The Devil Laughs."

Anna Q. Nillson will play the lead in "Why Girls Leave Home," under the direction of William Nye.

Bert Lytell has returned to New York after a sort of triumphal pilgrimage to the New England States.

Carmel Meyers is at work on her new picture, "The Dangerous Moment." The story, a celebrated homicide mystery, was taken directly from the police records of New York City.

Cutex sets come in three sizes: the "Compact," 60 cents; the "Traveling," $1.50; and the "Boudoir," $3.00.

Lovely nails— with no fuss or bother

In one convenient set—everything you need to attain them

Just a dip with the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex, a dab around the nail base, a rinsing of the fingers and the ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off. Then the Nail White squeezed under the tips, and finally the delightful jewel-like shine the Cutex Polishes give.

TEN minutes for a manicure! But that's quite time enough when one has everything one can possibly need all together in one set—a set that makes manicuring simpler than you ever dreamed.

No cuticle scissors! The modern way of manicuring has done away with the tedious and dangerous business of cuticle-cutting altogether. (See the description with the illustrations.)

It is all so quick, so easy, so pleasant—right up to the final polish! Really, Cutex has made manicuring a rest and relaxation instead of a vexation and a burden!

Every woman is taken with a Cutex Set the moment she sees it. The smartness and originality of its black and rose color scheme make her want it. And then every little necessity is so handily put up. Everything right there—ready to come out just as you need it—and in the most convenient possible form.

Sets in three different sizes

Cutex Sets come in three sizes. The smallest, at 60c, is called the "Compact." In it are trial size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes. Tucked away in their own little compartment, you will also find emery board, flexible steel file and orange stick.

The "Traveling" Set, at $1.50, is just what you have always wanted for your toilet case—whether for little week-end trips or for long journeys. It has a full supply of all the preparations, and larger size nail file, emery board and orange stick.

The most elaborate Set is the "Boudoir" at $3.00, a real luxury and delight. Six different manicure preparations are in it, a nail buffer, file, emery-board and orange stick.

Get your Cutex Set today. You will wonder how you ever got along without it. It will really be a revelation to you to find how simple it makes manicuring. Only ten minutes spent on the nails once or twice a week will keep them always in perfect condition. Each article in the set can be had separately for 35 cents.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; *or if you live in Canada to Dept. 805, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

Mail this coupon with two dimes today for complete trial outfit.

NORTHAM WARREN,
Dept. 805, 114 West 17th St.,
New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Greenroom Jottings

Gloria Swanson's first Paramount release will also celebrate the psychological moment. Its title is "The Great Moment." The story is by Elinor Glyn and Sam Wood will direct the picture.

Viola Dana is another film personality who is coming east for a long deferred vacation. She is going to do New York City from the Battery to the Bronx. Miss Dana fearlessly admits she has never seen New York's Follies.

Hope Hampton lost a $15,000 diamond and platinum bracelet on her recent trip out to Cleveland. She really did! But more miraculous still, she found it again.

Florence Reed is starred in "The Black Panther's Cub," the first Zeigfeld Film release, wherein Miss Reed plays a dual rôle. Double exposures are successfully employed where the star has to place a crown on the head of her mother (herself).

Anita Stewart's second starring vehicle under Mayer-First National will be "The Invisible Fear." Allan Forrest has been engaged to play opposite her.

"Lessons In Love," is the new title given to Constance Talmadge's picture, "The Man From Toronto."

Constance Binney is working on "The Magic Cup," a Realart production directed by John S. Robertson.

Justine Johnson's next picture for Realart will be "Sheltered Daughters," from the scenario of Waldemar Young.

Tyrone Power and Norman Trevor are two drawing cards in the new Zeigfeld picture productions, the former playing opposite Florence Reed. Miss Reed has not yet deserted her stage success, "The Mirage."

Charlie Chaplin's first five-reel comedy, "The Kid," has made a tremendous hit among the New York audiences. It is certain to meet with applause everywhere, for Charlie and "the Kid" is a combination no fan could resist.

Harry Carey is working on "The Homeward Trail," produced from the story by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Mignonne Golden takes the leading feminine rôle.

Marguerite Clark's first independent First National production has been completed and is titled "Scrambled Wives."

Metro features Gareth Hughes in "Barber John's Boy," by Ben Ames Williams. This will be Mr. Hughes' first picture under his new contract with Metro.

Everybody knows that there has been a slump in picture making. Now Bayard Veiller, an authority, says the slump has caused a decided improvement in motion pictures as it has enhanced the quality of the pictures for the future. More proof that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Paul Powell is directing the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "The Mystery Road," for a British producing organization. His exteriors are laid on the Riviera, and when he journeyed there recently he met David Powell, who is vacationing after his appearance in several Famous Player films

In last month's MAGAZINE we printed a jotting in this department to the effect that Thelma Percy was married to W. A. Brady, Jr., on October 27th. A letter from Mr. Brady denies this statement, and we hereby acknowledge the error. But dont blame us! We have to have a few startling items for this department now and then.

Corliss Palmer is working on her new picture, "Heritage," in which she takes the stellar rôle. Miss Palmer, who was the winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, now has her own company, which will be known as "Corliss Palmer Productions, Inc."

Dick Barthelmess, hurry up with your "Youth" in "Experience." Are we to grow old from our anxiety to see the finished article?

James Young has arrived in New York and will direct Marion Davies in her next picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Dorothy Gish adds further to the "harmless gaiety of nations" in a new mystery picture, "The Ghost In The Garret."

Sir Gilbert Parker consults with the director George Melford daily in the production of his story "The Money Master." James Kirkwood and Alice Hollister take the leading rôles.

George Randolph Chester and Mrs. Chester are in Hollywood, California, where Mr. Chester is personally directing the filming of his story "The Son of Wallingford," which will be Vitagraph's next big special production.

Virginia Faire is playing the ingénue lead with Will Rogers in "The Unwilling Hero." Miss Faire was a winner in the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by the Brewster Publications.

"The Passionate Pilgrim" is a Cosmopolitan production from the original story by Samuel Merwin. The cast includes Matt Moore, Rubye De Remer and Clair Whitney.

Rudyard Kipling's famous story "Without Benefit of Clergy," will be produced by Pathé, James Young having been chosen to direct it. Mr. Young won his fame directing "The Devil." This experience may have been considered necessary before tackling Kipling.

Hope Hampton will appear in a number of productions adapted from the stories of well known authors. Principle among these is "Star Dust," by Fannie Hurst.

John Barrymore has just signed a contract with F. J. Godsol to make motion pictures. Marshall Neilan is to direct him, and it is rumored that Colleen Moore will be the girl in the case.

Corinne Griffith's forthcoming Vitagraph production bears the unique title of "It Isn't Being Done This Season." We didn't know there was anything that isn't being done this season.

The makers of the finest blankets in America tell you how to wash them

Fine wool blankets have been made by the North Star Woolen Mill Company longer than by any other mill in the country. Their blankets have won the highest awards in every exhibition they have entered.

The company has made a special study of the right way to launder blankets. They are experts in the care of blankets and they advocate washing them the safe, gentle Lux way.

Read what they say about laundering. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:—

We consider the laundering of blankets so important if they are to wear well and keep their soft, woolly quality, that we are glad to co-operate with you in teaching women the best way to launder.

Wool, like silk, is an animal fibre and extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash it, and the methods employed. Rubbing is ruinous. Water too hot, or too cold, will cause wool to shrink and mat. Harsh soap yellows and weakens the fibre.

We have assured ourselves that Lux does not contain free alkali or any other chemical injurious to the finest grade of wool. It makes a thick lather that eliminates rubbing. It dissolves so thoroughly that no trace of it is left in the blanket to yellow the wool. We got excellent results when we washed our finest blankets with it.

Very truly yours
North Star Woolen Mill Co.

Special points on washing blankets

Extremes of heat and cold shrink wool so that it is just as important to maintain a moderate and even temperature in drying blankets as in washing them. In warm weather dry blankets out of doors in a shady place where they will not flap and blow in the wind. In cold or windy weather dry them indoors.

Rubbing: Blankets are given a nap to make them soft and fluffy and to give them warmth. They should, therefore, never be rubbed as this will remove some of the nap and will also felt and shrink them.

Baby's knitted blankets and afghans: For washing follow directions for blankets. Never hang knitted things but spread them on a bath towel to dry, and pull into shape—according to measurements made before the article was washed.

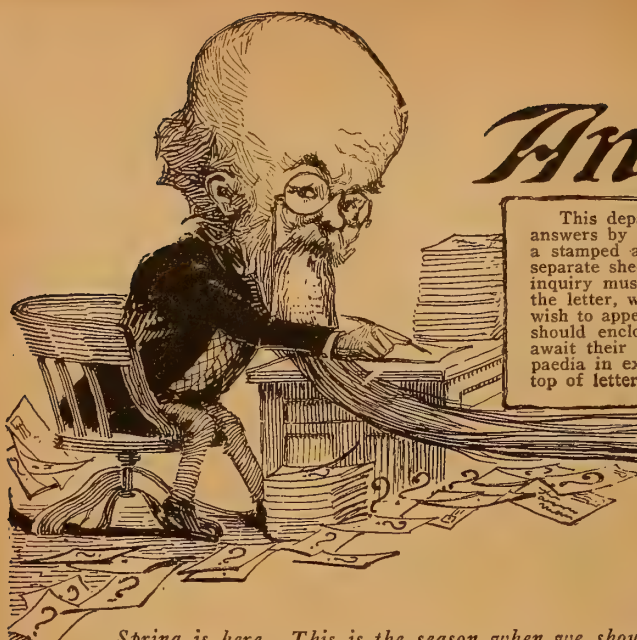
How to wash your blankets

Washing directions: A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve the Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souse it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket. If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more Lux should be added to restore the suds. Take extra care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blanket. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters of the same temperature as the suds.

Drying: It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

LUX



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Spring is here. This is the season when we should sow our seeds and remember as ye sow, so shall ye reap. I hope among the following scatterings you will find a seed or so and thereby reap the benefits.

ANITA McP.—Yes, Anita, after all, the ideal woman is the woman who thinks that you are the ideal man. I quite agree with you. You think it is a gift of God to have such a wonderful personality and to be able to charm as many people as Wallie Reid does. Yes, Eileen Sedgwick is playing in "The Diamond Queen."

E. I. K.; M. F.; TORONTO; OCTOGENARIAN; JANE; L. H.; L. W.; MAGGIE; BIMBO FROM BROOKLYN; CUTIE N. B.; PEGGY S.; EDITH THE FAIR; A. H.; CANADIAN DREAMER; H. N.; M. S.; J. M. Y.; E. H.; RICHARD BARTHELMESS; BABY BLUE EYES; DUSTY RHODES; LILA LEE'S ADMIRER; NELLIE; MARGOT; N. P. BLUE EYED ALICE.—Sorry to put you all together, but you have been answered above, and there is nothing new to be said.

ANITA G. CHRISTCHURCH.—Thanks for yours, you must write me again.

MILDRED T.—Well, dont go to Iceland, because there are no railroads there. It is the largest civilized country on the globe, without railroads. Thanks for the verse, I am going to memorize it.

VIOLA D.—Guess you know the answer by now.

HERBERT H. D.—Your letters are always mighty interesting. You say you recognized "Slaves of Pride," after reading Dickens' "Dombey and Son." You have a bright mind. Do you use Sapolio?

BARRYMORE—TALMADGE.—You say it takes a woman about as long to make up her mind as it does her face. I believe you know more about woman's face than you do about her mind. Thomas Meighan did not play in "Puddin Head Wilson." Lionel Barrymore, at Bennett Studios, 537 Riverside Drive, New York, and Thomas Meighan, at Lasky Studios, 1529 Vine St., Hollywood, California.

VELMA B.—Most of the companies you mentioned are out of existence.

MAGDOLINE.—Well, the 19th of February, 1903, came on Tuesday. So you liked "Always Audacious." Thanks for the French quill. You know, the most extensive quill toothpick factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 30,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

G. U. STIFF.—You here again? Yes, I am the same old fellow that has been answering these questions year in and year out. Just getting a little younger, that's all. Why, Muriel Ostriche is 5 feet 2 inches high and weighs 120 pounds, and Lillian Walker weighs 120 pounds.

THELMA F.—You have the right idea. You say the man who is too honest to steal kisses wont make much of a hit with the girls. That's right. Never ask a girl for a kiss—just help yourself. Universal City, Hollywood, Culver City and Los Angeles, are all right near each other. You're a wonder for 14. Write me again.

H. SHAW.—Well, I get letters from all over the world. Yours was mighty interesting. That's pretty good stuff of yours. You say, tell a girl that she has a swan-like neck and she'll make a goose of herself trying to display it. Where have I seen that before?

VIOLET.—Why, Alice Joyce is 30 years old, was born in Kansas City. They do say she was once a telephone operator, plugging away for a living. Shssh! that's an old one.

B. J. M.; C. L.; INQUISITIVE; NAOMI CHILDERS FOREVER; G. E. W.; LILLIAN GISH; M. B.; E. S.; RUMPUS TUMPUS; MISS M. W.; KOOLO PRIESTO, INC.; A. B.; NIAGARA FALLS; BLANCHE SWEET FAN; ELEANOR BURKE; KERRIGAN ADMIRER; ESPANOLA; PORTO RICO; ANXIOUS FRIEND; BUSY BEE; MONTAGUE LOVE ADMIRER; MERRY WIDOWS; MISS I. DE F. A.; DANE; F. H. W.; C. S.—All of your questions have been answered above, and I am sorry to put you in the alsorans.

LEE H.—More about Ralph Kellard for you.

INNIS P.—You can reach Corliss Palmer at this address. She played the lead in "Ramon the Sailmaker" and "From Farm to Fame," and is now preparing to play the title rôle in a super production. She came from Macon, Ga., and was declared by the judges to be the prettiest girl in America.

CARMEN S. S.—Yes, and some people go thru life as some tourists go thru Europe, so anxious to see the next sight—the next cathedral, picture, mountain peak —that they never stop to fill their senses with the beauty of the present one. Viola Dana played in "The Newport Girl," when she was five years old.

JUST BILLIE.—Never heard of her. You say you love all men and trust none. There are a few who can be trusted. Senator Harding is the first man to become President, born since the Civil War. Well, men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly. So I accept your merriment with good grace.

LILLIE SHAMROCK.—No, little one, come in some time and we'll talk it over about Ireland.

VERY LONELY.—I'm sorry for you. I get lonely too in my little hall room with no one but my dog and whiskers to keep me company. Well, you tell'm Mayonnaise is dressing.

SAILOR JACK.—Oh, cheer up, gloomy one. Smile, boy, in Heaven's name, smile! Anytime you feel like writing me, go to it.

EDWARD B.—Those who despise actors must despise themselves, for we are all actors, and all the world's a stage. Some of us are awful bad actors, tho. Yes, there is very little waist material in a lady's evening gown.

RHODES T.; GEORGE R.; ARTHUR D. N. Z.; BESSIE M.; MRS. W. J. P.; JAMES R. S.; MIRIAM F. H., ST. LOUIS; THEODORE W.; PHILA; QUEENA; KERRIGAN FIEND; ANTHONY; AGNES H.; PT. JOHN S. AND ANTONIO.—Please accept my thanks. Very kind of you to remember me, and you must not forget me.

FULLAWOOD ALCOHOL.—Well, I hope not. Very good stuff of yours.

CONNIE T. ADMIRER.—Yes, Tom Mix was a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma. He was also one of Col. Roose-

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful well-kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Answer Man

velt's rough riders. Started with Selig in Chicago at $35 a week.. $35 wouldn't buy his cigarets now.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Yours was bright all right. You say you read the other night that a polished gentleman never tries to cast reflections. Mother of Joseph! take her out. I think I like a piano best, too. My landlady has a piano which Noah might have had in his ark. Wood for the best pianos is kept, as a rule, for forty years before it is considered sufficiently well seasoned to be used. And sometimes a piano is in one household over one hundred years. But how can you expect to get a tune out of a piano that old? You are on the wrong key, tune up.

T. M. G.—I am never gloomy, because I have lived long enough to get over the shams and pretenses of society. With years comes wisdom, peace, liberty and happiness. Pearl White is working in "The Mountain Woman." Wesley Barrie has been loaned by Marshall Neilan to appear in a picture starring Katherine MacDonald called, "Trust Your Wife." Some can never be trusted. Yes, Wheeler Oakman.

FRANK F.—You say you are living down by the river, and any time I am down that way, drop in. Open invitation, I'll say. Yes, I have heard the latest song—"After the Ball is Over," by Babe Ruth. Yes, Max Linder is playing—he is playing in "Seven Years Bad Luck."

HAZELE.—You're right, Emory Johnson is married to Ella Hall. I'm sorry. He played in "Polly of the Storm Country." Raymond McKee in "The Little Wanderer."

I. M. M. M.—No, my dear, I am too old to marry. Thanks just the same. Sheldon Lewis and Corinne Barker in "The Silent Barrier." Flora de Haven in "The Hell Ship," and Nell Shipman in the other. So you dont think I have a single whisker—you're right, many.

BABY BETTY.—I dont care to advise; consult a physician even if he is but a licensed guessor of uncertainties. Yes, Marguerite Clark and Jack Mulhall in "All of a Sudden Peggy." Jack O'Brien in "Bride 13." Righto!

MGT. B.—No, Harold Lloyd isn't near-sighted or short-sighted. But he may be far-sighted. Lloyd Bacon in "The Girl in the Rain." See above.

LEWIS F.—No, indeed, I'm not a woman. How could a woman write these answers? According to science a woman's brain averages only 2 pounds 11 ounces, while a man's averages 3½ pounds. And it certainly takes more than three pounds of brain to write these answers. Yes, Milton Sills in "Patrica." Doris Lee and Charles Ray in "The Law of the North.

WANDERING GLOOGOOS.—Hello, Old Top, glad to see you back. You mean Eulelie Jenson in "Man and His Woman." Well, I haven't written anything yet that will live. I have been answering questions for ten years and I am thankful that *I* still live even if my answers dont. Come in again.

GABY.—You want to know if the tree sends its roots down or the roots send the tree up. You will have to get in touch with Dr. Treetop about that. Cant tell you who played in "Gaby." We have a card index system with some 20,000 cards, yet, I cant answer that question. Yes, Mabel Julienne Scott in "The Round Up." Yes, she is very pretty.

N. L. F.—No, I dont have to pay an income tax, but oh, how I wish I did! Anita Stewart and S. Rankin Drew in "The Girl Phillippa." You refer to Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears today for past regrets and future fears—Tomorrow? Why, tomorrow I may be myself with yesterday's seven thousand years." I dont see how it could be filmed.

POLLY WOGGS.—Me unfaithful?—never! James Morrison was born in Matoon, Ill., in 1888. Write me again.

EDNA B.—That's right, fine feathers do make fine birds, but most all fine birds usually have them. Pronounce it Na-zeem-o-va—accent on the Zeem.

ELMO LINCOLN FOREVER.—Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs. Just send a stamped addressed envelope for list.

JAMES F.—H. B. Warner is in New York, c./o. Pathé, 25 W. 45th St., New York City. Sessue Hayakawa is playing in "The First Born." Franklyn Farnum in "The Fighting Stranger." Muriel Ostriche in "Betty, the Vamp." Pell Trenton in "The Blue Moon." You're welcome.

AHOHA.—Honestly, I dont know where Mary Fuller is. I hear she got rich in Wall Street and retired. Those were the happy days. No, Maude Adams has never played in pictures, and doesn't seem to be inclined to. George Beban is playing in "One Man in a Million," and his son George, Jr., is also in the cast.

ALBERT S.—The word altruism was coined from the Italian, by Comte, meaning "of or to others." Altruism teaches that a man's acts, words and thoughts should be for the welfare of others rather than for himself. Of course, Mary and Doug are legally married. No one has proved the contrary.

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART.—Be patient! Yes, Ethel Barrymore is noted for having said, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." You say your mother thinks Mae Murray has six toes on one foot. I dont recollect ever having counted Mae's toes, but I shall avail myself of the next opportunity and let your mother know. No, I have never met Marjorie Daw. I wish she would come and visit us next time she is East.

CUBAN.—What's the pass word? Sugar, tobacco and rum. Rum diddi umdum rum! I really cant say why Richard Barthelmess' pictures aren't shown in Cuba. Seena Owen's next picture will be "Lavender and Old Lace."

I ADORE YOU.—I'm glad you do, write me again.

EMILY F.—There are about 28 species of pine trees in the United States of which the white pine, Georgia pine, red pine and the great West Coast sugar pine are among the most valuable. I have marched thru Florida, but not thru Georgia. Charles Clary is playing in "Sunset Jones." Irene Rich opposite him. Conrad Nagel is 25.

J. J. W.—It was just a month after your letter was dated that I received it. You gave no address nor the address of Mrs. Benthall. Therefore, I hope I am forgiven. Where do you live anyway?

SOME GIRLS.—Yes, you should give the devil his due, but you should be mighty careful that there isn't much due him. Now, how can I tell you girls about the life of Milton Sills. An unmarried man is a bachelor, of course!

THE VAMP.—You're like the girl I know who was told she was worth her weight in gold, but that didn't keep her from doing all she could to get thin. Walt Whitman was James in "Darling Mine." Naughty, naughty—be good or be careful.

ANNE S.—You say ignorance is bliss, but I dont know about that, I never tried it. Anna Nilsson in "No Man's Land." Dorothy Phillips and William Stowell in "The Heart of Humanity." Wallace MacDonald is playing in "The Sage Hen," Gladys Brockwell opposite him.

CURLY.—Fire away, that's what I'm here for. Alex Onslow was Jerry in "Footlights and Shadows." Harry Hamm was Arthur. Conrad Nagel in "The Fighting Chance." Georgie Stewart in "Anne of Greene Gables." Keep the change, no war tax.

CARL T.—Hope Hampton's first picture was released by Metro, the second by Famous Players-Lasky, and the third by First National.

L. E. G.—Yes, Charles Hutchinson in "Double Adventure."

H. A. W.—Holy Mackerel! You want me to circularize the players to find out whether the leading ladies like to act with stars who are single, divorced or happily married, and if there is any difference in the quality or quantity of their love making. I shall yet be driven to drink!

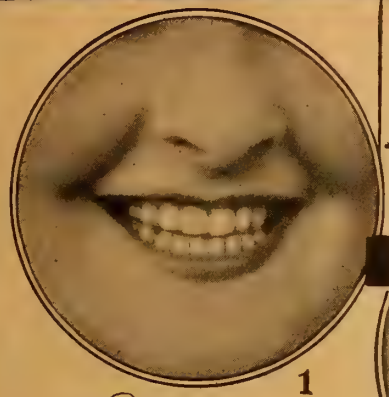
HUERTAS.—Thanks for yours.

BETTY.—I hugely enjoyed your felicitous flights of fancy. No, I am not married, so I am not making little of any woman. Marguerite Clark has no children. You say "You tell'm, sandpaper," I'm not rough. Tom Moore is playing in "Made in Heaven."

AD MYRA.—Jolly good letter you wrote. They do say that Lew Cody is going to appear in vaudeville, and Mae Murray is going back on the stage. We hope not. Fatty Arbuckle, after doing "Brewster's Millions," will do

(*Continued on page* 106)

Do You Know Them?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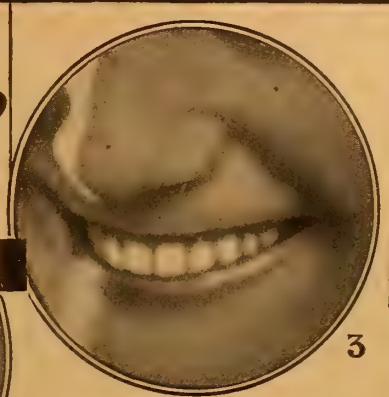
3

GOOD TEETH have helped these three Movie Stars to win success.

Do you know them by their smiles?

Write your guess on the Coupon attached.

If you get the name of *even one* of the three right, we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

People who realize the importance of cleaning their teeth *daily* with a *safe* dentifrice use Colgate's. It contains no dangerous acids; no harsh grit; yet it cleanses *thoroughly*.

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

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I know who's smiling; please send me the trial tube.

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City..... *State*.....

How Many Miles Is Your Complexion Good For

How does the powder you use meet the test of motoring? Does your charm of complexion race away with the wind, leaving your skin red, shiny, rough and blotchy? This is one of the tests that prove the difference between Carmen and the ordinary face powder. Carmen *stays on*, preserving as well outdoors as in, the clear, radiant color and alluring softness that it imparts to the skin. Carmen, too, excels in the other vital tests of a face powder. The glorious beauty that it gives to the skin is immune to dampness. And it is just as enchanting under the brightest light as under the softest. Learn by one trial the vast difference between Carmen and the powder you are now using.

The Final Touch

Sample Offer

Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

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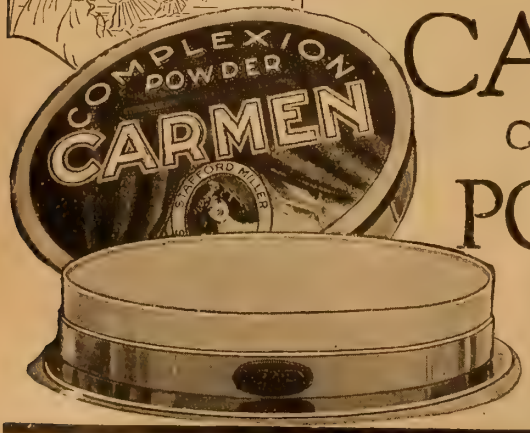

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade

—50c *Everywhere*

Little Miss Happiness

(*Continued from page 39*)

said, "crawling from one roof to another. The wind blew a gale and every moment I expected to be lifted bodily and carried over the housetops. But I kept climbing from one roof to another holding on desperately—keeping my eyes closed whenever I could because I am reduced to a state of abject terror whenever I'm obliged to look down from a great height. I dont know why I ever thought I could do serial pictures anyhow," she said. "I just loathe anything in the way of stunts—and always did. But this is a nice lady like serial and I think I may escape with my life and reason."

"Of course," she continued sagely, "serials are splendid advertising. People are so curious, you know. They will keep on going to see a serial picture just as they keep on buying a magazine to see how a serial story is going to end. Even tho they dont like the story or characters they want to know the ending. And of course, they discuss the story and characters more or less, whether they like them or not. And it all helps. But I prefer a feature picture like I did in my last before this—"Rogues and Romance."

"And you went to Spain to do it," I interposed.

"Yes, a great majority of the scenes were made there. Such a colorful country. And such exciting times we had crossing the country—in a Ford! One day we were held up by some soldiers who had orders to search every party for a Moorish bandit. I was *so* in hopes we would see him. It was all very interesting—but, it was the hottest place I ever was in. Of course the natives lay off from work during the hottest part of the day, and my landlady worried about me continually because we kept right on working in good American fashion right thru mid-day and the long afternoons. We were, I understand, the first film outfit to take scenes of the country and we were treated like royalty with very few exceptions.

"We secured many picturesque settings in Spain. We photographed scenes in the ancient Alhambra in Grenada, the summer palace of former Moorish princes—we spent two days in Northern Africa where we shot an old fortress and some very lovely scenes—but after all, I cant see why we go abroad to get picturesque scenery when there are still hundreds of beautiful locations right here in our own country that the fans are not familiar with," said the loyal little American.

"And what do you want most to do?" I inquired.

"Learn—everything I can," she replied. "And then, I want to create something real for the screen—something that will make people forget June Caprice and remember the work I did. I mean it," she said. "It's all very well to frisk about in frilly creations of pink and nile green and to have people say 'that's June Caprice, isn't she *cute?*' But rather do you remember this or that part in such and such a picture? Wasn't it a wonderful characterization?"

As I went subwayward I was unconscious of lowering skies, scattering rain drops and chill winds, remembering the wholesome joyousness, suggestive of rose gardens, sunshine and happy dreams—Little Miss Happiness.

One man's justice is another's injustice; one man's beauty, another's ugliness; one man's wisdom, another's folly, as one beholds the same objects from a higher point of view.

The strenuous life is alright, but dont be one of those who are always *so busy* and yet who never accomplish anything.

A new running mate for an old timer

Both made by the Lambert Pharmacal Co.

You know what Listerine is—for 40 years the family stand-by as a delightful and safe antiseptic.

Now, of course, you'll want to try Listerine Tooth Paste—made by the makers of Listerine—and possessing Listerine's best qualities plus others new and all its own.

This pleasing new dentifrice is the result of long study disclosing that saliva itself is the most effective preservative of mouth hygiene. In order to stimulate the saliva's flow we include in the paste a mild fruit acid.

Thus, as it cleans, it also combats acid mouth, attacks tartar and strikes at pyorrhea.

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OF AMERICA'S STAGE AND THEIR DRESSING TABLES

"I have used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for some time, and find it helps the skin wonderfully—in cold weather, especially. It prevents it from chapping and helps keep the powder on. I can truthfully recommend it as being the best aid to soft, white skin I have ever used, and I feel that my dressing table will never be without this wonderful aid to beauty."

Frances White

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

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WOMAN'S LOVELINESS. Whenever you see a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on a dainty dressing table, you may depend upon the owner being a woman of loveliness—the possessor of those attributes so admired and desired by everyone—a complexion of soft, glowing freshness, and hands soft, smooth and attractive. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful softening and healing process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder sample 2c; trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap 8c; or a Week-end Package, including all these Toilet Requisites 50c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites are selling everywhere or mailed postpaid, in U. S. A., from laboratory

A. S. HINDS, 245 WEST STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publishing, please specify in letter

The many friends of the Talmadges have come gallantly to their rescue. We have not space to print all these letters, but these three are typical of all their ardent defenders.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is in defense of the Talmadges.

In the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Jule D. Stolz, 41 McKinley Place, West New York, N. J., criticised Norma and Constance, and altho I agree with her in saying "awful stories, worse direction, and a seeming carelessness on the part of the featured players," I most emphatically disagree when she says, "whoever told that girl that she was a tragedienne or a sob sister?" Norma is the most popular actress in my town, and we prefer her in dramas to comedies. She is good as a comedienne, but as a "sob sister" she is more appealing.

It is just the opposite with Connie. I cant imagine her in a real honest-to-goodness drama. Look at her eyes, little dancing devils in them all the time.

I was very disappointed in "A Daughter of Two Worlds," and "The Woman Gives." But even at that, I think she did wonderfully, considering the leading men. How could she act with such "punk" support? Norma has never played as well as when Eugene O'Brien was her leading man. "Ghosts of Yesterday," was her best, and she almost rivalled this in "The Safety Curtain." Then, "By Right of Purchase," comes next. In these, the story as well as the acting was about the best the screen has ever known.

Connie is an ideal heroine for M. R. Rinehart's stories.. Her best work was done while playing with Harrison Ford.

What is a love story without the love making? You've got to hand it to Norma when it comes to loving. That is the only way to make the picture seem real.

Eugene O'Brien and Seena Owen acted "natural" in "His Wife's Money." They acted like any ordinary loving couple would act, which is far from what we usually get in most of the love pictures.

Here again I must defend a Talmadge. Natalie has talent, altho she lacks the beauty, but I think that in one or two years she may surprise us. If she could gain ten or fifteen pounds she would be a different Natalie. Her eyes are very pretty. Her acting in "Yes Or No," deserves praise, and I'm impatiently looking forward to the time when I shall see her a star, instead of Norma's maid.

I hope to see Cullen Landis starred soon, and do let us have his picture in the gallery.

Best wishes for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the best on the market.

Sincerely,
SHIRLEY HARLOW.

121 W. S. Q. Alley, New Iberia, La.

DEAR EDITOR:—We have just read that horrible letter in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE about the Talmadges. We think it is ridiculous, there is not a word of it true, they are the best actresses on the screen.

We want Jule D. Stolz, 41 McKinley Place, West New York, N. J., to know that all people dont think as she thinks. It takes

a lot of "crust" to write such a thing and have it printed.

Everybody in Dayton is just wild about the Talmadges. Please have her picture (Norma's) on the front page of Motion Picture.

Three Talmadge Admirers.
Miss Gertrude Fleming, 114 Church St., Dayton, Ohio.
Miss Emma Coburn, 34 Lincoln St., Dayton, Ohio.
Miss Beatrice Witherspoon, 1341 W. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—In looking over "Letters to the Editor," I saw a few very unjust words about Natalie Talmadge.

I think the writer very unfair in condemning "The Little Talmadge" on her first two or three cinema efforts.

Miss Natalie is only a beginner, also a very young player, and we can easily afford to give her a chance as we did with her wonderful sisters and scores of others on the stage and screen. She is very good to look at and does not overdo the small parts she gets. For me, it wont require patience or sacrifice to look at her until she establishes herself on the silversheet, for the simple reason she has the charming Talmadge stamp and bearing.

I am for theatrical families every time. The Barrymores, Talmadges and Pickfords, rank first on my list of favorites. Mr. Griffith's, Mr. de Mille's and Mr. Sennett's work keep me alive. But the one thing I wanted to say in this letter is this, "Give us more of 'The Little Talmadge.'"

Sincerely,
Mary Byrnes.
2331 W. Harold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jule D. Stolz is moved to defend her stand taken recently on the Talmadge question, and discusses other matters of interest.

Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you for the courtesy you favored me with in your January number of the Magazine, and also to compliment you on the nature of the Editorials or Forewords with which the Magazine begins. They are splendid.

It is rather surprising, but a number of your readers took the criticisms which I made as a personal affront, and I was literally bombarded with highly colored stationery. Perhaps, this merely shows the interested attitude of your readers, but I cannot get away from the personal note they carried. One in particular, accuses me of making rash statements anent the Talmadge sisters, this I am sorry to say, I cannot agree with. I, as one of the public, am interested in the aforementioned girls only to the extent of their work. Their personal affairs mean nothing to me. It is when I have viewed pictures as poor as those I mentioned that I get "riled," and feel like doing something rash. My personal opinion, has not, as yet, been changed, and I still insist that the Talmadge retinue is "resting on its laurels," for neither, "The Perfect Woman," nor "Yes Or No" satisfied me. I have not as yet seen "Satan's Paradise," nor Mamma's Affairs." They, as far as I know, have not been released yet. Of course, I shall go to see them, as I am willing to be convinced, and am open to argument.

Well, to get away from the question of the hour, I want to say something about the work of Miss Sylvia Breamer. Here is a young star ravishingly beautiful, and has the power to portray a difficult rôle. Is she given a decent picture to show the sort of thing she can do? She is not! Instead, she has namby-pamby stuff like "My Lady's

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Olive Oil Makes Glossy Hair

Silky texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these attractions very easily. Stop the careless washing which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle and use Palmolive Shampoo which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and it has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

Used by scalp specialists

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair. It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful, silky quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another Oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

Follow these directions

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp, which produces a profuse, fragrant lather.

Wash the length in this thick lather and then rinse. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo instantly without any danger of leaving soap traces.

Two lathers are required. Dry by shaking and fanning.

Brush thoroughly (with a clean brush) and then examine the quality of your hair. Its softness, its silky abundance, its shiny attractive gloss will delight you.

Send for trial size bottle

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful. Together they introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well groomed look women envy and men admire.

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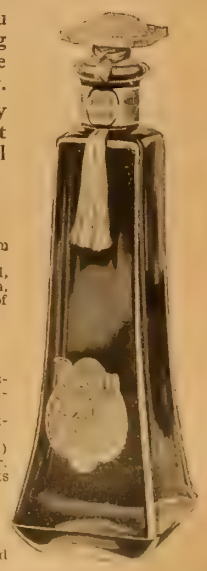

Contains nearly twice the quantity of other shampoos

"Don't cry, dear—I know the way to clear your skin"

"MY doctor has often said that almost any woman can have a clear, soft, even radiant complexion, if she will only obey a certain law of hygiene.

"Your skin is poor because you have disregarded that law. Mine was too, until I observed the law; and ever since, it has been clear and fine.

"It seems that woman's besetting trouble—clogged intestines—is largely responsible for a poor skin. When the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons form, which the blood absorbs and carries to the millions of tiny body cells. These poisons are the most common cause of skin troubles. Blotchiness, eruptions, sallowness, are some of the results.

"And not only the skin shows the effects of this poisoning—the hair becomes dry and brittle, the eyes are dull, and you lack animation and *life*.

"My doctor told me that what most women with poor complexions need is Nujol, which induces the good habit of regular, daily evacuations.

"Instead of irritating or forcing the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This helps all those tiny muscles in the intestinal walls, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

"And one of the things you will like about Nujol is that it is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It works without causing griping, or nausea, and does not interfere with the day's work or play.

"Buy a bottle of Nujol, my dear, and take it regularly. It assures internal cleanliness, the only secret of a good complexion."

Nujol

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For authoritative booklet on how to remove toxins that mar the skin, mail this coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 719-Y, 44 Beaver Street, New York (In Canada, send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.) Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

Name .....

Address .....

Garter," which is so highly improbable that even her beauty can do nothing to aid it. This young woman could be one of the best bets of today, and where is she?

I should like to see very much more of Betty Blythe, that regal young person too, but I just read she is to do "The Queen of Sheba" . . . rot! emulating Theda Bara?

In all the sane common sense pictures, Will Rogers has his place, he is fine; and he isn't an acquired taste with me. His leading woman, Irene Rich, is so utterly charming, that words fail me, she's a regular girl.

I cannot say that I care for Mae Murray, there is something about her portrayal of the sophisticated person that repulses me. So, despite the splendid direction of "On With the Dance," the picture fell flat with me.

Of Corrinne Griffith, I never have enough, and if ever there was a woman who can wear clothes better than Gloria Swanson, here is one. I should like to see her under the direction of de Mille, Cecil.

Edythe Chapman and George Fawcett are two of the older folk I love to see, they are so genuine.

Also, may I add my bit of admiration for "Humoresque." I am still awed by it. Apropos of this, is Gaston Glass; he's a very fine young actor, and I should like to see more of him. I saw "So Long Letty," and am still laughing over T. Roy Barnes. He's the most amusing of the amusing, and I hereby nominate him Comedian-supreme. Subtle stuff that. I suppose we may say a few words anent the passing of the stars, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin. They are gone their various ways to stay. There will not be many tears shed, I warrant.

To the authors of the pinks and blues I want to say this, I enjoyed reading your letters, and of course, you all understand, it's in the game of Better Moving Pictures.

Yours very sincerely,

JULE D. STOLZ.

41 McKinley Place, West New York, N.J.

Mr. Griffith has said that the mental age of the average moving picture audience is nine years. Perhaps that accounts for some of the rather surprising decisions made in the Popularity Contest. As a matter of fact, the movies could not exist without the support of the very young, who form the bulk of its admirers and followers. Could one expect their judgment to be infallible?

We received a letter today from a boy of seventeen from the far West, whose hero was Tom Mix. He gave his reasons for thinking him the greatest of screen actors. They were these: "He wears good clothes, rides well-trained horses and decorated saddles."

DEAR EDITOR:—I hope some time soon you are planning to have one of your experts prepare us an article on the psychology of "Popularity Contests." In each number of your magazine the varying lists published are a constant source of interest and joy—sometimes of dismay. And in spite of earnest thought on the matter, I find myself frequently at loss to correlate the results to my satisfaction.

What sort of people send in votes? What are their standards, and why? And what is the ultimate value of it all, to motion pictures?

I have been a constant and consistent fan since the early days of the photoplay, and I

have an abiding faith in its future. Otherwise I might indeed lose faith in an art supported and encouraged by a public which rates Bebe Daniels and Tom Mix distinctly higher than Elsie Ferguson and John Barrymore. It would be hypocritical to deny the value of beauty and grace, where the appeal is first of all to the eye, and yet, one would be sorry to think that, as it sometimes seems, acting ability is the last quality recognized or desired. Wallace Reid is a better actor than he gets credit for, but dollars to doughnuts, it's his engaging smile and racing cars that get him votes; Norma Talmadge and Nazimova do possess the divine spark, and yet, strangely enough, are popular; Rod La Roque seems to have no special quality except youth, and yet is popular; and when all is said and done, there is good old Bill Hart, not much of an actor, and neither young nor beautiful, and again enormously popular!

So, what does it, and how? And does it really represent anything of value to player or audience, except a transitory gain at the box office? Isn't it possible that it may even cause a loss, by a narrowing and cramping attempt to retain a surface popularity at the cost of greater artistic growth?

I should greatly enjoy hearing other opinions on the subject.

Yours truly,

A. C. J.

Lowell, Mass.

Here is another indictment of the "Happy Ending." Is it always incompatible with Realism? Any one who wishes to take up the cudgels in its behalf, may write to Mr. Moses.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I have read several letters on various topics written by readers of your magazine who are scattered over many parts of the globe, and if you have time to read my letter, I would appreciate your permit for my views on a topic which seems to be of interest to many of those who daily make moving pictures a point of conversation.

Several months ago a Frenchman, a picture critic, made the statement that American pictures were not realistic and true to the every day life of a nation. His *only* reason for this was based on the ending of the pictures. He claimed that pictures to be of universal interest, must have sad endings as well as happy ones.

In a few respects I agree with our French friend. I believe that a picture with a combined ending of happiness mixed with sorrow would be all right for a change, but how long would the people of our nation tolerate pictures that flashed the last scene in some pessimistic mood? It is evident that young America is allowing himself or herself to be lead by the things with which they daily come in contact.

Older people as well as the younger generation, in many cases, place their ideal in some person, book or plot, that they have seen, and in my estimation, it would be far more elevating and impressive to look upon a picture that placed the beauties, possibilities and happiness of this life before them. The conclusion of a picture is the part which is most likely to linger the longest in the minds of those who see it, and are willing to let themselves profit by it.

I should be very glad to correspond with other readers who are interested in the motion picture world.

Sincerely,

WALTER I. MOSES.

920 University St., Dixon, Ill.

A Surprise

Awaits you in this ten-day test

This is to urge that you brush teeth for ten days in a new way. Combat the film. Bring other good effects. The whiter, cleaner, safer teeth will be a delightful surprise.

To millions of people this method is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

It combats film

One object is to fight the film—that viscous film you feel. This is the teeth's great enemy. It dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So night and day it may do a damage which few people have escaped.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after diligent research, has found effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, in Europe and America, advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people have already adopted it.

Watch these desired effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film-coats cannot easily adhere.

It also brings other effects which modern authorities desire. It multiplies the salivary flow, as certain foods would do. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus twice a day it brings to users unique tooth protection.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the scientific reason for each new effect.

Do this now. It is most important, both to you and yours. It may lead to life-long benefits which you cannot afford to miss.

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A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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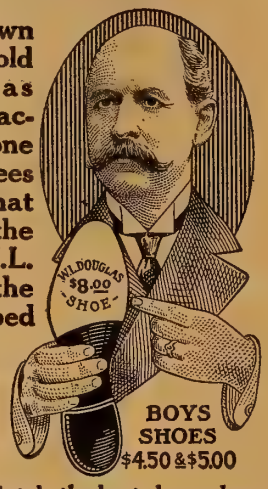

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W.L.Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION **Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated**

W.L.Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
132 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be, —gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator.....$ .75
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M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair.....$ .50
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M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"...$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites **Dept. 47, Binghamton, N. Y.**

Things You Never Knew

(*Continued from page* 41)

the action the director sits in his chair, and makes a noise like a deaf-mute at a clam-bake.

When there are several stupid supers or extras in a scene, for hotel stuff or country club "atmospher," the director uses a megaphone. But the tone is invariably quite subdued, almost bored, one might be tempted to say, did he not realize the results such quiet methods get.

It is next to impossible to break into the charmed circle of moving-picture actors. Unless you have a stage record or dramatic experience of some sort, you are not even considered. Beauty doesn't help so much as one would suppose it should. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are to every rule. Norman Kerry was thrust into service opposite Connie Talmadge, in a street scene one summer day, when her leading man left in a fine temperamental frenzy, and Bessie Love was asked into the studio by Griffith himself, but over ninety-nine per cent of the topnotchers today—and an equal percentage of those who are not so topnotch—were schooled by Hard Knox, and fought their way to whatever position they now hold.

At the Studio Club—the Hollywood branch of the Y. W. C. A.—you will see girls rivaling Clara Young and Anita Stewart in beauty, girls who would cause you to smile contentedly and say "Let's stay a while!" You will find youth and beauty combined in such a way as to produce a result usually best expressed by the term "Pippins!" And yet these lustrous-eyed, red-lipped optical treats continue to make the rounds of the studios daily, taking a bit here, an extra part there, and being satisfied with whatever comes to them, be it ever so humble. Some of them cant act; some of them fail to register their beauty on the fickle screen, and some are just plain unlucky. None of them will say "Come West, young girl, come West!"

Breaking into pictures is as hard as breaking out of a strait-jacket. Of course, if you're a Houdini, and can do the latter, it's easy enough to accomplish the former!

Marriage is as popular in Hollywood as it is in Omaha, Dubuque, or Lebanon, Pa. Musical comedians to the contrary notwithstanding, the standard of morality in the celluloid colony is just as high as it is in any correspondingly large community in these United States. The only difference is that divorcees in Tuscaloosa haven't the efficient press agents that grace Hollywood and its natives. Every move is a picture, and if possible, a front-page feature.

The Threshold

(*Continued from page* 45)

California, high on a mountain where it is entirely hidden from the winding road. And in the garden of her new home she will plant a tree for some friend; a rose-bush for a loved one—and so on, and she goes further, fresh in her April days, to dream about old age, when she will wander about in her memory garden where every tree and shrub will tell her a story of someone or something in the years of her life then faded.

At this juncture the friend came and, in leaving, I wished again I might paint her in the glory of her youth, rich in her high hopes and dreams—that I might paint her and call the painting "April."

"A Joy Forever"

(*Continued from page 37*)

Lasky-Famous Players, Helen Dewitt, who was with Metro for a while, and the other two Gold Medalists are Erminie Gagnon and Beth Logan.

Two little girls, Dorothy Taylor, seven years old, and Ruth Higgens, six years old, were awarded Silver Medals. Both played in "Love's Redemption."

We have now working in conjunction with us, "The Sunday Times," of New Brunswick, New Jersey. This paper is conducting a Fame and Fortune Contest of its own, and every Sunday they publish the pictures of their Honor Roll, which in turn is submitted to us. We appreciate their welcome co-operation, as it lessens the work at our end considerably.

The judges of the 1921 Contest have been decided upon, and we herewith publish the illustrious list. Their names alone are a guarantee of their fitness for the task assigned to them. They are: Mary Pickford, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas H. Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Ruth Roland, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, Blanche Bates, Jules Brulatour, Eugene V. Brewster, and David Belasco.

We publish every month in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the Fame and Fortune Honor Roll, together with all news of the Contest. You cannot afford to miss a single issue.

The Little Clown

(*Continued from page 35*)

the weather and nothing of Pat's feelings. It had been cloudy lately, but today was very pleasant, only a trifle cool. She hoped it was pleasant where the circus was traveling, and had everybody forgotten the Littlest Clown? She hoped not, because she hadn't forgotten anybody herself, and often thought about how good they'd been to her and how happy she was then. Dick was perfectly splendid, and Dick's people had given her a set of Jane Austin for her eighteenth birthday.

Then came still briefer letters, with a rumply spotty look about them, and blurred words and blots and trembling letters, spelling brave lies. Of course she was happy. Daddy Toto wasn't to worry. Only, of course, she was sometimes a little lonely. Dick was so busy. She wished she could see some of her old friends.

Daddy Toto had known even before he came to it, that the Beverly house would be just such a big, white, bleak place with most of its shutters closed as tho the sun was something poisonous and to be dreaded. He had known even before he saw her that his little Pat would have the curls brushed out of her riotous hair and the curl cried out of her laughing mouth. But he had not known quite how it would feel to hold her, sobbing and laughing and trembling in his arms.

"Oh Daddy! Oh Daddy Toto Dear!" Pat kept saying, "You didn't forget me, did you? I was afraid you had! Oh, I was afraid nobody wanted me any more!"

"Nobody wanted you, Pat?" said Daddy Toto with a hunger in his voice, and the fixed grin on his weathered face, "we always want you, dear. Come back to the circus, Pat! Come home!"

She looked at him longingly, but shook her head. "Dick's people dont want me to marry him." She spoke quietly, but her face was scorched with shame, "they dont say so, but they *do* so! I'd go if—if I were

(*Continued on page 90*)

THE wise hostess knows that whatever surprise-dessert makes its appearance, these dainty three make the surprise *and* the enjoyment complete. So she sees to it that a ready supply of all three is kept in the pantry at all times. In this way she guards against surprise when company unexpectedly calls, while insuring delicious surprises for them.

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Agnes In The Abstract

(*Continued from page 57*)

faint, abstracted smile. The occasional, startling glimpse of grey when her eyes turn toward you.

"Do you know what I want?" she questioned suddenly, interrupting the effort which, in final capitulation, I was making to establish a definite angle to our conversation. I thought: At last!

"To be a star?" I suggested.

She smiled—patiently.

"To have your own company," I amended hurriedly.

"No," she sighed, "none of those. I want an ice cream soda!"

"Oh!" I said meekly.

I followed her lead to her car outside. In it we glided over to a drug store on the Boulevard. She gave her order—a chocolate ice cream soda.

"I'm so tired of interviews," she murmured, removing her coat, a gorgeous thing of fur.

I said nothing, apologetically.

Drawing a deep breath, obviously resolving to go thru with it, she plunged into a rapid autobiography.

"I started as an extra—of course you know that. I was with Essanay and Vitagraph, and later made O. Henry pictures. Then came Fox and the American cinema—but here are the sodas!"

We both imbibed relief thru our straws.

Practically every one knows Agnes' most recent work. Her success with Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It," her work in the Realart picture "The Furnace," and with Lasky and De Mille in "Forbidden Fruit," and, soon to be released, in "Anatol." She has had long experience. Perhaps the only big company she has not been with is Goldwyn—which is now concentrating all its efforts on its authors. It is whispered that she will be starred by Lasky in London.

I mentioned presently that I had seen her that night in the Ambassador grill—that she had seemed cold.

"Oh no," she said, with faint distaste at the remembrance. "I like that pink and black effect rather well, at least it is different. But unless one dresses suitably it absolutely kills one's gown. That's why I had to keep my cloak about me all the evening—to keep the colors from clashing." She shuddered a little at the thought.

We drained our glasses and sauntered out again to her car, pausing on the way to purchase two magazines which seemed to have devoted that particular issue entirely to expounding the charms of Agnes. I had often wondered what it must be like to read about yourself and I watched her curiously. But, apart from a slight lengthening of that abstracted smile, nothing happened. Her only comment was that she photographed rather well; I agreed. Yes, she did that well.

I murmured the usual formula as I left.

"You have gotten something suitable for your story then?" she asked. "I hope so, because we all like to think we're clever."

I waited an instant, hopefully. Something clever?

But her faint smile swept me lightly, lazily—dismissed me. Nothing was going to happen.

It was the opening night of the new Ambassador Theater.

We sat in the pink and black grill—the Dramatic Critic of the Los Angeles Times, and I, and our ladies.

The Critic was enthusiastic. Witness his fists thumping upon the table.

"The kind of a woman (Thump) who ra—"

I turned presently that I might see—

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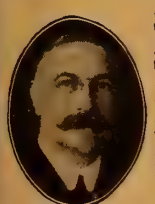

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aware of the white wrath being poured upon me by both his lady and mine.

Agnes was sitting there in her pink chair in a gown that blended perfectly with the color motif of the room. She wore no cloak. She was smiling, a faint, abstracted smile.

The Eternal Feminine

(*Continued from page 23*)

dont want to part with the secure home and comforts the man has given them. *The dependent woman stands every kind of trouble and insult because she is afraid to lose her husband.*

"Perhaps it is as well that this is true. For these are the women that propagate the race. Women who are conquering the world artistically or economically do not have time for children. That is, the majority do not. Of course there are exceptions — great women like Schumann-Heink and Louise Homer who have managed to rear families and build careers as well, but they are in the minority.

"The pitiful part of the independent woman is that she can buy herself everything she desires. She becomes ten times as hard to satisfy because she has been able to exercise her own artistic discrimination in the spending of her money. And gradually she finds that there is nothing her husband can buy her which would be quite as exquisite as that which she could buy herself, and she longs for him to outstrip her in *his* career, so that he can afford to surpass her expenditures on herself.

"And so you see paradoxically enough it comes back to my original statement: 'A woman *wants* a master, a caveman.'

"Woman has always been accused of wanting clothes. And yet of what value are beautiful gowns and jewels if one hasn't a suitable place to wear them, or someone to love and admire the beautiful effect. A restaurant is no place to have to wear one's clothes night after night. A woman needs a beautiful home where she can be surrounded by her friends.

"And *Fame*—women want fame because they long for the demonstration of the fact that they are admired. Every woman wants to be appreciated.

"Woman—that is the American woman—will always be restless, and it is just as well that this is so, otherwise the old world would cease to progress. For it is woman's wants that makes the world go around.

"Just as soon as she stops craving things, woman reaches a dead level and she not only travels in a rut but becomes an anchor, a ball and chain to her husband. Woman was not meant to be perfectly happy, for happiness breeds contentment and contentment means standing still.

"I never want to reach the stage where I no longer desire something. For that reason I am not extravagant with my money. I like to feel that there is still a gown needed, or a fur that I want, or a bit of jewelry. Anticipation is more than half the zest of having things.

"My husband spoils me. He worries over me. He is afraid if I get my feet wet, or if I am despondent. He frets over me like a mother duck with one little lone duckling. It is wonderful to be so cared for, but sometimes I want him to scold me. I want to be *bossed!*"

Miss Ferguson's lovely lips parted in a whimsical smile. Her eyes quizzically looked at her reflected vision in the dressing room mirror. With one of her slight but speaking gestures she said:

"After all there's little we can do about this woman question, is there? But take it from me, her greatest happiness comes from the human touch. Cherchez—the well bred caveman!"

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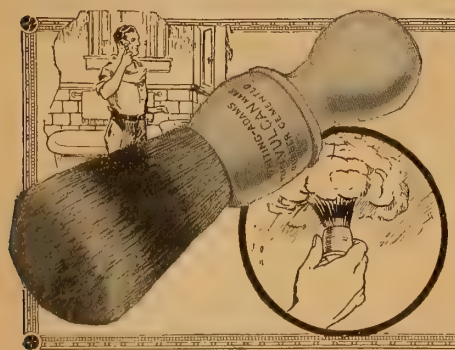

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For Boys and Girls Also

The Little Clown

(*Continued from page 87*)

sure that Dick didn't want me either. But I've got to be sure of that, Daddy. Because you see, I love him so much. Sometimes I think he cares still, and sometimes I think he doesn't. But I've got to be sure."

"Say!" A smaller edition of Dick, aged seven, stood suddenly at their elbow, regarding Daddy Toto with bulging eyes. "Pat, is that the funny man you told me about?"

"It's Roddy, Dick's brother," Pat explained, "he's the one person I know approves of me. Roddy and I practice flip-flops and cart wheels behind the barn, dont we, Rod? Yes, this is Toto, only he left his clown clothes at home this time."

"Be funny!" commanded Roddy brusquely. He was plainly disappointed.

"I dont feel funny, somehow," pleaded Daddy Toto, "Let me off this time, and the next time the circus comes to town I'll make you laugh so, you'll shake off your shoes!"

Roddy surveyed his beloved Pat and the solemn looking man for some time in silence, then, softly he went out of the room. When he returned a little later, somewhat splashed and damp, but triumphantly bearing a pitcher of lemonade, they were still talking, just as tho, he thought indignantly, he were not there at all. "I made you some 'freshments," he said, proffering a sticky glass, "Mama said me an' Pat could make some 'cause we weren't 'vited to the party they're at."

Absently Daddy Toto and Pat took the proffered glasses and drank. Roddy, hospitable and steadily more splattered, refilled them. Then, with hope in his gaze he sat down to wait and watch.

Pat's memory of the dreadful thing that followed was mercifully vague. She knew, looking back, that she and Daddy Toto had grown all of a sudden very frisky and gay, had sung and danced before an enraptured Roddy, and wound up by turning handsprings down the drawing room to the confusion of the chairs. She remembered with a sick shudder the cold horror and disgust of the elder Beverlys as they stood in the doorway gazing at the revelries, the blank dismay of David's face. She had tried to speak, to explain, but had only succeeded in laughing foolishly.

They had said terrible things, called her a disgrace to them, said that she was *drunk.* She had laughed harder than ever at that because it was so absurd. How could she be drunk? But Daddy Toto had grown very angry and wanted to fight somebody, and presently there had been the night air on her hot face, and a blur of stars above, and the movement of a train and then blackness and sleep.

This morning, with the old familiar circus sounds in her ears, and the smell of damp sawdust and elephants in her nostrils, she tried, dully, to remember how it had all started. But out of the whole miserable cloud one thing only stood out clearly. David had not defended her. David did not love her. The world was one great ache about her. She sat huddled on the cot in the dressing tent, pretending whenever anyone came in to be asleep, trying to mend the broken pieces of her life.

She would stay in this friendly, safe place and be good to Daddy Toto, and take care of the animals. She would pretend she did not care because David did not love her, she would laugh and sing and do her old tricks.

From the distance came the blare of band music. She sat up on the cot, quivering to it. The show was beginning. It was beginning and she wasn't dressed yet! She

stumbled, only half aware of what she was doing, to the trunks, found the one that had been hers, her costume was there. She dragged it on with trembling fingers.

The crowd in the circus tent was soon aware of the little clown who did such amazingly funny things. Presently they were watching her instead of the act in the ring, shouting, cheering, laughing till the tears came. Pat invented new tricks on the spur of the moment, she improved on her old ones. Her heart was heavy, but her feet were incredibly light. Even the performers stopped their acts to watch her with a kind of awe, and Daddy Toto in the wings stared as tho he could not believe his eyes. "She is great," he muttered, "because she is unhappy—"

A hand clutched his arm, and David's young face came between him and the small, red and white figure. "Where is she? Pat? Quick!" the boy's voice was hoarse, his eyes haggard. "We didn't understand last night—till Roddy confessed—"

"Confessed?" said Daddy Toto heavily. "That he'd put gin in the lemonade, almost half a bottle!" David was almost shouting, "He wanted to see Toto act funny, he said, and he knew that when father drank cocktails with gin in them he acted funny. So that imp——" he choked, I was crazy! I've been traveling all night! Do you think—she'll forgive me?"

Daddy Toto clutched David's arm hard. His eyes blazed above his eternal grin. "Your people? Will they treat her kindly after this, will you neglect her? She was breaking her heart among you!"

The boy gulped. "I didn't realize—I suppose I did leave her too much alone, but it wasn't because I didn't love her. I guess my mother saw to it, I was invited places and she wasn't, but they're sorry now.

The crowd saw the hatless figure leaping across the ring to catch the Little Clown in his arms. They cheered, thinking it all a part of the show, and when the Little Clown, unheeding time or place, lifted her lips to his kiss and left across his face the imprint of a great red mouth, grinning foolishly they rocked in their seats with mirth. Then David heard them at last, and catching her up on his shoulder, made a running leap onto the back of Venus de Mile-o and away they galloped, out of the tent, and into a world peopled only by themselves.

But Daddy Toto went on. Certainly no one would have guessed that as he stumbled and grimaced and cavorted he was thinking of a little cuddley house with hollihocks and pigeons and six red-cheeked babies having a party with tarts and raspberry jam!

Dialog Imaginary

(*Continued from page* 68)

hundred per cent failures. Pardon me, but I must leave you now. Call again and I will tell you of some stage plays and stage stars that are worth while on the screen. Meanwhile, just remember that I prefer to have you say, when I have done, "He is not 'Jack the Giant Killer'," after all, for—behold the "House that Jack Built"!

Miss F.—One more. Did you see "Idols of Clay"?

J.—Yes, glad you asked me. That is about the greatest play that has yet been done, and I take exception to the critique of the able Adele Fletcher in which she differs with me. The play will not survive as a masterpiece, but for those who know, it contains more artistry, more earmarks of genius and greatness than any play I can recall. It marks a mile-stone on the road of Progress leading to Perfection. Of this, more anon. Adieu!

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Juliene Scott—Paramount.

BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.

BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

BLACK BEAUTY—D-8.
Jean Paige—Vitagraph.

BLACKMAIL—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

BLACK PANTHER'S CUB, THE—D-8.
Florence Reed—Zeigfeld Films.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BODY AND SOUL—D-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.

BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

BRANDING IRON, THE—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.

BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Farce—7.
Fatty Arbuckle—Paramount.

BROADWAY AND HOME—D-7.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

BURNT WINGS—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.

CHARM SCHOOL, THE—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH—D-8.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Starke—Vitagraph.

CURTAIN—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS.—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

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by Adele Whitely Fletcher

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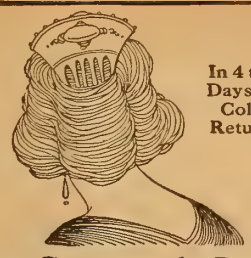

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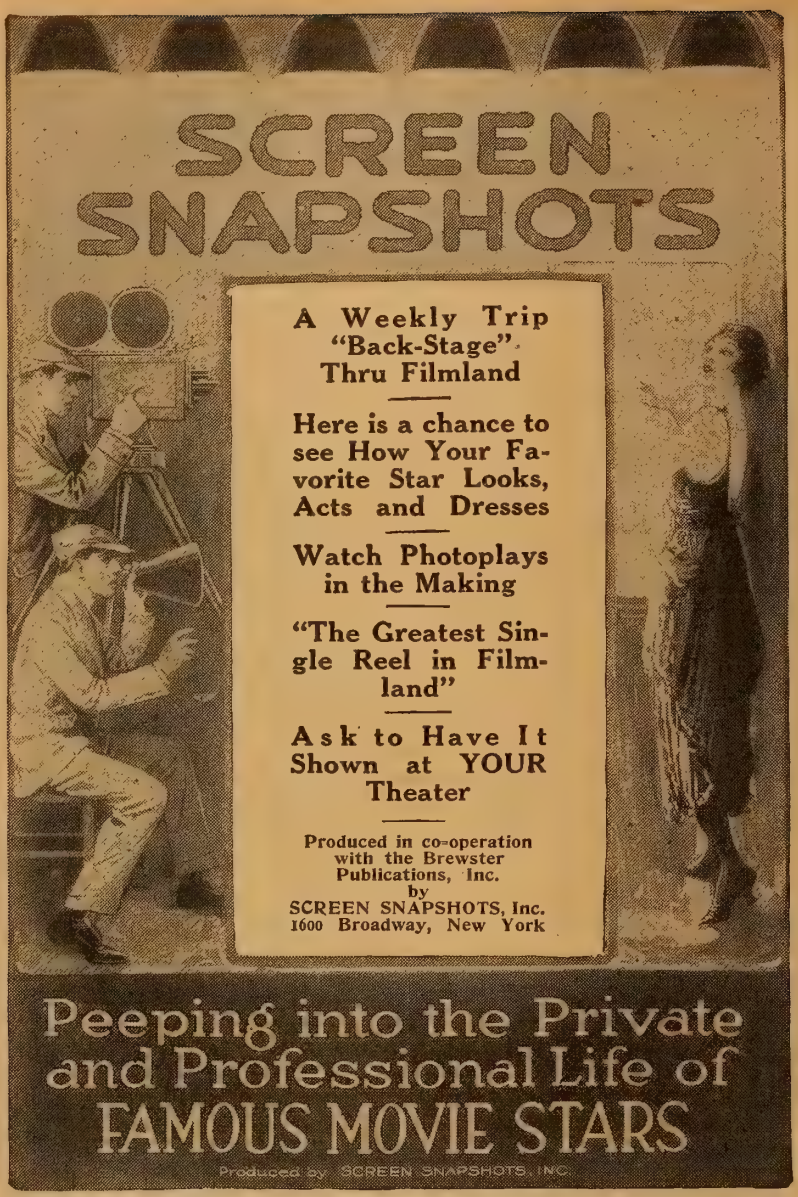
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(*Continued on page* 110)

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If you pass the test you are eligible to take the Palmer Home Study Course if you desire; and immediately your questionnaire shows latent ability you are sent without charge two interesting free books—"Essentials of Photoplay Writing" and "Little Stories of Success," which explain the course in detail and tell what many students have achieved.

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There is a great field for new writers—a great demand for new plays. Producers pay from $250 to $2000 for "unknown writers'" *first work,* if good enough. First efforts have repaid many times over the entire cost of the course.

We maintain a sales bureau, through which we sell students' plays, just as we sold "The Western Gate" for Mrs. Fletcher and "On Parole" for Adolph Bennauer. We are in daily touch with the great producers in Los Angeles, moving picture capital of the world.

* * * *

The questionnaire will be sent for a *limited time,* or until our quota of new students is filled, to all who fill out the coupon below. This may be a stepping stone of more importance than you know. You may be "another Mrs. Fletcher" or "a J. Leo Meehan," two of the many who have lately reached success through the Palmer Course.

Peggy Fletcher, of Spokane, Washington, was planning one evening to see Pauline Frederick in "Madam X," and criticize the photoplay as part of her study of photoplay writing under the Palmer Home Study Plan.

Mrs. Fletcher was shopping down town that afternoon. On her return home she received a wire from the Palmer Sales Department advising that "The Western Gate," a trial story she had written, *had been sold for a feature production in which PAULINE FREDERICK actually would be starred!*

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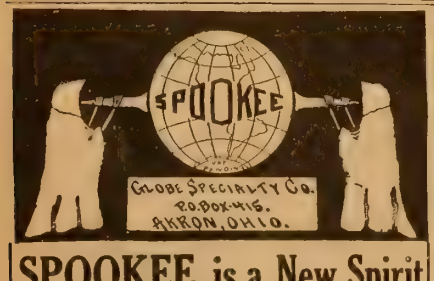

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California Chatter

(*Continued from page 71*)

mark for the term of her services. Her contract is a long term one and her first work will be as star of "Molly-O," a big romance-comedy like "Mickey."

Irving M. Lesser will star Wheeler Oakman in a series of Western five-reelers to be known as the "Broncho Kid Films," this title having been taken from the rôle which Mr. Oakman portrayed in "The Spoilers."

J. Parker Read is highly incensed at the numerous attacks made on the "sex" films. Mr. Read believes that they do more good than harm when a clear moral is pointed. His next special production will have sex as its pivot and Louise Glaum will be the star. Fred Niblo will direct.

A crying contest was one of the rainy day amusements indulged in just before the lunch hour at the Goldwyn studio the other day. Mabel Normand, Helene Chadwick, Leatrice Joy and Irene Rich were the participants. The idea was that whoever was slowest in starting the tear ducts flowing was to pay for the lunch. It looked as if Irene Rich were going to be the first to weep but suddenly a director leaned over and told her her salary was at that very moment being raised so she couldn't weep and lost the lunch money.

"Which, after all," as Mabel Normand remarked, "was poetic justice."

Douglas Fairbanks has been under a physician's care as a result of a fall while doing one of his famous stunts before the camera. Fairbanks will be unable to resume his motion-picture work for a month or more according to the attending physician whose report states the actor suffered fractures of bones in a finger of his left hand, a wrenched back and twisted neck, while he was attempting to leap from a window his foot caught and he fell six feet to the pavement.

Enid Bennett has been signed to play the leading rôle in the next picture of the Rockett Film Company. The play will be from Irving Bachellor's book, "Keeping Up With Lizzie."

King Vidor claims to have invented a perfectly satisfactory method of coloring films. He has made use of this process in his latest picture "The Sky Pilot." He has used the various tints to suggest different hours of the day and also to induce certain moods.

A persistent rumor is that negotiations are under way between Mildred Harris and Famous Players-Lasky with a view to placing Miss Harris in one of Cecil B. de Mille's productions.

Robertson and Cole are adding four new stages to their new studio on Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. They intend to engage additional companies from time to time. At present Pauline Frederick is working there, Sessue Hayakawa, Louis Gasnier and Christie Cabanne. Mr. Cabanne's story is an original written by himself entitled, "Live and Let Live."

Not only have studios threatened a reduction in salaries but some have actually reduced them. At one of these studios, Charlotte Woods, the cutie ingénue who scored a hit in a recent Bebe Daniels picture, is working. She received her pay the other day—in paper money.

"Aren't you afraid of the germs on paper money," asked a friend who was with her.

"Oh no," declared Charlotte promptly, "no germ could live on my salary."

Anita Stewart is hard at work on a new picture called "The Invisible Fear," written by Hampton Del Ruth. Edwin Carewe is directing and Allen Forrest is the leading man.

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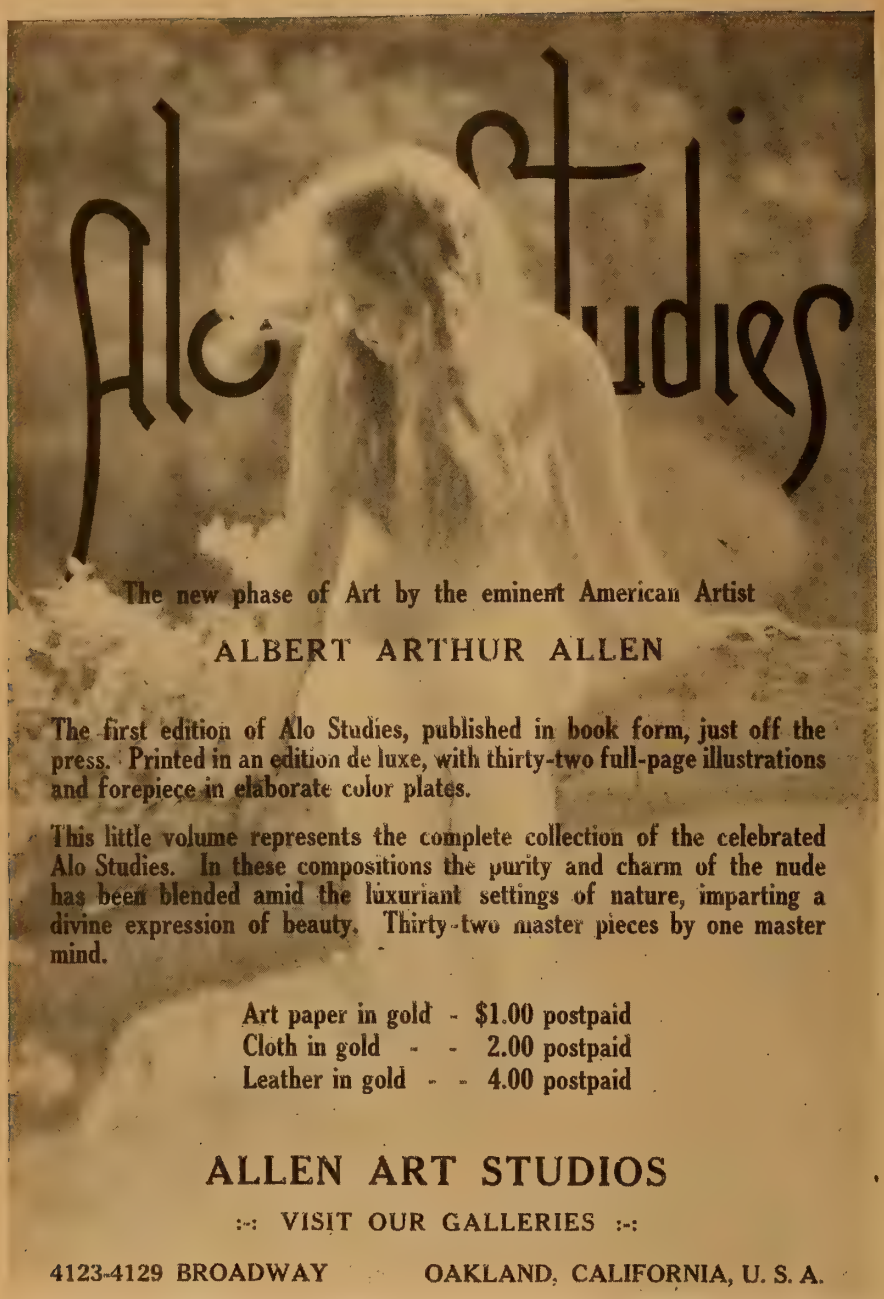

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Philosophy and the Make-Up Box

(*Continued from page* 48)

cause of realism. When I leave the studios at night I beat it over to some lunch room on Second Avenue, dine there and then sneak up the back stairs at the house to my rooms. I'm a fine spectacle to appear in public."

"What did you think of Cuba?" I asked. "Is it filled to overflowing in this new era which has descended upon us."

He shook his head.

"Even the cup that cheers wouldn't keep you there any longer than you had to stay," he said. "The heat was frightful. It made work impossible for any length of time and even night brought no respite—with the darkness came all sorts of bugs, flying bugs. However, we didn't complain for we couldn't help thinking of all the people who save for a lifetime to get the trip our work gave us. It was a novelty and we enjoyed it while it lasted, glad however it didn't last any longer."

There are, scattered sparsely over this good green earth of ours, a few rare souls who have a philosophy—whether they have evolved it from a personal experience or whether it was their birthright, it is difficult to say. Harrison Ford—to his co-workers, Harry—has it in a goodly measure. He would not dwell on the discomforture of Cuba, rather he chose the other angle. And his is not a sugary optimism, rather it is a contented acceptance of things as they are.

In speaking of California he mentioned it as home and I asked him if he was a native of the land of orange groves and studios.

"Home," he told me "is where the make-up box is—for me, at least. Now here, now there. I find it doesn't matter, really. Always there is something you dislike, and to balance it, something you like. California rests me. Some talk vaguely of the night life there and I tell you honestly I never witnessed it. I do not say *it is not there*—there is always a party ending in the wee hours if you wish it. I was busy. I had my home——"

"A bungalow home?" I interrupted.

"No, neither a bungalow nor one of the palaces such as some of the folks live in," he said. "I live in an apartment which I have had suited to my requirements. There are bookshelves of the works I like best—"

I remembered reading that he went in for first editions and he verified the report——

"I have a few," he said, speaking of them, "they are the things you reward yourself with every now and then, that is," he smiled, "unless your means are unlimited. In that case you go out and buy every edition you want at the one time and miss all the fun of planning and scheming that this or that may be yours."

"You mean that," I said. "You think the planning is the greatest part of the pleasure."

"Why, certainly," he said, "dont you? I've never known how it felt to have things the other way. I mean, I've always had to do considerable planning but I feel it no hardship. In fact I believe if I were to really think about it I'd be glad. I cant go out and buy everything I want at one shot—and you agree with me, you know you do," he ended.

There are many things displayed in life's shopwindow. Of them Harrison Ford will never choose the things of tinsel, the gaudy baubles—he will take for his own the finer things, those which need no trappings, gifts of ages past which will live when his day is long gone by.

The Soul of Europe

(*Continued from page 47*)

of Italy in his own way, and different from what it had been done before.

He purchased a car, one that would stand the siege of touring Europe. He tried out camera-men, one after the other, until he found one suited to his purpose. He shipped the car, and Robert Bruce with his cameraman sailed for foreign shores.

"I planned to stay a year," he said, "and had anticipated a wonderful time, but in many ways the trip was a disappointment. We motored 8,000 miles and my experience with that car, getting it over there, finding garages, proper care and service is another story. We motored thru England, Scotland, France, spent two days in Italy, which was quite enough, explored Switzerland—no, we did not try to get into Ireland, I had troubles enough.

"Switzerland is beautiful with a beauty peculiarly its own. But, I am so familiar with the spectacular in nature that I fear I was not properly impressed, and did not appreciate Switzerland as I would have done had I not become so intimate with our own mountain peaks.

I did not climb the Matterhorn to get pictures, we got them from an airplane. The camera man, pilot and myself were up four hours, and it was the one real thrill I got in Europe. We worked very fast, we nearly froze, we bumped down, avoiding chasms while trying to find a place to land, and every moment was a thrill. The pilot very casually accepted the job of taking us up, as tho it were an every day thing with him. But when we got down he informed me that it was only the third time he had been up and it was also his last!

"I got some good stuff in Europe and some unusual stuff," he continued. And the 'tuppence,' shillings, crowns, francs and all the rest of it I parted with! Not that I minded—it was worth it. But here, scenery is 'free'—even historical stuff—we do have something in the way of a 'past'—is free to be filmed. But over there if I wanted to make a picture of a waterfall, someone would appear and want a 'tuppence' for it. At every old ruin, castle or park it was the same way. Sometimes, just for the fun of it, I would engage the keeper in conversation, and while he was talking to me, the camera man would quietly get in his work.

"And there's no privacy in all Europe. Tourists, zealous ones, everywhere. In every hotel, at every turn, on every mountain peak there was the tourist with his inevitable notebook.

"I enjoyed both England and Scotland—all but the meals! The roast beef was excellent in England. But tea for breakfast! Terrible coffee for dinner. The same things for every breakfast, every lunch, every dinner. No matter where we stopped for a meal we knew exactly what we would have to eat. In Scotland it was the same—everywhere the same. Not much like our camps 'on location' over here. I would have given a lot at times for a meal cooked by myself—also a blanket and a bed of pine boughs, far from the madding crowd—meaning of course, tourists!"

"And now that you are back?"

"I have no specific plans—yet. I brought home a great deal of material which must be cut, titled, assembled. That will be several months' work. Then I will plan my next year's scenarios and locations. I'm not sorry I went to Europe nor that I did the work I planned in five months instead of staying a year. 'East, west, home's best'; and since seeing Europe I have decided that there's a never-ending supply of 'best' scenic material at home, too," said Robert Bruce.

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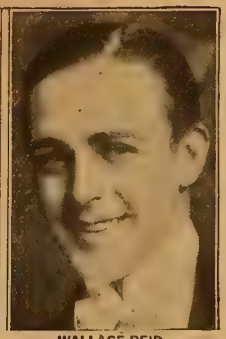

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Beauty's Crown

(*Continued from page 62*)

this. So I do not intend to stop until I have told you of a few more improvements for the hair.

Today it is not only desirable to have an abundance of healthy hair but it must be the right color, too. Of course, very few people are willing to go so far as to actually have the hair dyed, but there are many ways of either deepening or brightening the color without using a dye or bleaching it.

Dull brown hair is not pretty. It needs a more decided tone and should be either brightened or darkened according to whether it approaches a blonde or brunette in shade and according to the type of its wearer. For this, various shades of coloring, especially henna, is most popular and successful. It gives radiance to the dullest hair, and furthermore is a tonic. It is said to be the only color treatment that is actually beneficial to the hair itself. Nor do the treatments affect the curling of the hair, while bleaching does affect it so that it will not hold the curl either from the iron or by putting it up over night. If the hair is dark the tinge of red gives it tone and pep, if light, the sunset glow improves it for most faces, hence its popularity.

Many people have gray or white hair which would be entirely satisfactory to them if it were an even color, but more often than not it is streaked with yellow. There are special preparations for whitening it, which should be used as it always results in a decided improvement in the appearance. Then, too, there are dyes and color restoratives for gray hair. These should be applied with extreme care, and at regular intervals to keep it an even color.

The dry shampoo powder that can now be obtained in all large cities or by mail order, I want to specially recommend. It cleanses the hair without the use of water and it is immediately soft and fluffy. It is splendid for men and children as well as for women, for often the hair needs a shampoo and one has not time to give it one that requires drying. This is the most convenient and the quickest shampoo that can be given the hair.

Castile soaps and tincture of green soaps and various tar soaps are good for a home shampoo, if used with hot water and carefully applied.

Black hair that is brown in spots is not desirable and should be treated with such color applications as will make it all entirely black.

Tonics may be found by the wholesale, but before buying a tonic one should study the needs of his hair and the various kinds of tonics and then purchase the kind that will fill his needs. If the hair is either very dry or very oily, do not depend entirely on the shampoo to correct this but supply yourself with a tonic. Most good tonics have bay rum in them, others quinine. But if your hair is excessively oily be sure the tonic is for oily hair and vice versa.

Many people suffer from an itching scalp and try to remedy it in ways that simply irritate it and cause it to become inflamed. Dandruff, too, is a very annoying condition and causes the hair to fall out. This condition is stubborn and will resist all but very thoro and persistent treatments. To learn what to use, one has only to study the thousands of ads, or write to firms for booklets on the subject and be supplied with a variety of information from which to choose with discrimination.

The next beauty article by Corliss Palmer, "Every Woman's Fairy Godmother," will appear in an early issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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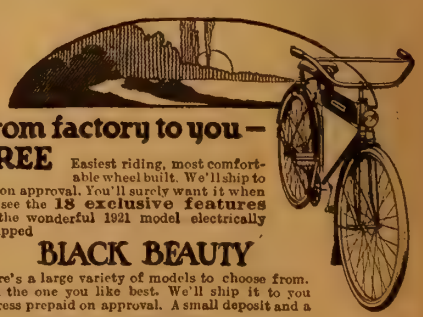

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Harold Lachman Co., 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1525 Chicago

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 69*)

of fact, it is not even among the best things he has done—not nearly as entertaining as his own variety of "Dont Change Yours." But, on the other hand, it is more worth seeing than many of the recent offerings.

The story tells of the Mallorys who have their little seamstress masquerade as the prettiest girl in town, when the prettiest girl herself is suddenly taken ill, that they may intrigue the interest of Nelson Rogers whom they wish to keep in town for business reasons. The seamstress is married to a ne'er do well, and as the story unweaves it becomes one of the ever popular "for better or for worse" problem plays for which cinema producers have always had a great liking. However, in the luxurious settings and treatment which it has been accorded it becomes different from the others which have gone before.

Mr. de Mille has worked in a far-fetched Cinderella episode which is one of the most exquisite things ever screened, and thruout, a delight to the eye.

And as is always the de Mille custom, he has fitted the homes of his characters with every luxurious novelty known to man. Personally, we have serious doubts as to whether or not telephones are ensconced in bizarre telephone booths in the reception rooms of the different houses on the Avenue.

And, too, the women are the silken creatures for which de Mille is famous.

Kathlyn Williams and Theodore Roberts as Mr. and Mrs. Mallory are quite as fine as usual, while Forrest Stanley who makes his screen début in this production is most capable and endowed with a screen personality.

And as Mary Maddock, the little seamstress, Agnes Ayres gives a charming portrayal and causes us to hope that she will soon be given other opportunities.

THE DEVIL—ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS

In the first place because a play scores a success on the stage it does not necessarily mean that it lends itself to the screen, and in the second place there are artists behind the footlights who will never be equally successful on the screen. "The Devil," proves both of these statements conclusively.

The Franz Molnar play was popular on the stage because of its lines—they were unfailingly satirical with a basic wit, and tinged with an appalling hypocrisy. It was the lines which made the plot rather than the action. And the screen cannot bridge such a condition. It is not to be expected.

Then George Arliss, who has consistently given artistic characterizations on the stage, found the screen new and strange ground—every now and then his performance reminds you of the things he has created in the flesh, but, on the whole, he fails in bringing his art to the shadows.

The story, a psychological one, tells of a well-known Parisian in whom lives the spirit of the devil—hence the title. At least there is some reason for the title and that is something. He toys with the lives of those with whom he has a personal contact, nearly wrecking the lives of several, simply for the satisfaction of his own fiendish amusement. But in the end right conquers might and they live happily forever after.

Lucy Cotton and Sylvia Breamer, as the two girls in the story, give creditable performances, while Edmund Lowe is well cast as the artist.

James Young directed the production, but we venture to say that it is not his fault that the story is laborious—the fault seemed to lie in another direction.

Then, too, on the stage this was a decid-

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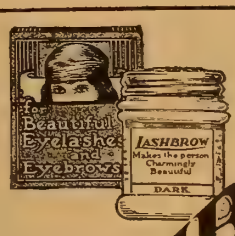

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edly risque play—it is not so on the screen—and as the risque flavor was one of the elements which made it attractive, it has naturally lost out without it.

Taken all in all, it is something of a pity that this was the choice for the screen début of Mr. Arliss.

MAMMA'S AFFAIR—FIRST NATIONAL

For the last few months—whenever Constance Talmadge has had a new picture, in fact—we have bewailed the lack of farce material. Then along came "Mamma's Affair," a screen version of the stage play in which Effie Shannon pleased her audiences. And Effie Shannon plays her original rôle in the screen production too, together with other members of the original cast—Constance herself in the rôle of Eve.

And so we had hopes—but they died. The story which tells about a mother who holds her nerves over her daughter's head that she may have her own way, until the daughter finally discovers that she, too, has nerves and, therefore, a weapon, is a long drawn out affair on the screen, and it also finds the younger Talmadge looking far from her former sparkling self.

There is a prelude to the story laid in the Garden of Eden, with the first Eve triumphing over man by way of her nerves, and a case of hysteria. And there is, of course, a serpent—the tempter in the Garden—and, along with other women, since time immemorial, we admit that we liked the serpent tempter quite as well, if not better, than anything else in the picture, altho Effie Shannon's portrayal deserves a word of commendation.

THE GILDED LILY—PARAMOUNT

By this time every one in every audience knows very well that when wealthy young men marry or become engaged to cabaret dancers and chorus girls, they do not want them to immediately forsake their tinsel trappings and settle down into the domestic wife or sweetheart as the case may be. Goodness, no. Every second or third picture, at least, has explained carefully that it is the lure of the life, gaiety and laughter which has attracted these younger sons, and when the girl drops her spangles, beauty marks and scented, monogrammed cigarets for a cook-book, and the costume of a quaker maiden, the youth invariably regrets his choice. And, too, the same pictures have made it clear that these same girls are always anxious to forget their success and the bright lights, while they bake delicious biscuits which look like the magazine advertisements of baking powders, or darn socks before big brick fireplaces.

Nevertheless, "The Gilded Lily" purposes to explain all this over again, and piquant Mae Murray is cast in the title rôle, while her husband Robert Leonard is responsible for the direction.

Every now and then in this picture Mae Murray was convincing—appealing. But just when your hopes were highest she would suffer heroics in an exaggerated dramatic scene or pout after the fashion of another player who pouts more delightfully than anyone else has ever been known to pout, and you were disappointed. However, these criticised incidents are the exception rather than the rule, and otherwise Miss Murray does really good work.

And—as has come to be expected in her pictures—she wears the most abbreviated costumes. However, we can think of no one better able to do this, and she is fascinating in her dancing scenes which have been beautifully staged.

INSIDE THE CUP—COSMOPOLITAN

If you read this story when Winston Churchill first presented it in book form

(*Continued on page* 104)

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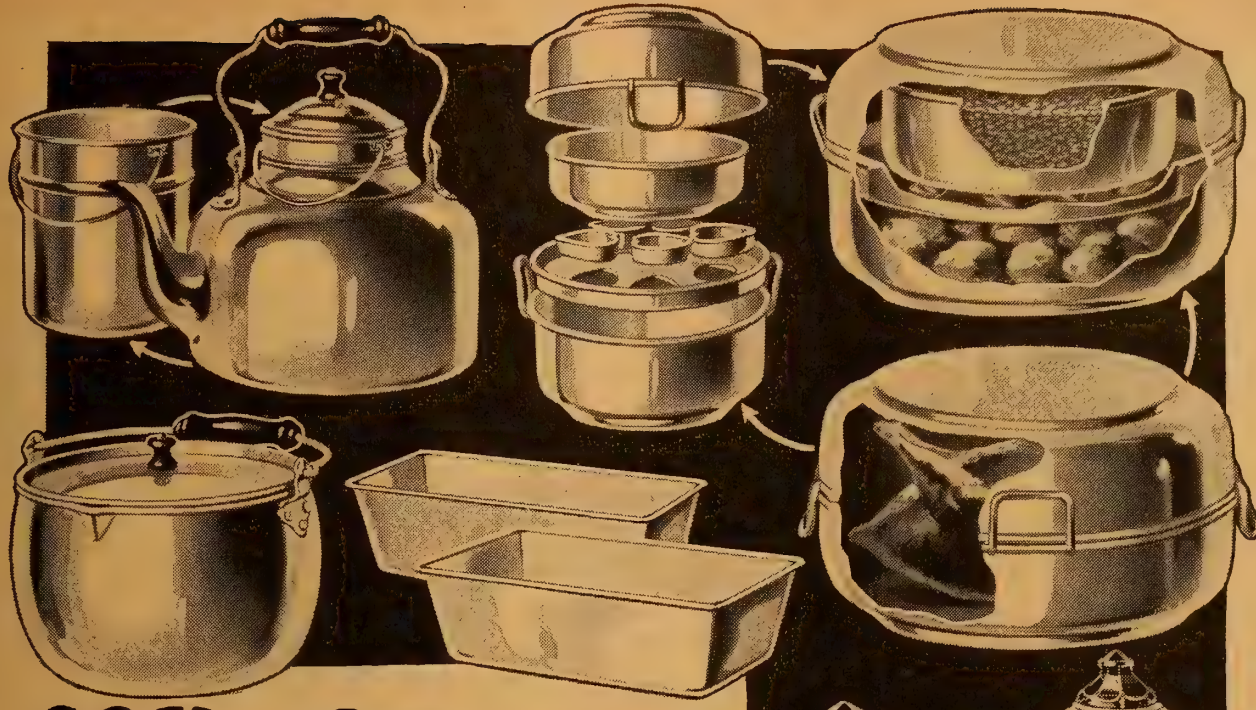

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EGERIA GEM CO., F, 113 Point St., Providence, R. I.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 102)

—and it was widely read and discussed—and if you were fond of it, the screen version will be disappointing to you. The story which is an expose of the hypocritical conditions which are undoubtedly often existent in the churches, was never intended for a screen adaptation, being a series of philosophical arguments.

Then too many stories, strikingly similar in theme and better suited to the silversheet, have been flashed upon the screen in the past few years. That has made it difficult to maintain the plot interest, and as the characters are introduced, you know fairly well what they will be called upon to do for the drama as it unfolds.

William P. Carleton has been entrusted with the rôle of John Hodder, the rector, while Edith Hallor plays the daughter of Eldon Parr, the smug banker. Both are fairly competent.

The Heart of Maryland

(*Continued from page* 53)

by instinct and by sight, the frayed old rope that would send the warning bell ringing, far out over the town. I wasn't thinking then. I was only feeling again. Feeling with my blood which is the only time, I know, when we sense acutely or act truly.

When that bell swung out, Prunella, I swung out with it, by the tongue of the bell, so that my body was a buffer and it made no sound. It seemed to me as tho it would never cease its swinging in midair. I had grown numbed and so I could no longer feel the thrill I should have known when I sensed that my body was standing between Alan and death. That the old bell was silent and that he, in safety, was speeding to his regiment.

They took me down, after a long while, bruised and bleeding here and there, but with my heart healed of its many bitternesses because it had sustained his life.

Maryland.

The Lilacs.

And so we come, all of us here, to a little peace.

After I was taken down from the belfry I was kept under close guard, by Thorpe. and, of course, I expected that.

Plans were set for my execution. Thorpe, in his rage, wished to exercise his right as commander to personally shoot a dangerous prisoner, as he so designated me. His lust had turned, had corroded, into as consuming a desire for revenge, even to the last test.

Things were so placed when word came that General Lee had ordered the officer second in command to Thorpe to take over the command and arrest Thorpe on evidence enclosed.

And so I was freed, hurt a little, tempered not a little, wistful — ready, now, to serve my country by allegiance of heart rather than of hand.

Alan gave the Confederate Army honorable terms, and while these were being carried out we went for the third and most blessed time to our old trysting place.

And now I have come to the place, I cannot write of even to you—even to you, for it was most tender, most sacred and most sweet, and we have no words but what will do it violence, and no script but what will bruise its delicacy.

Alan and Tom Boone have shaken hands —my two oldest friends. One a sweetheart; the other, still a friend. Mother and sisters are pleased and more at peace than they have been this long while, and as much at peace, I think as ever they will be.

Maryland.

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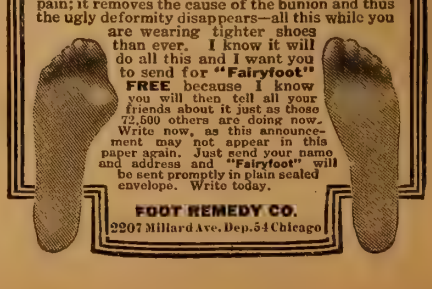

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have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Be free from wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads; strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense, and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all free.

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(*A Branch of Susanna Cocroft's Work*)

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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Plot Thickens!

(*Continued from page* 61)

A situation should be natural and logical. The situation should develop because of the characters of the plot-people, and not be the basis for your characterizations. The more normal the situation, the better the story, as a rule. In fact, stories are really a series of situations, working up to the *denouement,* which is the point at which the plot is suddenly solved and all misunderstandings cleared up. Write your situations about the everyday life that you know most about—your neighbors, not Parisian society or English nobility. A story about a small family in a Harlem flat, which rings true to life, is infinitely more interesting than a story with an artificial situation involving a lot of stiff, unreal millionaires, society women and so forth.

After your Theme, Characters and Situations have been planted, they should be developed as nearly simultaneously as possible, which is to say that one should not be developed at the expense of the other. This is done thru the Action.

Action need not be physical. Many amateurs think that a scenario must be composed of violent action, such as fights, train wrecks, fires and the like. On the contrary, mental action is much the best, and the most realistic. The mood of a jealous husband can be put before the audience much more effectively by a little scene in which he quietly crushes the rose his wife has just given him, than in a wild scene showing him wrecking all the furniture in the house. To a certain extent, action must be physical in the movies, for thoughts can only be transmitted to the audience in pantomime—except, of course, in written subtitles, which is a subject we shall take up in a later article. But good actors can usually "get across" whatever you desire by a perfectly natural gesture and change of expression, without resorting to violence. If your story needs a melodramatic scene, put it in; but dont think it is necessary in the movies.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that action, whether physical or mental, must never stop until the final close-up. Your story must be constantly unfolding. If you stop its development for a single instant with an unnecessary episode or a character who has nothing much to do with the affairs, you break the spell—your audience's attention snaps. The plot which falters, dies in its tracks.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—John Emerson and Anita Loos will be very glad to answer any questions of the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and to read any synopses of stories without any charge, provided they are made as brief as possible. All communications must be accompanied by the coupon below, entirely filled out, or a similar one of your own making and addressed to John Emerson and Anita Loos, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

COUPON

I { am / am not } sending with this coupon a 300 word synopsis of my story. I desire John Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the following question:

.....

.....

.....

(If no story is attached, question may relate to photoplay writing in general. Send stamped and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that your answer and your story, if you sent any, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

.....

.....

.....

DeMiracle
Every Woman's Depilatory

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 60c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

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New York

Print Your Own
cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12 Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others. BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.
THE PRESS CO D 44, Meriden, Conn

WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Water-Maid Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
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Rubye de Remer, Arrow Film Star, famous for her beautiful eyes.

The Romance of the Lashes

"A TALE of romance on her lashes." And you know immediately that she is the loveliest person that ever glanced and charmed and conquered.

For beautiful lashes mean expressive eyes, and eyes illumine a face. You can bring out all the luminous shadowy depths in your own eyes by cultivating the lashes. Use LASHLUX after powdering. It is a nourishing cream which darkens the lashes immediately and stimulates them to grow long, smooth and lustrous.

Brown, Dark or Colorless, 50c. At drug or department stores, or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY
72 Grand Street, New York

50¢

LASHLUX

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Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and List of successful students. Associated Art Studios, 28A Flatiron Bldg. New York

CREME VOUVE. SATISFACTION.

The numerous indorsements received from the users of this cream warrants the above assertion. Send 25c for a trial jar to **Room 203,**

VOUVE CO., 118 East 28th St., NEW YORK

DR. LAWTON'S FACE BEAUTIFIER

I WANT every woman who reads this advertisement to give it her serious consideration. I want her to know that by a simple "Vacuum Cup Device" I have found a way to put the law of beauty to work.

As we get older the muscles of the face sag. This causes sagging cheeks, crows-feet, drooping mouth corners, frown furrows and many other lines—lines of age.

With my Face Beautifier you exercise the muscles of the face; thus tightening the flabby flesh and thereby help to restore the look of youth.

No woman should be without one of these little devices. They pay for themselves over and and over again. Not electric. Use a few minutes daily. And the price is only $3, with full instructions.

Complete story told in my booklet, "Putting the Law of Beauty to Work." "Send for your beautifier today.

Dr. Thomas Lawton Dept. 58, Phone, Col. 7220 120 W. 70th Street New York

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 78)

"Three Miles Out." You know what that means?

F. C.—Oh, you've got me wrong. I said that if you enclosed a stamp or extra fee in your letter you would get a quicker answer, otherwise you would have to wait your turn, and it might be a long wait.

MARIE M. S.—Gladys Walton is with Universal, and she will be interviewed in a future CLASSIC.

James A. M.—Just send along a stamped addressed envelope.

CHARLES O.—That was a clever sea letter you wrote me. You will yet become a Capt. Marryat or a Robert Louis Stevenson.

W. J. C.—Of the thousands of letters I receive every month, five per cent are delicious like yours, ten per cent are unreadable, fifteen per cent give me indigestion, and twenty per cent put me to sleep. The rest of them are passable, and help me to earn my salary of $10 per. Of course, the players you mention have been in New Haven. Why, William Russell has played in "Shod with Fire."

MARJORIE S.—So you dont think I will ever be an angel, because you say angels dont have beards. How do you know? Quite true, I never saw an angel with a beard, but I dont recollect ever having seen one without a beard, either. Why, Ruth Roland was in to see us the other day. She is looking more beautiful than ever. Ruth handed me the dandiest box of Huylers when she came into my cage. You see, she knows my weakness.

BESSIE H.—You say, you sent Monte Blue twenty-five cents and he hasn't sent his picture. How could this be thus? Monte, you haven't gone and spent that quarter foolishly, now, have you?

TEDDY BROWN, 45 Ozone Ave., Venice, Cal., writes that she is eighteen, and a "shut in," and would like to hear from some of my readers.

REGINALD J.—Your letter was good in the superlative degree. You are all for Thomas Meighan. It seems that "Anatol" will be known as "The Five Kisses," and the cast includes Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue and Theodore Roberts.

E. T. H. S.—Could hardly read yours. Please write your name plainer—it looks like a Chinese prescription for the chills. Besse Eytton was born in Santa Barbara, Cal., and Thomas Santschi was born in Kokomo, Ind.

JANE.—Thanks, ditto!

ROBINETTE S. T.—Why, Robert Harron was buried at Calvary Cemetery. You say that James Kirkwood has the rugged charm that made Thomas Meighan famous. Some girls like that type. You say you are glad that the skirts are to be fuller next summer. I am so glad. Some of them now seem to be almost empty.

CHILLICOTHE.—Glad to hear from you again. See above about the clubs. So you enjoyed Olga's letter. You ought to see what she sent me for Xmas. Perhaps you mean Ann Little. No, Theda Bara isn't married. She will play in "The Blue Flame," for the Screen.

ALMA.—I do not agree with you. I believe that children should be allowed to read "Gulliver's Travels," and the Arabian Nights, and fairy tales, because their imaginations must be stimulated. I do not believe in crowding the child's mind with scientific lore, but in feeding its fancy with poetic and fictitious narrative. I really cant tell why Eugene O'Brien doesn't answer

(*Continued on page* 110)

Good News For The Contest Fans

Prizes to Be Awarded in the Ideal Cast Contest!

We are forced once more to postpone the inauguration of our Ideal Cast Contest, this time in the interest of the prizes which have just been determined upon. They will be a new and startling feature of these contests, and they are literally amazing in their generosity.

The added interest which their award will bring, we are sure, will make a phenomenal success of a contest which promised to be one even without the prizes. They will be announced next month together with the official ballot, which will be the first one that may be used. Dont miss this issue. It is important to YOU.

The prizes, very naturally, will go to fans, for the honor and glory attached to the winning of such nation-wide contests are surely enough for the stars.

Prizes will be given to the readers whose guesses are most accurate as to who will finally be decided upon for the Ideal Cast. Let us make this clear. The ballots will be counted and filed as fast as they come in. Naturally, the star who receives the greatets number of votes for Leading Woman will be the winner under that heading, and the star who receives the greatest number of votes for Leading Man will be the winner under that one, and so on, until the entire cast is determined upon. Can you guess who they will be? If you can guess correctly, you will win a really worth-while prize. Even if you do not guess exactly, if your guess comes nearest the final selection, you will still be awarded a prize. Your guesses may be submitted irrespective of your ballot. For instance, you may wish to cast your vote for Norma Talmadge as your ideal leading lady, tho your guess is, that Mary Pickford will win that place in the contest. You may continue to send in the coupons for the voters, one of which will appear in every issue of the magazine, until the contest closes, but your guess of the winning cast will have to be sent in before a certain date, which will be announced next month.

The ballot will be as follows:—

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:—

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man .....
Character Woman .....
Comedian (Male) .....
Comedian (Woman) .....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

NOTE.—This is a sample ballot and cannot be used. The first official coupon will appear in next month's issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The rules governing the contest are few and simple, but they must be obeyed or the offending ballot will be thrown out, and you will have lost the opportunity to pay tribute to your favorite stars.

RULES FOR THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

1.—All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

2.—In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or a girl.

3.—It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Dorothy Gish may be your ideal woman comedian and your favorite leading lady as well. You may vote for her under both headings.

4.—All ballots must be addressed to:—
Ideal Cast Contest Editor,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Put on your thinking caps, you who love the movies and believe in its future, and use all your faculties in this great contest. Are you able to decide between the relative merits of men like Charles Chaplin and Theodore Roberts? Can you judge between the talent of Norma Talmadge and the irresistible magnetism of Mary Pickford? Are you gifted with the critical faculty? Put your wits to work, and win a prize, as well as win a place for your favorite stars.

AND DONT MISS THE JUNE ISSUE OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

Any Movie

(Apologies to Kipling)

By IVY KELLERMAN REED

"What are the people sobbin' for?" said Files-off-Parade.
"They see the film, they see the film," the movie usher said.
"What makes them look so tired, so tired?" said Files-off-Parade.
"They're dreadin' what they've got to watch," the movie usher said.
"A comedy is runnin' an' the Dead March ought to play,
The usual sort o' slapstick stuff they're showin' here today:
With slippin' on banana peel an' grabbin' clothes away,
An' they're fillin' all the theater with mournin'."

"Old Noah should have canned that stuff," said Files-off-Parade.
"'Twas funny in those days, perhaps," the movie usher said.
"There's not a plot, there's not a thought," said Files-off-Parade.
"Why, no, it's just a comedy," the movie usher said.
"They're jumpin' into ash cans an' hidin' every place,
For fear the fake policemen will meet them face to face,
An' fallin' out o' flivvers an' runnin' them a race,
Till they're fillin' all the theaters with mournin'."

"What's that we hear now, when it's done?" said Files-off-Parade.
"It's folks revivin' from their gloom," the movie usher said.
"What is it makes them shake their heads?" said Files-off-Parade.
"They're wonderin' how they stood for it," the movie usher said.
"They hoped it might be funny as the advertisements say,
An' paid their coin an' fought for seats an' wouldn't go away;
If they'd gather the producers an' hang them some fine day,
There'd be laughter in the movies, 'stead o' mournin'."

$4.98 Embroidered Stylish Plaited Panama Skirt

Stunning Bargain!

Positively the greatest, most amazing value in a fine quality Embroidered Plaited Panama Skirt in America today! To prove it we gladly send it **without one penny in advance.** Order on approval—pay only on arrival. Try it on—compare it with others. Then keep it or return. **But see it first**—then decide! Just send coupon now!

Send No Money

Charming, modish model—now all the rage. Made of choice quality wool-mixed panama, with the stunning stylish narrow plaits. Richly embroidered with two tone tinsel embroidery. Cut full and nicely finished thruout. Has all around belt trimmed with two large buttons in front. You cannot appreciate the excellent quality and the wonderful value until you see it. Rush the coupon quick for one of these fine skirts at this special sale price. Pay when skirt arrives, $4.98 and postage. If after try on and examination **you are not convinced this is the greatest bargain you ever received, we will send your money back.** Navy Blue Color Only. Sizes 23 to 35 waist measure. Length 34 to 40 inches. **State your size.**

$8 Value

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Send Embroidered Stylish Plaited Panama Skirt at once. I will pay $4.98 and postage when skirt arrives. You agree to refund my money if I am not completely satisfied.

Length.....in. Waist.....in.

Name.....

Address.....

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One hundred handsome post-card pictures of both old and new favorites, consisting of popular stars, such as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Wally Reid, J. W. Kerrigan, W. S. Hart, Wm. Farnum, Wm. Duncan, Earle Williams, Pearl White, Jack Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan, and a brand new picture of Doug and Mary; sent to you nicely packed, post paid, on receipt of **One Dollar.** Act at once.

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No Agents Wanted. No Catalogs Sent.

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this season is light, filmy fabrics. Delatone enables discriminating women to wear them with perfect freedom.

DEL-A-TONE

is a well-known scientific preparation for removing hair safely and surely from neck, face or under-arms.

Prepared scientifically, it leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth. Easy to apply.

Druggists sell Delatone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

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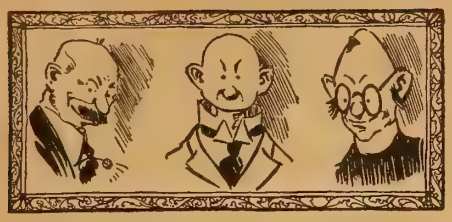

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Send me particulars of FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT offer and Free Book "How to Become an Artist."
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State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss
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Send Your Name for a Hexnite Gem

Send no money. Simply select the style ring you want by number, state the finger size and we will send you, charges prepaid, a Beautiful Hexnite Gem, mounted in solid gold and weighing almost one carat. When it arrives, merely deposit $4.50 with the postman, then wear the gem for ten days. If you or your friends can tell a Hexnite Gem from a diamond, send it back. If you decide to buy it, send only $3.00 monthly until $16.50 is paid. Write for 32-page catalog showing hundreds of wonderful bargains. *Address Dept. 607-B.*

The HEXNITE CO., 116 Nassau St., New York

How to Get Into the Pictures

Lately, with the great readjustment in the studios, the problem for movie aspirants has become one of "how to *stay* in" rather than how to *get* in.

Motion Pictures of tomorrow will be decidedly better. They will take longer to make and cost more to produce. That means good salaries and more regular employment. But only to those who qualify.

The idea of qualifying is a sensible one. It saves the producers' time and money. It saves you from gambling with your opportunities.

If, when you have a test or tryout, you go through the formalities, knowing what expression to give your work, how you should make up and the hundred other things, you will have plainly stamped yourself as one knowing the job. Directors will show you preference every time.

Send 10 cents for our booklet, "Can I Get Into the Movies?" See if *you* fit into this profession. Read about our improved home-study courses in motion picture acting. Reason it out yourself. Terms can be arranged to suit.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 10 cents in stamps for mailing.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

The Love Special

(*Continued from page 67*)

certain, that, unless he put her off the special by main force, she would go.

Jim Donahue and the girl were waiting as he clambered into the cab. "Let her go!" Glover ordered. Like a living thing, the great iron creature leaped forward. Laura clung to her seat, laughing with exultation at the wild speed, the roar of the fire, and wheels, and the rain on the iron sides of the monster that was carrying her out of everyday life into the Unknown.

Even when she had travelled in far and strange places it had always been safely. She had never been in danger until now. For this was danger, she guessed, from Glover's tense lips and grim chin. It was danger, but it was *living*, raw and real, and she was too gloriously healthy to be afraid. It seemed impossible that harm should come to her with this man near.

How near harm came to them she never knew. Afterward, Glover was to learn of the sleeping operator at Point of Rocks and the message that came almost too late to send the evening local onto a siding before the demented engine swept by. They had dodged death a dozen times before the special ground to a stop before the startled eyes of the loungers gathered at Medicine Bend about the friendly stove in the station.

Mellen Gage, wakened from peaceful dreams in the stateroom of his private car by a wet embrace from two vigorous young arms, was inclined to be profane, until Laura had sputtered out her tale of Harrison's perfidy. "By George!" he said then, holding her the length of a mauve pajamaed arm, gingerly, "Loll, I'm a proud parent and all that, but you're like a friendly spaniel that insists on wagging its tail after it's been in the ocean. Go and get into some dry things, and then I'll embrace you properly. And send Glover in——"

"I didn't bring a trunk, Dads," his daughter reminded him, "but you can lend me some pajamas and William will make up one of the berths outside. And, Dads, if Mr. Glover asks you if he can marry me, say yes, wont you dear? And if he doesn't ask *you*, you'll have to ask *him!* Tell him he *has* to—you own this road, dont you?"

"Laura!" exploded her father.

"And suppose I do mean?" demanded his daughter, "there's no use trying to stage the stern father stuff in that costume, Dads But even if you cut me off with a shilling, I'm going to marry him—if I can, that is!"

"First sensible idea you ever had in your life!" her parent declared. "Send him in!"

"Oh, I suppose he had to bed the engine down and give it some oats," Laura began flippantly, then to her own surprise, burst into tears, "as if I w-wasn't w-w-wet enough already!" she wept angrily. "Daddy! Maybe he's run away again! Oh, he'll never ask me, never, and I'll have to be an old m-maid, and if you d-dare to so much as hint what I've s-said, I'll go out West."

On the trip to Glen Cove the next morning young Glover rode conspicuously in the engine, while Laura, elaborately unconcerned, read Snappy Stories upside down all the way. The two young people said nothing to each other during the trip up the mountain trail to Zeke's cabin, and when Mr. Gage left them in search of the prospector, they were standing as far apart as possible, gazing intently at the view.

When he came back they were not standing so far apart. And all the view they seemed to see was that reflected in each other's eyes; which is, after all, the finest view in the world. Seeing which, Mr. Gage beamed, misty-eyed, and tiptoed ponderously away.

"If the first's a boy—" he planned . . .

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True-Tone Saxophone

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to greatly increase your income, opportunities, popularity and pleasure. Easiest of all wind instruments to play—you can learn to play the scale in an hour and in a few days be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free Tells you when to use Saxophone — singly, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You can order any Buescher instrument and try it six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (26)

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A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

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Yonge & Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada

The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest

of 1919	of 1920	of 1921
Anetha Getwell	Corliss Palmer	?
Blanche McGarrity	Allene Ray	
Virginia Fair	Beth Logan	
Anita Booth	Helen DeWitt	
	Mary Astor	
	Erminie Gagnon	
	Dorothy Taylor	
	Ruth Higgins	

The following conditions of the contest should be carefully observed:

No photographs will be returned.
Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
Do not send snapshots or postcards.
Letters are not desired, but if sent should accompany portraits.
Those wishing replies should enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes.
Do not send tinted portraits.
Address letters and photographs to Contest Manager.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST
MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:

.....

When born .....

Blonde or brunette.....

Weight..... Height.....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Ask Your Sweetheart!

WHEN your sweetheart wants you to go to the movies, ask him to take you to see your favorite screen star—or to a picture that combines the best entertainment with the highest artistry. *Of course,* it's

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

Pictures by independent stars and producers who have no other purpose in view than to please you

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3020 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

Increase Your Income $500 to $1000

We want special representatives to take orders for "Chicago Knit" hosiery and underwear. Direct from Mill to consumer. Work is interesting, pleasant and profitable. No previous experience is necessary. Part or whole time. Send for our beautiful catalog and sample outfit plan.

Chicago Knitting Mills, Box 149P, Chicago, Ill.

FREE for 10 Days' Wear

Send no money—just tell us which ring to send—No. 102 or 103. We will send you one of these genuine sparkling Tifnite gems mounted in solid gold—on 10 days' FREE TRIAL. Don't miss this offer. Send.

Put It Beside a Diamond When it arrives, deposit $3.50 with postmaster. Wear it 10 days. See how beautiful it is. If anyone can tell it from a diamond, send it back and we refund deposit. If you buy, pay the balance at $3.00 per month until $12.50 is paid. Price smashed—terms lowest on record—everything on pre-war basis. Write today. Send strip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint

The Tifnite Co. 5113 Plymouth Ct. Dept. 1420, Chicago

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"SUCCESS IN MUSIC AND HOW TO WIN IT"

Sousa and nine other world famous musicians tell how you can quickly learn to play saxophone, cornet, trombone, clarinet, any band or orchestra instrument and double your income and pleasure.

Free Trial Any Conn Instrument

Used by greatest bands and solo artists. Easiest of all to play. Send postcard for free book and details of free trial plan.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
525 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 95)

ROOKIES' RETURN, THE—F-8.
Douglass McLean—Famous Players.
SILVER HORDE, THE—D-7.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-11.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—Paramount.
SUDS—CD-8.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
THIEF, THE—MD-4.
Pearl White—Fox.
39 EAST—D-10.
Constance Binney—Realart.
TWIN BEDS—CD-5.
Carter de Havens—First National.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE—D-11.
Swanson-Meighan—Paramount.
WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSA—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-6.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
YELLOW TYPHOON, THE—MD-10.
Anita Stewart—First National.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 106)

you. I hear he's rather stuck on himself. Anyway, he apparently isn't on you.

JUST SPRATT.—You probably refer to Cecil B. de Mille or Thomas Ince.

ETC.—You need not be afraid to write oftener. You write one letter a month and think you are doing a whole lot. I have one correspondent who writes one letter every day and thinks nothing of it, and there are other people who think the same. Of course I like pecan fudge—who doesn't?

LOUISE M. B.—You say, vanity feels no pain. Righto! I would die if I didn't put my whiskers up in curlers every night. Viola Dana in "Home Stuff." James Kirkwood and Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master."

GWENDOLYN.—Oh, you can hardly expect to see Norma and Constance Talmadge in the same picture. The picture couldn't take in enough money to pay two big stars, as much as they could earn otherwise.

KEITH.—Go to the head of the class. Cant say where Richard Ridgely is. He left the screen some years ago. I used to know a Gunning—what's his first name? Do you refer to "Wid" Gunning? If so, that's easy. That's only around the corner from me. What's her name?

MRS. EDISON.—Your letter is really beautiful, and I am glad you are so happy with your hubby, infant and home. Write me again.

ILAM.—You think we ought to have more of Pauline Frederick. Very well. The earth ranks fifth in size to the other planets. The elephant averages the longest life. Lady Diana Manners, considered one of England's most beautiful women, is to star for J. Stuart Blackton.

HERBERT H. D.—Glad to hear from you again. I enjoyed every bit of your lengthy letter. You seem to think that some day Margaret Loomis will be a great star. Also you liked Mary Hay in "Westward Ho," with William Russell. And you think Panthea was Norma Talmadge's best picture. Thanks for the trouble you went to. Come again.

J. M. R.—Gaumont is producing "In the Clutches of the Hindoos." Well one never invents anything, one only repeats; but one may marvelously improve. Yes, dangerous affinities, flu and pheu. A dangerous pair.

LUCKY JOE.—Now, how can I tell

National Bob

Gives Youth and Fashion

With the new bobbed headdress you can have all the charm and youth of a real Bob without sacrificing your hair. Just slip the combs into place and attach the ends with invisible hair-pins. On or off in a jiffy.

Order your National Bob today. Just send a strand of your hair with a money-order for $10 and the National Bob will be sent to you postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. O 368 Sixth Avenue, New York

ANNOUNCEMENT

IT has been found necessary to change our plans regarding the picture play, "Love's Redemption." This play was originally intended to carry the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, but it is now quite clear that justice cannot possibly be done to both in the same picture, for reasons that will be quite obvious to those who see either picture. We are, therefore, compelled to release "Love's Redemption" as a straight five-reel photodrama with the original cast, including Blanche McGarity and Anita Getwell, winners of the 1919 contest and many of the 1920 Honor Roll as announced. The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be released in a Two-Reel Picture to be called

"FROM FARM TO FAME"

in which **Corliss Palmer** will be featured and in which several hundred other contestants will be shown, including all of the Final Honor Roll, Gold Medalists and Honorable Mentions.

Ask your Theater to be sure and book "FROM FARM TO FAME"

FREE BOOK

LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write **today** for free book.

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BY TEACHING
DANCING
THIS COLLEGE STUDENT EARNED $15,000 A YEAR IN SPARE TIME.

Good dancers interested in becoming successful dancing teachers are invited to write for details of membership in the National Institute of Social Dancing. Dept. 85, Dunn Bldg., N.Y.

If you simply want to learn dancing, send 25c. for sample lesson.

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LOOK! Movie Stars Photos of the Better Kind

Here is a chance to secure genuine, real photos of your movie favorites. All original poses by the Stars. Beautiful and Artistic and they are sure to please you. If not, we refund your money. **Size 8x10.**

Exceptional value. 50c ea., 12 for $5.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THIS LIST

Theda Bara	Clara K. Young
Alice Joyce	Frank Mayo
Mary Miles Minter	Katherine McDonald
Mabel Normand	Mae Murray
Olga Petrova	Charles Ray
Mary Pickford	Nazimova
Blanche Sweet	Charles Chaplin
Anita Stewart	Mildred Harris
Pearl White	Richard Barthelmess
Earle Williams	

Norma Talmadge

or any of the other popular stars.

50 Cents Each—12 for $5.00.

Check those you want and enclose money covering your purchase together with this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly thereon and mail TODAY to

Department 107
S. BRAM 209 W. 48th St., N. Y. Agents Wanted

whether Constance Binney has a permanent wave or not? I have seen her wave her hand, but I have never seen her wave her hair. Rubye de Remer is making two special pictures for Arrow. She's a mighty pretty girl. Bessie Barriscale in "The Broken Gate."

BOBBIE.—It was Haydon in his famous Lectures who said: "It will never do." How I hate that expression! When Wellington said he would break the charm of Napoleon's invincibility, what was the reply? "It will never do!" When Columbus asserted there was another hemisphere what was the reply? "It will never do." And when Galileo offered to prove the earth went round the sun—the Holy Inquisition said, "It will never do." It has been always the favorite watch cry of those in all ages and countries, who ever look on all schemes for the advancement of mankind as indirect reflections on the narrowness of their own petty comprehensions. So you see—dont say "It will never do." Conrad Nagel is 24 years old.

FAY G. S.—Oh yes, I do like fudge. Frank Mayo is playing in "Davy Crockett," the play made famous by his grandfather.

BEATRICE P. J.—But it takes a man with a cheek of brass to boast of his heart of gold. Hobart Bosworth and Grace Darmond in "Below the Surface."

HALFURT.—You've got the right idea.

MAVIS.—Ephemera are insects living only a day, such as May flies; the word also describes short-lived things in general. William S. Hart in "Square Kelly." Wallace Reid in "The Daughter of a Magnate." Herbert Rawlinson in "The Sea Wolf."

TALMADGE ADMIRER.—I enjoyed your letter immensely.

MISCHIEF.—Of course, we want to give you what you want. Just write in and say what you like and what you dont like. That's what we are here for. You think Belle Bennett ought to have more said about her. Well—I dont know Belle, but—maybe she's satisfied.

NILE.—Aha, we have reached Egypt. The land of the sphinx, and the pyramids, also much sand. William Scott in "The Mother of His Children." Yes, Eva Novak in "Desert Love." You must write to me again. I insist on it.

VIOLA DANA ADMIRER.—And you—from Calcutta. Haven't many readers from India. Well, I really cant tell you the names of the players who are near-sighted. You mean Jewel Carmen. Emily Wehlen was educated in Vienna and London.

W. G. B.—Thanks, that's a good bit of philosophy. You say a man need not care for more knowledge than to know himself; he needs no more pleasure than to content himself; no more victory than to overcome himself; no more riches than to enjoy himself. Marion Davies is playing in "The Daughter of Mother McGinn."

REDHEAD.—The time is coming fast when the starring system will be done away with entirely. Famous Players have already started. Yes, Mildred Harris has obtained her divorce from Charles Chaplin, and she is appearing in "Habit." Now, that they are separated, I hope they are both happy.

PLUM GRANNY.—I am always glad to hear from the grandmothers. Makes me feel like a child again. "Just Me" is published by Doran, New York City. I fear Alice Brady's starring days in pictures are over, judging from the last one I saw.

PAL.—Out of ten million people, why pick on me? Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado in 1884. He has brown hair, blue eyes, swims, rides, drives a car, and is very much in love with—himself. Irving Cummings opposite Carmel Myers. Kindly close the door behind you.

H. C.—Yes, as a matter of fact, I do

Send for the Beautiful Pearl Booklet

INDIAN rajahs and princesses of royal blood, court intrigues, boudoir intimacies—these and a hundred other fascinating tales are also bits of the story of *pearls.*

The favored gem of famous beauties, from Cleopatra to our own time, is now within your reach—to "set off" your favorite frock—to help you appear at your very best.

And all this is so wonderfully told in the booklet, "The Charm of the Pearl," that you *must* ask for a copy today. It's free. Just write "Send Booklet" on a card and address: 25A Snow Street, Providence, R. I.

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Pearl La Sage Cold Cream

The highest grade cold cream made is Pearl La Sage. You note the difference immediately.

The bland, soothing ingredients used, not only cleanse, but *nourish* the skin. The beneficial effects of a face bath each night with Pearl LaSage cream are remarkable and *definite.* You are not left in doubt, because your skin tells the story—of new and surprisingly exquisite texture and softness. 50c or 75c, of your dealer or by mail.

A Sample for a Name!

Just write us the name of your favorite dealer and we will send you, *free,* a generous sample of this wonderful cold cream. Write today.

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Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, and for the benefit of their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy the magazines by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

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Date.....

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Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

shake hands upon being introduced to a person. Shaking hands makes a much better impression, but I dont care for a weak handshake. Constance Talmadge finished "Mama's Affair," and is playing in "The Man from Toronto." In most cases, if we resist our passions it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

G. SWANSON FAN.—No, I dont believe in gambling, for you just take that dollar from your brother, giving nothing in return except envy and ill feeling. Bryant Washburn is 31 years old. Yes, we always take less pains to be happy than to appear so.

AMBITIOUS BLUEBIRD.—Yes, I know just how you feel. Physicians, like ale, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread, when they are young and new. Well, the greatest depth at which useful work has been performed by a diver is 182 feet. From this depth a Spanish diver recovered $45,000 in silver bars from the wreck of the Steamer Skyro, sunk off Cape Finisterre.

GOOSY GANDER.—Well, indeed, you want the truth, and nothing but the truth, about my age. When you read this, I will have passed the eightieth milestone with about thirty more to go. What is it that never asks questions, but requires frequent answers? A door-bell. Ask me some more.

LIZZIE.—Why dont you sign yourself Bess? Otherwise you might be taken for a flivver. The "Clodhopper" was released in July, 1919. Yes, many persons have gained a reputation for wisdom by imitating the owl. Hope Hampton in "The Bait." Write and tell me what you think of her.

MARION G. LAKEWOOD.—You ask if it is proper for a young man to take a lady's arm when walking on the street or should she take his. Both procedures are correct, I believe, but the more formal and genteel is for the lady to take the arm of a gentleman. Mary Pickford has been in pictures about twelve years. Lila Lee is eighteen years old.

DEAR HEART.—That's a beautiful song. Try Los Angeles, Cal., for the people you mention. Yes, I rather liked "Kismet," but I much prefer to hear Otis Skinner's wonderful voice. He has perfect diction, and, as you will see, most gracious manners. He has long been one of my favorites on the stage.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—Dont know how I can help you. The impression produced on man by a beautiful work is made of surprise, admiration, sympathy, love, desire, and generally, joy. Allene Ray, one of the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest is playing in "Crossed Trails." Frank Mayo in "Honor Bound."

TULIP TOWN.—Yes, there is another Fame and Fortune contest now running. See announcement. Write me again. You will see Corliss Palmer in "Ramon the Sailmaker."

ELSIE S.—Stop teasing your old Answer Man. You say I ought to get someone who pushes a wicked brush to paint a rabbit on my bald head and then I would have hare. Bunny, bunny, but hardly funny. No, I am not Walter Mair. He's much younger than I am. Do write me again Elsie. You're a nice girl, and I like you.

KITTIE.—You say I am not a dead secret. I hope not, but I'm a pretty much alive one. No, I have never read "Great Heart." Yes, I thoroly approve of H. G. Wells. I think you will enjoy "Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis. Send stamped addressed envelope.

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—We had a very good interview with George Walsh in last month's magazine. Raoul is his brother. You want a lock of my beard. Cant be did. Every hair is needed. Write me again for something else.

Everybody will wear them

You will look good—

in a Priscilla Dean Tam. Oh—because it's attractive—*chic*, because it has a charm that's distinctive.

For sport wear it's just the thing, and for school wear, or street wear generally.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of "Suede-Like," that wonderful fabric so closely resembling suede leather. Picture your tam in your favorite color, trimmed with band and bow of grosgrain ribbon. It drapes gracefully—looks good from every angle.

Miss Dean designed it. Looks good on her, doesn't it?

It will look just as good on you. And the price is only $2.50.* You can get it in the color you prefer at your dealer's.

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Have you a complexion that compels attention—admiration?

You ***can*** *have, if you follow this simple way of caring for it*

AT the dance, at the dinner, at the theater party—what woman is the favorite?

Not particularly the ravishing beauty, not the one with the smartest gown. But isn't it *always* a girl with a clear, fresh, radiant complexion—a girl in whose face one sees the alluring charm of wholesomeness?

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream does *more* than cleanse and soften the skin. It has an exclusive, therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—*revitalizes*—the sluggish tissues. Applied regularly, night and morning—it cleanses, heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, conscientiously, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will help you achieve and retain the healthy, attractive complexion that should at all times be yours.

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Go to your druggist today. Purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the fifty-cent or the dollar size. Don't put it off—begin at once to attain the satisfaction of a clear, radiant skin—a perfect complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark —50c.

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It is a well-known fact that, home for home, the American household has more comforts and conveniences than that of any other nation.

In foreign lands the modernized dwelling is found only in the better sections of the larger cities. Everywhere in America you find the piano, the vacuum cleaner, washing machines, up-to-date heating systems, telephones and numberless electrical appliances.

There is a well-kept look about residence, store or out-buildings, with an atmosphere of prosperity and content. Did you ever stop to realize why this is so; how this condition was brought about? It is largely due to advertising.

Stop and think how many of the foods you eat, the things you wear and other articles entering into your everyday life, you first heard of through advertisements. You will then realize what a part they do play, or should play, in your daily life.

Read the advertisements regularly and thoroughly, if you are not already doing so. They mean more to you than you can tell.

The girl you stop to look at

SHE may be dark or fair (a tall girl, or short), but she has the fresh and faultless skin which ever has been the foundation of all charm—3,000 years ago and today.

Wash your face daily

If you tell your doctor that you fear to wash your face with soap and water, that you depend on cold cream alone for cleaning, he will reply that you are taking a great risk.

He will explain that most skin troubles result from dust infections. That blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt, that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection and inflammation.

If you wash your face every day with a mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, you help protect yourself against skin troubles. You keep the pores clean and active. This aids clearness and fine texture.

Gentle cleansing

Use a little cold cream to remove rouge and powder, wiping it off with a soft cloth. This is also beneficial if your skin is very dry. Then gently bathe your face with Palmolive, massaging the mild, creamy lather well into your skin. Don't be afraid to be thorough, it is too mild to irritate.

Then after rinsing and drying, apply more cold cream. Your complexion will delight you with its soft smoothness and becoming glow.

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The ingredients of Palmolive are those historic oils discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt. Oil of Palm and oil of Olive figure in ancient hieroglyphics. They were the cosmetics of royalty, used by Cleopatra.

If science could discover milder, more beautifying ingredients, we would use them in Palmolive. But Nature produces nothing finer. Palm and Olive oils, after 3,000 years, still hold their place as the most perfect of all natural cleansers.

How we can afford to make it for 10 cents a cake

By reason of gigantic volume and modern manufacturing efficiency. The millions who use Palmolive keep the factories working day and night. This requires the purchase of ingredients in vast volume, which reduces cost.

So while if we made Palmolive in small quantities it would cost at least 25 cents a cake, we have been able, except in war times, to maintain the price at 10 cents.

Money can't buy better soap, as every user knows. Palmolive is the greatest luxury as well as an economy.

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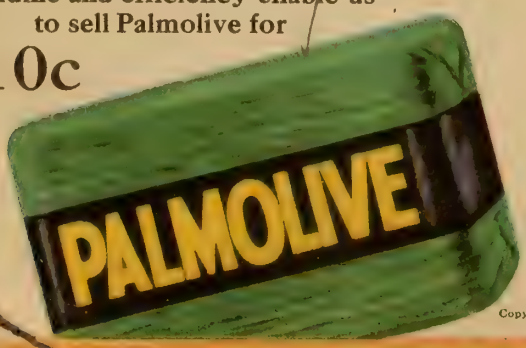

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." Another musical entertainment. Charles Purcell is featured. Rose Rolande stands out of the dancing, altho Lydia Lopokova is headlined.

Astor.—"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco.—"Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomime of the thirties. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplesis, the "Lady of the Camelias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old, uncanny stagecraft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Mackay, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing, dramatically speaking, in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's.—"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree," with Nora Bayes. Brisk and tuneful musical show, with the very forceful Nora. Attractive cast, chorus and costuming.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments, unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Delightful comedy of three soldiers reported killed in Flanders who return home and find surprising problems awaiting them. Adapted by Frederick S. Isham from his own novel. Splendidly played by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Stewart Wilson, Cyril Chadwick and Charles Dalton.

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Playhouse.—"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

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(*Continued on page* 8)

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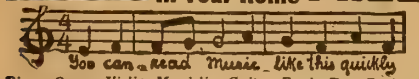

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402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young. Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

Ritz.—"Mary Stuart,'" by John Drinkwater. An interesting and colorful drama, dealing with the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, by the able author of "Abraham Lincoln." Has literary as well as dramatic value. Preceded by an admirable curtain-raiser in pantomime.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Typical Winter Garden entertainment.

ON TOUR

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show, with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise, gorgeous costuming.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

"Billy" Hamilton—Santa Cruz, Cal.

Margarette Higgins—Petersburg, Va.

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Mellin's Food, properly prepared, furnishes every element a baby needs to grow and develop as Nature intends. That is why Mellin's Food babies grow strong, robust and vigorous.

Send today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and start your baby right.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

That first instinctive summing-up of her personality—her daintiness and breeding . . .

A man's first impression of a woman

THAT first instinctive summing-up of a woman's personality—her charm, daintiness, breeding—no later, more critical judgment ever takes its place.

Don't let some defect you can easily overcome awaken prejudice in the people you meet. If your complexion is spoiled by blemishes or blackheads, or looks sallow and lifeless beside that of other girls—begin, now, to overcome this condition.

Remember—your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. And by the right treatment you can make this *new skin* as soft, as beautifully clear and fresh as it should be.

One of the things you can change

Perhaps you long for more color—your skin is so pale, sallow, lifeless. By stimulating the inactive pores and blood vessels you can give the *new skin which is constantly forming*, color and life.

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week, cleanse your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with cold.

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Photograph by Rice

ALLA NAZIMOVA

Alla Nazimova came to the screen as a vivid revelation. Then her art slumbered. We voice the hope that "Camille" on which she is now working will give it new birth

Motion Picture Magazine

MARJORIE DAW

Love—that love which comes in the April days of life—Marjorie Daw is redolent of this. And in the new George Fitzmaurice production, "Experience," we find her personifying this rôle

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

LEONORA OTTINGER

Perhaps no one has played more grande dame rôles for the cinema than Leonora Ottinger. She has never been starred, but she has played with stars without number and offered some splendid characterizations. Her next appearance is in the Corliss Palmer production, "In the Blood"

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe, L. A.

ANTONIO MORENO

Vitagraph has long been the home of colorful Tony. And they vaguely promise that he will do a picture in his romantic Spain—Señor Antonio

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

THOMÁS MEIGHAN

Thomas Meighan has been very successful in characterizing butlers for the silversheet. Never before were butlers so popular with the fair sex. And in his new picture, "The City of Silent Men," he plays a convict. We venture a guess that convicts, too, are about to become favorites

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

CARMEL MYERS

Meet Mrs. I. B. Kornblum—Carmel Myers Kornblum, to be exact. And while Carmel delights her audiences in Universal productions, her husband writes catchy songs for musical comedies.

NITA NALDI

Nita is shadowed on the silversheet with a personality as exotic as her name. Soon the mystery of her raven black hair and eyes will depict the rôle of "Passion" in "Experience"

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

VIRGINIA FAIRE

Virginia has traveled far since winning the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. And now she is to play the feminine lead of the girl of the desert in the Rudyard Kipling story, "Without Benefit of Clergy"

Photograph by E. B. Hesser

MAY ALLISON

May, from sunny Georgia, has been dated by Metro consistently now for some years. Perhaps that's why "Dated" has been chosen for her next story

Life's Springtime

Posed by Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw
in "Experience"

Sex and the Photoplay

By

Elinor Glyn

THERE will always be those who, like Don Quixote, fight windmills, and must attack some fancied giant which is no more full of intrinsic wickedness than is that useful grinder of corn!

You might just as sensibly attack the practice of eating bread, as to attack every subject which has to do with Sex. It is the abuse of a thing, not the thing itself, which is generally in fault.

And after all, what is this Sex Bogy? Analyzed down to its essence, it is the life of the world—the eternal fire which keeps the human race still inhabiting the earth. It was created by God, who presumably knew His business when He evolved the scheme of things. Among animals it is the strongest force working in them—stronger than desire for food, or safety, or sleep. In human beings, while they are of an age for the Creator's scheme for the population of the world still to operate thru them, it is the mainspring of all action, all desire.

And yet millions of people have the temerity to criticize God's arrangements and endeavor to suppress and eliminate what He thought fit to bring into the world.

That Sex should be the central theme of all stories is, of course, ridiculous. But if the stories are about adult human beings, something of sex must enter into them, or they would be of no interest at all. Only as the subject is capable of being more vulgarized than any other, the greatest care should be taken pictorially to present it with delicacy and restraint, and to elevate it into *an ideal* instead of using it to degrade.

If stories were to contain no sex interest, they would have to be exclusively about sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons—no married people could be admitted, and no romantic love!

The aim of writers should be to elevate the public taste by giving them pictures of real life, which show that it is *strength of character* and fine achievement, in any walk of life, which attains—and that want of discipline and self-indulgence and weakness, bring their corresponding disagreeables, whether on matters of sex, or matters of mind. And when the pictures are presented truly, without undue appeal to the senses, that they happen to contain some situations which deal directly, or indirectly, with some emotion of sex, cannot hurt any one. Prurient minds find evil in the most innocent things. But "the public," in the main, is a "Good Fellow," a self-respecting citizen with a decent point of view, and can well be trusted not to tolerate anything licentious, for the sake of his children. So I should think this matter could with impunity be left in the hands of Public Opinion, and not be interfered with by individuals.

Neé Jean Paige

"I dont believe in star pictures," said Jean Paige. "Life isn't like that. We'll find that everybody plays a part in the drama of every day—some more importantly than others, it is true, but it is very seldom that one person has the center of the stage indefinitely."

Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

CAREERS for married women!

This is the cry of our age. But observation shows us that the very people for whom it would seem to have been started are the ones whom it affects least.

Little Jean Paige had been Mrs. Albert E. Smith just a month or two when I talked with her while she packed for their trip to California. They were leaving the next day, but she offered to talk while she packed, and I had eagerly accepted her offer.

Standing in the center of the room, surrounded by trunks and myriads of modiste's boxes, a tiny figure—she was the same girl I had talked with just a year ago, as she was starting for the Coast and her first serial work. The year in its passing had changed her life. In the first place she has scored a success in "Black Beauty," and then shortly after her completion of this picture, she had found love, and unhesitatingly answered its call. While I thought of all this, I asked her if she was going to keep on with her work. I could imagine that she would wish to do so, for her success in "Black Beauty" seemed an indication that she would go on to great things. Had she already achieved these things it would have been different. She would have known then that nothing could be more worth while than the simple things—the things of every day. But as it was, you would have expected her to feel differently.

She smiled as she answered me.

"I have been thinking it over," she said slowly, "and I think I will play in a picture, now and then, when one comes along which has in it a rôle to my liking. Always I have wanted to play in good pictures even if my own characterization wasn't the pivot about which the action revolved. But really I do not feel that I want to be busy at the studios every day, as I would be if I kept on in a consistent way. In the first place it would be unfair to Mr. Smith and the organization of the home. And too, this sort of thing means more to me," she concluded, as she checked a laundry list carefully and laid the linen in one of the trunks.

"Then you dont believe in stars?" I asked. It would be very interesting, I thought, to hear the wife of a film magnate express herself on this subject.

"One minute," she pleaded, in her utter feminity, "until I fasten my hair with a few more pins. I just had a water wave and hurried right back before it was dry, because I knew you'd be waiting, and if I dont fix it soon, it will be down my back, wave and all. "I know," she said, "I shouldn't permit myself to be interviewed in this state. Really I should have worn my prettiest dress and had the baggage out of the way before you came, but you see how it is——"

I thanked a beneficient Providence it was as it was, and listened to her say:

"Now about stars. I love the way we dispose of topics, dont you? I believe in stars of course. But I dont believe in star pictures. Life isn't like that. We'll find that everybody plays a part in the drama of everyday, some more importantly than others, it is true, but it is very seldom that any one person has the center of the stage indefinitely. And I think that's why we find good stories—stories which are true to life and not distorted—like the O. Henry's—give everyone a chance, an opportunity to do his bit.

"But that doesn't mean that there will be no stars. Always we'll find that someone will stand forth because of his personality, just as some do in our own life."

She went on to say that she liked her rôle in "Black Beauty" very much—that she had liked the O. Henry stories, too. As to the serials—they had been lots of fun while she was doing them, but she didn't care to do serial work any more. It entailed a risk of life and limb, and she declared earnestly that life was too sweet.

"Oh," she exclaimed, jamming down a lid in her enthusiasm, "I am happy."

By
ADELE

WHITELY
FLETCHER

Photograph by
C. Heighton Monroe, L. A.

Before I left she showed me the little white wedding-dress and her veil caught with orange blossoms, while she told me all about the ceremony in the living-room of the old home in Illinois

And she looked as tho she might be telling the truth. There was a joy of living in her movements, a spontaneous interest in her voice and a sparkle in her soft eyes. She was essentially the girl who has tasted of life's draught to find it sweet, and in her happiness she found no fear for the future.

"You're not fearful that all this wont last—this happiness?" I asked her.

"No," she made reply. Why, I think happiness is the heritage of you—and of me. That is, happiness which is founded on the right sort of things.

"I am a Scientist," she explained further. "I wasn't brought up in that belief, but I naturally found that I belonged there. It came about when I was frightfully worried and upset about my work and about myself. It is the religion of love," she said softly, the shadow of a smile touching the corner of her mouth, "and everyone believes in love."

Before I left she showed me the little white wedding-dress and her veil caught with orange blossoms, while she told me all about the ceremony in the living-room of the old home in Illinois. Her father gave her away, and all those she loved were there. It was just as she had dreamed it would be, as a school-girl, only then she probably pictured the groom as the youth across the way rather than the president of the Vitagraph Company.

And as she tenderly laid her finery away again—to dream over in the new life to come, I left her.

And I thought how the woman was a fulfilment of the girl.

Of High Romance

"If I am fortunate enough to have charming women around me," mused Lew Cody, "I do not fret over particularities." Left, a camera study of Mr. Cody; and below, his cottage in the California mountains

SINCE our nativity, our time has been disposed of in this wise: three-fourths of each separate twenty-four hours in interviewing, and the remaining one-fourth in eating. Hence we have come, with the passing of time, to that state of grace wherein we need truffles, uprooted from Arcadian soils, to pique us alimentarily, and when we interview we need——

Well, we did have something of a thrill the other day, when we read in the stars that we were to interview Lew Cody.

We seldom resort, by the by, to the conventionalized editorial "we." Many of our esteemed confrères use the plural pronoun, and we fear to convey a sense of alarming numbers, who are but few. But being timid and unadventurous we may be pardoned the plurality under the codian circumstances. We felt that he might have need of us!

Because we had heard him called "The Male Vampire"—oh, and other things——

We may be old, sedate and wearily skeptical, but not *so* old! Not so old that we go, unthrilled, to tea with a "male vampire."

Immediately, upon sight, in the Biltmore corridor, we knew him to be too healthy to be a vampire. The title struck us as absurd, even unfair. Vampires, pathalogically, should *not* be healthy. 'Taint right. They should be haggard, and suggest Poe's poetry at its most miasmic. Or Baudelaire's, perhaps.

Lew Cody looked healthy and buoyant and fit.

He ordered tea and marmalade and toast and chicken sandwiches, and observed that the Biltmore tea-room reminded him of the Zoo; that he was as nervous as a cat in New York, and then he plunged headlong into a plea that we come forth in this, our article, with the announcement that he despised the term "male vampire"; that it was a sort of a word-to-mouth cogno-

By
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Mr. Cody says, "The public does not want truth. They want fiction, idealization. They want the dream rather than the actuality. They want to see life made into a fairy story. Enchantment rather than fact

men which amounted to persecution, so acute was his dislike of it.

We reminded him of the fact that it was a title to make any girl leave home.

He said that might be true, but not true enough; that it made him exceedingly embarrassed and unhappy; and that what in the world would *men* think of a man who was called a "male vampire"? He went on to say that there *were* men among the fans and that he wanted to appeal to them just as much as he did to the feminine quota—or *almost* as much, anyway!

Then we got into serious matters.

Mr. Cody is here for the purpose of playing opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Sign on the Door." Charles Richmond is also in the cast. Mr. Cody felt pleased, he said, to know that Mr. Schenck had chosen him from the many, for the part. He felt it to be a big thing. Moreover, it was a relief from doing his own writing, titling, producing, casting and acting, from which he had come. "The carpenters were constantly informing me they needed more nails, when I was in the midst of a big emotional love scene," he said, "or I frequently was called upon to sign the pay roll with my arms about my leading lady's waist."

"Have you," we mused aloud, "any particular taste in leading ladies?"

"If I am fortunate enough to have charming women around me," was the reply, "I do not fret over particularities."

"It must be sort of a strain for you," we said, "to live up to your reputation of—well, your great loverish reputation, so to speak."

"It is, in a way," admitted Mr. Cody, "especially as I am one of the most bashful men in the world, with no one to believe that. I have had, *do* have, of course, all sorts of funny experiences. Once a friend of mine, his wife and I were caught in a bad rainstorm. I offered to go in search of an umbrella. We were in his car and he wouldn't hear of it. I then offered to stay with his wife while *he* went. 'I wouldn't trust you with my umbrella,' he said, 'much less *my wife!*'

On another occasion I was invited to dine with a married couple, both very dear friends of mine. The chap's mother, he told me amusedly, disapproved of me vigorously. She thought me bad company for her son and his wife. I suggested that we had, perhaps, better dine at the club in view of the circumstances, but he insisted that I grace the occasion. Naturally, I was a bit at a loss when we came to the dinner-table and I found the old lady—bless her, which includes all old ladies—sitting grimly and unresponsively opposite me. I did everything in my power to overcome her aversion, dwelling on the fact that our cinema selves are not of necessity our true selves; that what we do in pictures we would not, frequently, do in life. She seemed to be yielding, even so far forgetting herself as to smile. When I had finished, however, rather confident of conquest, she leaned over and said, 'All you say may be very true, Mr. Cody, but *oh my, what you have done to the Ten Commandments!*'"

We laughed. We have imagination.

Mr. Cody was saying: "A little while ago these squibs hurt me, really did. I took them seriously and to heart. Now I have developed my sense of humor and I take things as they come, for what they, or are not, worth."

Mr. Cody is particularly fond of doing satire on the screen. Which is something in the nature of a drawback, since the fan public wants him, almost insists upon his being the 'ero, and winning thru to the Right Girl and the Happy

(*Continued on page* 87)

Her Forest of Arden

Corinne Griffith in the Vitagraph production, "What's Your Reputation Worth?" portrays the disillusioned girl who seeks solace in the white clad wood, where, as in the Forest of Arden, one learns that there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything"

Constance Talmadge

Sketched by

CERLINE BOLL

Kisses

According to Cecil B. de Mille

"The most enchanting kiss is with the eyes open — eyes in whose depths the man imagines he sees all sorts of mystery," says Cecil B. de Mille. Above, Wallace Reid as Anatol in "The Affairs of Anatol," and below, with Gloria Swanson in the same production

"IT takes Five Kisses to make a man," said Cecil B. de Mille.

The sophisticated reader will say: "*Men* take many more than five kisses before reaching manhood."

The ingénuous reader: "I dont believe it."

Kissing is a subject which can arouse more diversified discussion among philosophers than the dogmas of Nietzsche. The nice girl knows that she must never allow a man to kiss her —or she will lose not only his respect, but her own as well. The "vampire" considers kissing merely as a necessary sufferance in the conquest of masculine hearts. Men look upon kissing as either a pastime or a sacrament. It depends on the girl they are kissing.

There are parental kisses, kisses of affection, of passion, of devotion, kisses of greeting and parting, kisses of admiration, kisses of fire and kisses of frost, kisses of respect and *kisses of love*.

"The *Five* Kisses"—thus Cecil de Mille wanted to title his cinemazation of "The Affairs of Anatol."

"If I had," he told me, "people would have written me expostulating upon my nerve in so changing Snitzler's title. I should have been called all sorts of things, the public would have reviled me orally—*but* they would have flocked to see my "Five Kisses." And, after all, that's what I'm here for."

He gesticulated to the colorful set of a luxurious living-room where Wallace Reid in all the glory of an immaculate make-up, a cutaway coat, shiny patent-leather pumps and devilishly handsome profile, was brandishing a genuine fifty thousand dollar diamond necklace in Wanda Hawley's extremely blonde and deliciously kissable countenance.

"Diamonds," said Mr. de Mille, "genuine diamonds—most women will give their kisses for little shimmery things like those."

"Who gets the *last* kiss?" I demanded, from a truly feminine viewpoint.

"Gloria Swanson," said Cecil de Mille, "his wife."

"Ah," said I, "so they always go back to their wives!"

"Depends entirely upon the wife," succintly responded Mr. de Mille. "Some wives never do learn how to kiss artistically. For instance, many close their eyes and permit their husbands to kiss them. The greatest allure in the world is what a man imagines

By
HAZEL SIMPSON
NAYLOR

he sees in a woman's eyes. The most enchanting kiss is with the eyes open—eyes in whose depths the man imagines he sees all sorts of mystery."

Wally Reid and other men are ready to enter the discussion, ranging themselves on the other side of the argument. They consider that only a cold-blooded woman kisses with her eyes open, and that a woman who feels genuine emotion closes her eyes when she kisses.

Strangely enough in this superfeature of Mr. de Mille's, "The Affairs of Anatol," the husband, portrayed by Wallace Reid, becomes tired of his wife because she kisses him too much.

The moral of "The Affairs of Anatol" is "Be careful whom you kiss, for the disillusionment that follows is as bitter as aloes." Above, Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels; and below, with Wanda Hawley

"Nothing is so deadly to a husband as a surfeit of sentiment," said de Mille. "Sooner or later, in every man's life there comes an ending to the honeymoon. Not that he loves his wife less, but he has passed the springtime of his love and he is anxious to be accomplishing things—he wants to progress for his wife's sake as well as his own, and kisses at breakfast, luncheon and dinner begin to thoroly sicken him—just as too much candy is apt to do.

"The wise wife promptly becomes a good comrade, interested in her husband's business, in his sports and his athletics. She knows that springtime returns each year and is doubly precious because of the intervening months of summer, autumn and winter. Likewise is the renewal of the kissing season doubly precious."

In "The Affairs of Anatol," Gloria Swanson, as the wife, fails to realize this until her husband, quite by accident, is thrust into close association with an athletic girl. Invigorating hikes, fishing and swimming with her as his companion seem as refreshing to Anatol as a drink of cool water after a box of sweetmeats. Then what happens? The out-of-doors girl, played by Dorothy Cummings, becomes obsessed with the womanly curse of sentimentality and they kiss.

Whereupon our hero wakes up from Affair No. 1, for if he is to be kissed at all, he much prefers the caresses of his own beautifully-gowned little wife.

Affair No. 2 is with Wanda Hawley, who takes the part of a girl of the cabarets. He rescues her only to find she cannot be true to him.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Daddy o' June

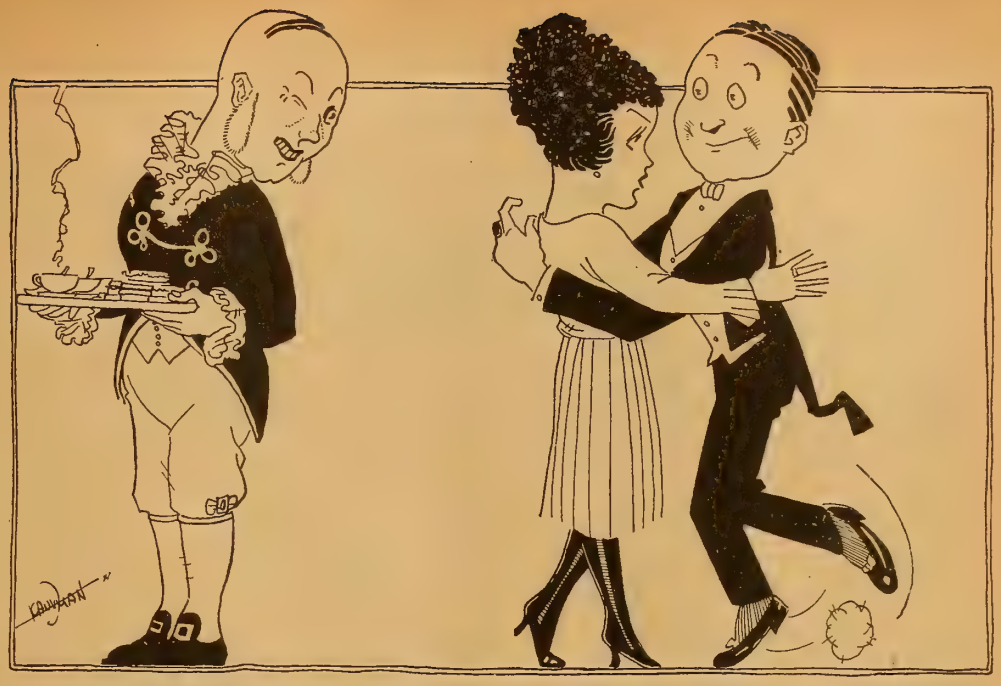
In his own life, Cullen Landis has steered his course beyond the fade-out. And the two charming ladies pictured below are those about whom his life centers. At the left is Mistress June, and Mrs. Cullen Landis herself is shown at the right

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

The Extra Girl

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by
G. Francis Kauffman



My face has flashed
across
A thousand screens
And yet . . . . . .
You do not know me

I am The Extra
Girl . . . . . .

Sometimes you see me
As a Schoolgirl-with-an-
Innocent-expression-and-my-
Hair-in-curls
I rush up to the star
(With twenty others) and we all
Say . . . . . "Welcome back
To school again . . . . . "
Or words to that effect . . . . . .

Then sometimes
I am a Debutante-at-the-
Star's Party . . . . . all
I have to do
Is dance . . . . . for
Ten or Fifteen Hours
With some weary
Extra Man . . . . . who
Never shows a Sign of Life
Except when food arrives . . . . . .

Perhaps the next time . . . . . .
You will see me as a
Sad-drab-Orphan
Who's-been-Treated-
Rough . . . . . .
I wear a gingham apron
And a Frightened Look
And I gaze wistfully
At the Rich Lady . . . . .
Who has come to take the star away
To her New Home . . . . . .

. . . All
I have to do
Is dance
With some weary
Extra Man . . . who
Never shows a Sign of Life
Except when food arrives

Never
Am I alone . . . . . .
With Fifty or Five Hundred
Others . . . . . I but form
The atmosphere
For stellar constellations . . . . . .
You, star-gazing, never see
The . . . . . satellites . . . . . .

My face has flashed across
A thousand screens
And yet . . . . . .
You do not know me

I am The Extra Girl . . . . . .

Perhaps the next
time . . .
You will see me
as a
Sad-drab-Orphan
Who's-been-
Treated-Rough

The Poetry of Everyday

Women who have won the praise of the multitude thru their work are apt to be selfish and demanding, rather than interested in another. In theory this is all very well, but it is often disproved in fact. Mabel Ballin, for one, disproves this

THERE is, of course, the poetry of everyday—a bowl of bright flowers, a new book—sunrise, sunset and twilight—a favorable light sifting thru the curtains until it falls on a cherished painting—these things and others make the poetry of everyday—and it is as an exponent of this poetry that we shall always think of Mabel Ballin.

We saw her at her apartment one spring morning. It was to interview her that we were there, but she was far more interested in enumerating the abilities and attractions of her husband. It was Hugo this and Hugo that, until we finally despaired.

There has always been a deeply rooted theory that the women of the theatrical profession are not just the best wives in the world—that is, if a man wants sympathy and understanding, and a home wherein he may enjoy a simple life. Women who have won the praise of the multitude thru their work are apt to be selfish and demanding, rather than interested in another. In theory this is all very well, but it is often disproved in fact.

Mabel Ballin, for one, disproves this.

"No, I wont always play in Hugo's pictures," she told me, sitting before the great desk in his library, "only when there is a rôle which is suited to me. And we wont choose pictures so that I can play in them, either," she emphasized. "Above everything else in this world, I want Hugo to make good pictures—beautiful pictures. I want him to make motion pictures which will be as fine and as clearly his as those paintings which he did years ago," indicating two or three works adorning the drawing-room walls.

This would be all very well coming from a bride, but the Ballins have been married eleven years, and even before this she was on the stage and in pictures, so that she has known the sweets of personal achievement and it would be natural if she was hungry for them still.

"But if you dont play in his pictures, what then?" we asked. "Will you accept engagements from other companies——"

"I might," she said dubiously. "You cant tell just what you'll do, but there is only a slight possibility of that. Stardom means little or nothing to me, and I would have nothing else to gain. I'd rather—much rather—help Hugo with his stories, his casting. If there's going to be a good story made, I want him to make it. Before we came back from the Coast, after he left Goldwyn, I had an offer, but it would have meant separation and we wouldn't consider it for a minute. Goodness, what's the earthly sense of being married to a man if you're going to live your life on one side of the continent while he goes his way on the other side? Silly, I call it."

We asked her about their plans——

"Just now they're rather unsettled," she smiled, and when her smile flashes across the placid features of her face it might mean a thousand different things——

"We want to go to Italy, eventually—make one picture there at least. Mr. Ballin studied there as an art student, you know, and knowing the ground as he does it would seem just the place to go. Think of the atmosphere you could get. I think we'd do something very fine."

Again that which she thought best for him was essentially her desire.

He is ten years older than she, and along this line she went on to say that people had bewailed the fact, saying they would not be good companions. She laughed at the idea and declared that this had not been the case at any time she could think of.

"As a matter of fact," she told us wistfully, "respect is the very first requisite of companionship, and unless a man is considerably older than you are he is not apt to know a great deal more than you do—where then are you going to find your respect?"

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

She went on later to say that Mr. Ballin's version of "East Lynne" was laid in the present day. "The story deals with no special period of time," she said. "Naturally it has come to seem an old-fashioned story because it was written a long time ago, but it could just as well have occurred today. Hugo thought it all over and decided that if we wore the old clothes we must wear the old customs and habits as well—and these always make a production seem less real. So when you see "East Lynne" you'll find us wearing quite the latest clothes."

She is more interesting in appearance than she is beautiful—her clear skin is free from any coloring and her eyes are deep pools, rich in the mystery which has slept within woman since time immemorial. And she wears quaint frocks of a dull blue, with soft black ties—her clothes seem *of* her more than anything else.

All photographs by David Berns, N. Y.

"As a matter of fact," Mabel Ballin told us, "respect is the very first requisite of companionship, and unless a man is considerably older than you are he is not apt to know a great deal more than you do. Where, then, are you going to find your respect?"

Their home is rich in the treasures Mr. Ballin has collected on his travels—great tapestry chairs from Italy; a chest with exquisite carvings—a piece here and a piece there, Mabel Ballin flitting thru the rooms, touching them lightly as she tells their story, and undoubtedly to their owner, she the crowning treasure of them all.

As we were leaving, she interrupted herself——

"Look," she said, "at the light as it touches Hugo's painting there. My favorite, too—oh, I wish he was here to see it—" and then, "you must come when he's here. I want you to meet him."

We said that we would, and decided further that Hugo Ballin would undoubtedly be the person to see when we were going to write an interview with Mabel Ballin. If we had only known it in the first place.

Checks —and Check-Mates

There are great stories which are not salable, but there are also salable stories which are great. We hope you will write the latter. Above, John Emerson and Anita Loos watching a rehearsal of a scene for one of their stories; and below, Mr. Emerson giving one of his characters a realistic makeup

THE tragedy of this world is that art is long and pocket-books are short.

One would like to spend the golden days writing beautiful and totally unsalable stories. Unfortunately, each day, however golden, must include three square meals. There's the rub.

Writing pot boilers is a good deal like marrying for money, and is never to be advised. And yet, in marriage and authorship alike, it is well to go where money is. If this article seems—well, not so very idealistic, it is because we are trying to take you to this land of Aladdin that one reads about so much in movie articles, and so seldom finds in actuality. There are great stories which are not salable, but there are also salable stories which are great. We hope you will write the latter.

The most salable type of story today is that which is built about the emotional woman rôle. Next most salable is the satirical comedy, which ridicules a convention without burlesquing it. This is the most difficult type of story to write, and, perhaps, for this reason commands the largest returns. Light comedies, featuring either a girl or boy lead, are very much in demand, especially when built about a pretty bit of romance. There is a standard market for crook stories, provided they are original enough—which they generally are not—and Western thrillers, especially short Western, suitable for two-reel pictures.

Stories which have a strong love interest, and more particularly the rare quality of human appeal, are always wanted. "Humoresque," "Over the Hill," and many Charles Ray pictures are three widely different examples of this latter type. There is a growing demand for the small-town comedy which gives an accurate portrayal of the real drama of every-day American life, but the most popular stories are still those in which some part of the action takes place in what is commonly known as "the big city." There is some demand for spiritualistic stories, provided they are neither grim, nor sermon-like, nor ridiculously full of trick ghosts.

As a general rule there is not much demand for the following: war stories, slap-stick comedies (which are for the most part written in the studio as the picture is made), propaganda pictures which teach the evils of drink or the virtues of socialism or something of the sort, horse play melodramas, historical stories which require vast outlay

By
JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

for costumes and scenery, stories featuring the "heavy," that is, the unsympathetic part, stories which depend so entirely upon the mental reactions of the characters that they cannot be told in action, stories which depend entirely on spectacular scenes for their "punch," and grim tragedies. The day of the real tragedy is coming, and "Broken Blossoms" proved that the movies can handle this type of drama as well as any other.

To make scenario writing a profession, you must adopt a professional routine. There are certain rules to remember. They are:

1. Always submit your story in synopsis form, that is, like a short story, and not in scenario form.
2. Always typewrite manuscripts.
3. Always send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the return of your story. Never enclose a personal communication to the editor —it acts against you, in the end, if you tell him how you happened to think of the idea, and how good it is, how much you need the money, or how you are almost positive that he is honest and wont steal your story.
4. Keep your stories constantly in the mail, no matter how often they are rejected.

You can get the list of addresses of companies and individual producers from the Studio Directory, published by the Motion Picture News, No. 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, or from trade publications, such as *The Camera,* published in Hollywood, which publish reports on the scenario market. You can keep up with the demand for stories by reading the best motion picture magazines regularly.

It is worth while, if necessary, to sell your first story for a song, just to get it produced, for this will give you a tremendous advantage in selling your next story. Producers will know that your first story has been a success, and will be inclined to trust you with a second. However, reputable companies will pay you their standard rate for your first story as readily as for any other.

Original five-reel plots by unknown authors sell for from $500 to $5,000. Motion picture rights on well-known plays and novels sell all the way up to $150,000, or higher. It all depends on how good your story is, how much the company wants it, and how much it can afford to pay. The market changes every day.

Scenarios cannot be copyrighted. However, you can write them into short story form, copyright the short story, and retain the motion picture rights, which accomplishes the same end. There was a day when a few companies gave the whole industry a bad name by sharp dealings with authors. Today, however, when every company is competing to get the best plot material, there is no risk involved in sending stories to reputable scenario offices. If they want your idea, they will pay you for it, unless it chances to be some fly-by-night company which would probably never go beyond the point of selling stock to the public in any case.

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Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

It is worth while, if necessary, to sell your first story for a song just to get it produced, for this will give you a tremendous advantage in selling your next story. Above, a new camera study of Miss Loos

Predictions for the Summer

JUST to show how clever we are and what a thoro knowledge of the motion picture business we have, the following events are predicted for this summer:

D. W. Griffith will produce a picture in which Lillian Gish is attacked by the villain.

Jesse Lasky will make a trip across the continent.

Several new stars will be discovered by press-agents.

Cecil B. de Mille will make a domestic drama.

Several old stories will be filmed under new titles.

George Jean Nathan will write an attack on the movies.

Thousands of dollars will be wasted on ball-room scenes.

The greatest production ever produced will be presented by several companies.

There's no denying the times are hard. During the past month not one producer gave the photoplay reviewers a feed. The poor reviewers are going hungry. No wonder they're knocking the pictures.

It's bad enough when the directors have men kissing the women's hands. That's going far enough. But during the past month two pictures were released in which men were forced to kiss Milady's foot. Certainly love must be blind.

I would like to offer the suggestion that someone produce a comedy based on home brew.

How to be a Director

Buy a pair of smoked glasses, a megaphone, a pair of puttees. Then walk around the studio absent-mindedly and get a swelled head.

Famous Movie Subtitles

"As the pink dawn came stealing silently over the purple horizon."

"Later."

"You Cur!"

"That Night."

"I am yours, body and soul. Do with me what you will."

"I Love You."

According to the latest report from a welfare society, juvenile crime has fallen off considerably in the past few years. Why not blame *that* on the movies.

Here are some more players that we would walk out of our way to see:

Mae Murray. Gloria Swanson.
Richard Barthelmess. Anna Q. Nilsson.
Corrine Griffith.

Stars That *Will* Shine

Jane Novak. Katherine Perry.

A certain movie star says that if the fans like them as much as they profess to in their letters, they ought to at least inclose a quarter to cover the cost of mailing a photo. If they had to do that perhaps they wouldn't like them so well.

Wyndam Standing says that there is no art in screen acting. Wonder if Wyndam has been viewing himself on the screen.

Photograph © Nelson Evans, L. A.

The new Cecil B. de Mille production, "The Affairs of Anatol," is in truth an all-star production. With Wallace Reid playing the title rôle in the Schnitzler story, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley and Agnes Ayres, are seen as the affairs. Mr. de Mille is shown above, conferring with "Wally" as to his conception of the rôle

Are We Immoral?

By

SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

This is the first of a series of articles by the daughter of Cyrus Townsend Brady, on the morals of the screen.

THE motion picture industry is a huge enterprise, not yet attained to full growth, and employs a vast number of people. This is the accepted way of beginning all articles on the movies. The industry itself represents more nearly the essence of conglomeration that comprises a great city, than any other form of endeavor.

It has its bloated capitalists, its wily politicians—rulers by might and craft—its natural leaders, its artistic clique, its few fervid sincere, its great and trivial personalities, its money mad, its eternal hedonists, its pornographers, its producing horde whose banal creed is "Give the public what it wants," its earnest if inconsequential reformers; and to complete the analogy, these latter have about as much weight in actually altering its trend as the soap-box orator in the city street has on the passers-by. It has likewise its fringe of immorality and degeneracy, the inevitable concomitants of any gathering of all sorts and conditions of men. So much is unarguable.

There are various reasons offered in extenuation for a sinning humanity, the chiefest of which is that temptation was put in the way. There are more inducements to sin in a single block of city streets than in whole acres of wholesome country. There simply isn't the opportunity there that there is in the city. It is like George Ade's country spinsters, who were good only because no one had ever urged them to be bad. This too is unarguable.

But is there anything about the moving picture industry of itself that conduces to immorality? I believe that there is. However, this may be debated.

To go back to the chiefest reasons for people's sinning and to link up the movies and the big city again, I believe that this particular industry offers one of the most prolific sources of temptation ever gathered under one head. All the lusts that the flesh is heir to seem to be turned loose here: greed, theft, envy, malice, lust, avarice, mendacity, vanity—a staggering list.

It requires a great many elements to combat these things, the most successful of which is knowledge; for goodness or morality, is simply wisdom, and has nothing to do with ethics. But who of us is wise at twenty or thirty or even fifty? And when we get to be seventy and eighty and may claim a modicum of wisdom, we are no longer in the movies.

The paucity of good movie material makes thieves of perhaps otherwise honest producers. The industry has the reputation of stealing plots, stories, ideas, wherever they can get away with it. Whether or not this particular odium is deserved, remains to be seen. But where there is smoke there is usually fire, and I know personally of several instances of this sort of thievery.

But take the girl who "breaks in" one way or another—and this is truer of the movies than of any other field—nine times out of ten she is young, poor, obscure, uneducated in every sense of the word. She has no traditions, no particular ability, no really worth-while ambition, no balance, no perspective, and very little judgment. She is wholly undeveloped and poorly equipped—raw material. But she is pretty and in many cases beautiful.

It is whispered that frequently the price of her success is not a too strict accordance with all that an exigent world expects of its womankind, and in many instances her position is due to calculated, bought-and-paid-for inflation. Such is the looseness of the morals of the century, that this is possible.

Therefore, thru a chain of peculiarly fortuitous circumstances she may attain to an immense popularity, which does not necessarily imply any intrinsic merit. Is there one of them who would admit this? Certainly not. However, for all arguments to the contrary there is the tenth girl.

But we are discussing the average.

If she has not sophistication already, as is frequently the case, she acquires it too rapidly to digest. Sophistication is a heady draught and, like liqueur, should be sipped, not gulped. She, who was nobody, is now world-known; who had nothing, has now everything, for whom luxury is now become necessity. Fame and fortune have been practically thrust upon her.

Such radical changes in an average life must of necessity work some sort of havoc. That it goes to their heads there is no denying. Some become vain—nearly all in fact, for only the really great are humble—some vulgar, all jealous, many envious. But none of these things necessarily connote immorality. That is the specter in the background, the liet-motif of all moviedom.

She has, quite simply, too much money. For with the letting down of all moral fibers that ease and wealth and position generally bring, comes the insidious "What's the difference?" The excitement attendant upon her success becomes absolutely necessary to her. Excitement is like

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Because of a Dress Suit

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

ALL the way over to the Athletic Club, Jack Mulhall and I casually discussed the new plays in New York —which neither of us had seen— and it was not until we were seated in the Ladies' Dining-room that we touched on the Continental film, "Passion," which had just reached Los Angeles, at the Ambassador Theater the night before.

"Did you ever see such marvelous detail, the perfection of every point?" eagerly asked Mr. Mulhall. "Then, the consistent character development——"

"And the remarkable handling of the crowds——" I interrupted.

"And Louis, wasn't his acting finished? His death scene was a masterpiece——"

"It could so easily have become ridiculous, too."

We stopped, breathless with our enthusiasm —then laughed.

"Perhaps we had better order," remarked Mr. Mulhall, with a side glance at the Sphinx-like waiter standing beside him.

Photograph by Northland Studio.

It was owning a dress suit that really started Jack Mulhall in motion pictures. One day he appeared at the Biograph studio. "Have you a dress suit?" he was asked, and when he nodded assent he was told to report that afternoon. Above, a new portrait; and below a happy family group of Jack, Mrs. Jack and Jack, Jr.

"I'm a regular 'movie' fan," he continued, after the waiter had gone, "and go to see all the best films. I enjoy them and, also, I like to see how the other fellow does it. You can learn something from every picture; if nothing more, you can see how *not* to do it."

Jack Mulhall is even better looking off the screen than on, and recalling some of his recent films, this is some tribute. His complexion is clear and ruddy, and his eyes, with their jolly Irish twinkle, have a fetching way of looking at you with a direct boyish frankness that is warranted to make you a friend at once.

Now, there are those who never find the adventure or romance in daily life; they are ever searching for the obvious—dreams are too illusive and fragile for their comprehension, and so they pass along the Highway, missing

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Three Gifts

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

ONE day, a long time ago, when the Vitagraph used to show pictures in their own little projection room (pre-releases they called them), we walked into the darkened room, late. The picture was already on the screen, and capering about in a fur coat and cap and boots (the scene was a Russian one) we saw Mary Pickford. At that time we did not know very much about pictures, but this we did know, Mary Pickford was not a Vitagraph star and we wondered how it happened. However, we did know that at some time in their careers nearly all of the stars of the screen had been with Vitagraph, so we concluded that it was an old picture of little Mary. When the picture was finished we asked the publicity man about it. He looked puzzled for a moment and then he laughed. "Why that wasn't Mary Pickford. It was Gladys Leslie. But isn't the resemblance remarkable!"

And it certainly is. We continued to see pictures of Miss Leslie, but never had seen her in person until last week, when the editor of our favorite movie magazine asked us if we didn't want to "do" her. We called her up. Miss Leslie sounded over the wire just the way we thought she would; so, when she asked us to meet her for tea at the Algonquin, we consented without realizing that she didn't know us from Adam—Eve rather—and that, perhaps, we should not remember her. There are always so many people waiting to eat at the Algonquin. We knew her as soon as she came in, however. All you have to do is to look for Mary Pickford and you'll find Gladys Leslie. Never have we seen so striking a resemblance. Even the color of the eyes is the same—a deep, beautiful green, that every one thinks is blue until the owner of the eyes convinces the doubting Thomas.

"I dont know where I get my resemblance to Mary Pickford," said Miss Leslie. "We are not related. Gladys Leslie is my real name—the one my mother gave me"

"But Miss Pickford's eyes are blue, aren't they?" said Miss Leslie, when we spoke of her remarkable likeness to the nation's sweetheart, "and mine are just plain green—nothing else. I'm not sorry tho, for they photograph better. You know people with

Photograph © E. O. Hoppe

By
HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

beautiful blue eyes will often come out on the screen looking as tho they had no eyes at all."

"No, Miss Pickford's eyes aren't blue. They are exactly like yours—green if you like—and that is why they photograph so well. And the shape of your faces is identical, and your nose, inclined to turn up; and you have the Pickford upper lip and the Pickford smile and the Pickford hair. Where did you get it?"

"I dont know; I'm no relation. Gladys Leslie is my real name, the one my mother gave me. Of course, people are always exclaiming over my likeness to Miss Pickford."

"Was that how you happened to become a screen star?" we asked, because whenever we see anyone who is famous we always wonder how they first got the idea—whether they were born so, whether they achieved it or whether they had it thrust upon them.

"No, I became a screen star because I wanted to make money—oh, a great deal of money." As Miss Leslie talked she poured out the golden orange Pekoe into the blue cups. We were seated at a small table and between us arose mountains of cinnamon toast, mocha layer cake and chicken salad. Miss Leslie isn't afraid of getting fat, and neither are we. She loves to eat and so do we, and, as we proceeded, we found that we had other things in common. But if Miss Leslie ever does get fat, beware! She is a tiny thing. Wears a number five glove and a thirteen-and-one-half shoe. Has to have her things made to order. Well, as we were saying, we found that we had much in common. "I went on the screen because I wanted to earn a great deal of money. You see, I used to be an art student."

All photographs by Bachrach

"I became a screen star because I wanted to make money—oh, a great deal of money," Miss Leslie told us honestly

"So did I," we answered.

"But it was slow work, and by and by I sort of drifted into posing for magazine covers."

"So did I," we answered again.

"And then everyone said, 'why dont you become an actress?' So I thought it a good idea and gave it a trial."

"So did I," we murmured again. But here the similarity in our careers ended. We had gone on the stage in a Belasco production and had failed to impress that great producer, while Miss Leslie had secured a small part in the Thanhauser Film Company, and almost overnight had risen to stardom. For a couple of seasons Miss Leslie was one of the most popular of Vitagraph stars and then we didn't hear of her for a while.

"I'm going to work so hard now, and I'm getting to be a real business woman, too," went on Miss Leslie. "I've been busy for the last six months. I've made two very nice pictures—all-star ones. The first was 'Jim the Penman,' with Lionel Barrymore in the title rôle. My part isn't big. It is the part Marguerite Clark played in the

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Photograph © Nelson Evans. L. A

The Wishing Moon

. And if the wishing moon gives Mary Pickford a small part of the happiness she has given others, all will be well

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

studying hard. Emerson, you know. I'm going to take up Shakespeare next. Emerson is my favorite philosopher. I suppose I believe that because I know more about him."

Another pause.

"I've been to seven plays in a week. It's been thrilling."

"Oh, yes, I suppose I ought to tell you my favorite screen rôles. I liked the ones in 'Dinty' and 'The Sky Pilot,' but I guess 'Little Orphan Annie' is my favorite."

"She simply loved the rôle," interposed Mrs. Moore.

"I felt abused for weeks after," smiled Miss Moore. "Really, I want to play character ingénues. Not just ingénues. You know what I mean. But I hope I dont have to stay in the East."

"You dont like it?" we ventured.

"Well, no-o-o," admitted Miss Moore. "There's too much hurry and not enough air or rest or space. I like the West."

"But I did like that wonderful snow-storm," she went on, referring to a recent one-foot fall of snow. "It was my first in years, since we lived in Chicago. Do you know what I did?"

We declined to hazard a guess.

"I put on a short skirt, a sweater and a stocking cap and went out in Central Park where all the children were coasting. I stood and watched them for a while, not daring to ask for a ride.

"Finally, a little boy came up to me. 'My father runs that grocery over there; who are you?' he asked.

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Colleen Moore is going to play with John Barrymore. She explained that she had known it for two weeks and hadn't told a soul. She was very proud of having kept her secret

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser, N. Y.

Along the Starry Way

Island of Eternity

By MILES HAMMOND

"Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home."
—KEATS.

APPLIED in an extreme sense, this motto leads to Reno; given moderate application it will take you to Catalina.

Thousands, actuated by the sentiment expressed by the poet, take the westward trails and crowd the pleasure craft for the island paradise just off the sunlit coast of Los Angeles, where nature is always smiling, where romance beckons and where the cares of the everyday world are forgotten.

Shimmering emerald gem, this island has stood thru the centuries, witness of the grandeur and glory of old Spain, the hardy devotion of the mission fathers, the languor and ease of the Mexican régime, and the enterprise and progress of America.

In the flashing blue crescent of the bay of Avalon, Cabrillo, the daring Spanish navigator, furled his sails and refitted ship under the protecting headland of "Sugar Loaf" in 1542. In this canyon harbor he planted the royal standard of Spain, and he called the island San Salvador. Sixty years later Sebastian Vizcaino, commissioned by Philip III to explore the California coast, dropped anchor in this bay, and he named the island Santa Catalina.

Padre Torquemada describes the teeming Indian towns, kitchen middens, graveyards, a great temple decorated with feathers, in a large circular tract with an immense idol in the center, and on either side rude suggestions of the sun and moon. Where the natives sacrificed many

Photograph by
Huddleston Photo Co., L. A.

Primeval beauty reigns here, on the island of Catalina, untouched by the hands of man. Lost in the beautiful canyons you are in a foreign land. Above, Louise Glaum enjoys a dip in the crystal clear waters; center, a view of the popular shore walk; and below, a birdseye view of the country club

Photograph (above) © P. V. Rayes, Avalon, Cal.

Catalina is an island paradise just off the sunlit coast of Los Angeles, where nature is always smiling, where romance beckons and where the cares of the everyday world are forgotten. Above, another view of Catalina; and below, Helene Chadwick is successful in making a location trip a pleasure trip

birds and worshiped the raven, which was as tame then as now. Alas, there is not one of this populous aborigine tribe left. They vanished, no one knows where, and only pipes, flutes, ollas, flint knives, trinkets and the blackened areas where they lit their holy fires remain as relics of their rule.

Sir Francis Drake, fleeing in the treasure-laden "Golden Hind" before the wrath of the Spaniards who followed the track of wrecked and smoking merchantmen, took shelter in these islands. Their green hillsides have seen the Russian corsairs ravishing the coast of California and striking heavy blows at the crumbling power of Spain and Mexico.

For three hundred years treasure galleons, laden to the waterline with precious cargoes, plied their stately way thru the blue waters off Catalina, on voyages between the Philippines and New Spain.

From the hands of Governor Pio Pico, last and most beloved governor of California under Mexican rule, it passed to different owners, sometimes in exchange for a saddle and horse blanket. Now it is valued at millions of dollars.

It is to this paradise of pleasure that we shall go along with celebrities of the film world; for Catalina is a mecca of moviedom. Here are filmed the romantic dramas of the South Seas; blood-curdling tales of Malay pirates and of buccaneers of the Spanish Main. The streets and wharves of the little town are crowded continually with a polyglot mass of humanity, from Marquesan maidens to fierce, kerchiefed pirates with rings in their ears and noses, and half-naked Tahitian natives.

Alighting from long strings of red cars, which have carried us from Los Angeles to the harbor on our way to Catalina, we make for the "Avalon," a palatial vessel specially fitted by William Wrigley, Jr., owner of the island, to carry passengers between Catalina and the mainland. Reaching our staterooms, the ladies, among whom are Mabel Normand, Louise Glaum and Katherine MacDonald, make sure that they have at hand a plentiful supply of chewing gum, life savers, smelling salts, lemons and other reputed enemies of *mal de mer;* for the twenty-six-mile passage can be rough at times. Others on their way to Catalina to make pictures

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May In Miniature

By GLADYS HALL

MAY is naturally in miniature; she was so made. She has a small and chiseled face; such a face as miniature makers would delight in. She has sapphiric eyes, a gentle manner and a firm mind. She thinks well and acts with precision.

She was also in miniature as to time. Because——

She had just signed a five-year contract with Realart!

She was leaving the Monday following our talk for California, there to begin work at once. Her picture, company, leading man, *et al,* were as yet undecided. Her name had been signed to the contract and her reservations made—and that was about all she had been able to temperamentally digest to date. As a matter of consequent course, her time was limited, and the demands upon it many. She and her mother were, perforce, breaking up housekeeping in New York and turning their thoughts and their household goods westward ho! They have never been to California, hence it is something of an adventure to them both.

"I'm crazy to go," May said.

I asked her what she hoped her work would be; what type of thing——

She said, "Comedy-drama. I dislike comedy and I dislike drama, because, I think that eleven times out of twelve neither one is true. Life is seldom extreme, seldom straight stuff all of the time. Most of the time it is a blend. Pathos and laughter, hand in hand, like 'Sentimental Tommy.' I adored doing that. It was as real as my own life to me, every minute of it. Sometimes, even now, I go about thinking I am still *Grizel.* I dont wonder Barrie has the appeal that he has when he has made book people living things. That is the sort of thing I hope to do, now that I have my golden opportunity—make screen people *real.* Not great or grand, not grotesque, not tragical—all of the time—but a little bit of each as it comes to them—as their lives touch on other lives and take on different aspects."

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"I hope I'll do comedy-drama," said May McAvoy. "I dislike comedy and I dislike drama because I think eleven times out of twelve neither one is true. Life is seldom extreme — most of the time it is a blend . . ." Above, a camera study; left and right, two scenes from "Sentimental Tommy"

What would we do without the movie Press Agent?

By
ELDON KELLEY

THIS is the gentleman from whom
publicity flows,
All the stars and satellites this
press agent knows.

The intimate details of all their private lives,
All about their habits and all about their wives.

That Olga Popoffsky is really truly Russian,
And that it took her just a week to learn English, French
and Prussian.

That Cecil Poseur always makes his neckties out of batik,
Of colors that he mixes in the darkness of his attic.

That Jack Bickworth's eyes are really truly blue,
And that his sister's husband is comparatively new.

That his father's sister's aunt used to keep a cow,
Tell me do you think that it would matter anyhow.

That Mary DuBarry always breakfasts in her bed,
And that her singular success has not gone to her head.

That in filming "Lew's Revenge," in eighteen-ninety-two,
Augustus Disgustus played the trying part of "Lew."

That Vera deVera, who vamps the hero lean,
Is really very innocent when she is off the screen.

That the dashing, flashing hero of the photoplay,
Hurries to his grey-haired mother at the close of day.

That Fattie dePattie is really very fat,
And not simply gotten up so as to look like that.

How the lead in "Love's Intrigue," John Algernon McMutton,
Wears upon his dinner coat a diamond service button.

According to the press agent, who is supposed to know,
This is the way they pay them off at the studio.

Winners of Other Contest Achieve Success

And New Entrants Are Most Promising

Top, Leoria Blackburn of Germantown, Pa.; center, George Edward Somax of Baltimore, Md.; and below, Johnny Gillispie of Amarillo, Texas

Photograph by Martan, L. A.

TO all constestants and prospective contestants of the Fame and Fortune Contest, this letter written by Corliss Palmer will be of interest, as the writer was the winner of first place in last year's contest and represents ambitious young America in her ideas and achievements. She has proved the possession of talent and screen personality in addition to her great beauty and her feminine charm. The letter is herewith published:

To the Manager of the Fame and Fortune Contest:

You ask me to inform your readers just how I came to enter the Fame and Fortune Contest last year. I am glad to comply with your request.

One day last summer, a few girls were at my house in Macon, Georgia, and we got to talking about your contest and we all decided to send in our pictures. I had not had any pictures taken for a long while, but there was one on the table that I thought would do, so I wrote out a coupon, stuck it on the back of the picture and mailed it to you. I believe the other girls did the same thing.

I was very much surprised to receive a letter from you in August of last year, stating that my picture had been favorably passed upon by the judges and they wanted to see me if I came up North. It so happened that I was going North, and I made it a point to be there on one of the days that the judges met. When I arrived in front of the office of the Brewster Publications on Duffield Street I was about to turn back because I did not have the heart and courage to go in. I finally got inside, and there I found dozens of girls waiting to be shown up to the judges' room, and some were on their way out. Those who had been before the judges received a sheet of paper containing some comments by the judges

(*Continued on page* 104)

Special Notice to Contestants

All who have submitted photographs in the Fame and Fortune Contest may come, at their own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publications at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 4 on Friday, July 1st, for a personal inspection before the judges' committee. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following day at Roslyn, L. I.

Only the winners of the Contest will have their expenses paid. Those not found worth a screen test by the judges will not have one made. The second date for a personal appearance will be Friday, September 2.

Every Woman's Fairy Godmother

By CORLISS PALMER

I KNOW a girl who wore drab clothes and a mournful expression until, like Cinderella, she was touched by the wand of her fairy godmother and transformed into a vivid, beautiful creature. One would hardly know her for the same girl. Of course the change is internal as well as external, for what girl can undergo a sudden transformation from a caterpillar to a butterfly without finding wings for the spirit as well as the body?

Her godmother is every woman's godmother, tho perhaps in a different guise, or carrying a different kind of wand, but the magic she weaves is always the same.

This girl's godmother came to her in the form of a colored portrait of her favorite actress of the screen. But I will tell you all about it.

The girl, whom I shall call Cynthia, was not entirely unattractive, nor was she attractive. She was simply neutral. When she was alone and looked at herself in the mirror she could see nothing especially wrong with her appearance. Her features were very nice, her hair was abundant, her skin was clear. But when she was in a gathering of youth and beauty, somehow she couldn't "get across." Other girls received all the attention and she was ignored. This caused her intense suffering, because she felt, as every woman does, that she should have a share of the attention of both men and women.

Then, one day, she sent away for the large photograph in colors of her favorite actress, and upon receiving it was rewarded with the picture of a radiant, glowing creature. Dark hair, brown eyes, olive skin, but over all a golden haze. Hair, eyes and skin reflected a golden light. Even the flush on the cheeks was a golden red and the color of her lips was that of the scarlet poppy, which seems to have been dipped into the sunset. She hung the picture by the side of her dressing-table and spent much time in studying it. The pictured face was, as she had thought, very much like her own. Features and expression were similar to hers and both were of the brunette type.

Photograph by S. R. Trogdon
CORLISS PALMER

How could it be that they were so much alike and yet so different? For one was beautiful and the other nondescript. Cynthia noticed the carefully dressed hair and the becoming frock, and benefited thereby. Yet she realized she had not found the fundamental reason for the difference. Then she began to study the effect of the red and gold that hovered about the dusky beauty on the wall. That was it! The picture glowed with the colors of firelight on brass andirons, of candlelight on red morocco. There was both gold and red in her dark, wavy hair, smoldering fire in her brown eyes, and on the clear, dark skin the gleam of gold seemed to linger and caress. She was leaning over a window-box of nasturtiums, and she herself seemed to be one of the flowers turned into a girl. She reflected all their wonderful shades of red and gold and brown.

Now Cynthia knew what it was she needed. It was color, the color of warmth, of life. Sunset, autumn, firelight, flowers, all must be personified in herself to make her a complete being, the kind she was meant to be. But how could she do this without a fairy godmother such as Cinderella had? There it was again—more gold—Cinderella of the gleaming hair, the golden pumpkin coach, the red and gold firelight!

The nasturtium had always been her favorite flower, autumn her favorite season. Their gold, flaming into red and orange, and dulling into brown, seemed to reflect her own moods and desires.

Now she was determined to make herself into the external emblem of what she was within. She began a systematic study of other girls and actresses of the stage and screen. She even began to study advertisements and went

(*Continued on page* 100)

Bob Hampton of Placer

By
NORMAN BRUCE

"LAST NIGHT," said the girl proudly—"last night I dreamed a beautiful dream about picking roses—miles and miles of red roses. And there wasn't a single Indian in the dream!"

"Good!" drawled Bob Hampton. His trigger finger was the quickest in Placer, but his tongue was as halting and slow as a rusty firelock that is seldom used. "Ladies ought to dream about roses, 'pears like. It sort of goes with 'em."

They sat on the hillside, looking away at a world misted with summer gold and green, hazy with sunshine. Sleepy streams wandered thru flat, lush meadows, where the cattle stood knee-deep in August; wheat fields burned tawny, sprinkled with poppies, and far down the valley the roofs of the little frontier town showed among the trees. It seemed a world in which cruelty and fear and danger had been banished by some gracious Arcadian law. And yet these two looked upon all this fairness and green peace with eyes that less than a month ago had seen dreadful sights.

Remembering now, the girl's childish, smooth lips quivered. "If I could only forget!" she wailed. "But I cant! Shall I always see them, do you think, Bob—those naked red bodies leaping up out of the grass, those hideous faces painted like devils, with the feathers waving above them——?"

"There, there, now!" comforted the man clumsily—big, rough brown fingers touching the silk of her curls half-fearfully. "Steady, Kid! It's all over now, and there's nothing that can happen to ye as long as Bob Hampton is 'round."

She clung to him, shaken with her sobs, gallantly trying to smile. "But the rest—oh, my poor Nunkie! He was too old to die that way—and the blacksmith's wife and baby—they were too young! It doesn't seem possible! People I was talking to, people I *knew*——"

The big man beside her looked anxiously down at the brown head on his shoulder. Seasoned pioneer that he was, he had never seen worse carnage than that which he had come upon a month ago, as he was riding from Placer to Fort Bethune, across the plains. The Indians had killed all the little band of travelers except this girl, whom they were dragging away as he arrived. It had been a fight against desperate odds, but Bob Hampton gloried in a desperate fight. With the girl snatched up behind him on his saddle, he had held the savages off with his rifle until the timely arrival of a troop of soldiers from the Fort. Forty years of hazards on the plains, all of them one long, continual struggle with nature and man, had turned his nerves to steel. He could venture into the untracked wilder-

The girl's mind was full of the story she had heard as she sat that evening in the lamp-lit parlor of the missionary's house, where she had found a shelter . . .

ness with a song on his lips; he could kill his foe and sleep afterward the dreamless sleep of a tired child.

But this girl was of different stuff—fragile, fine. All her eighteen years had been spent in doing small, gentle things—sweeping, sewing; baking bread in the little house of the old trader who had adopted her when she was a baby. She made one think of kittens and flower buds and pigeons, and all such helpless things. Memory was killing her. There was a look in her round, blue eyes that turned the man's heart sick and cold.

"I remember," he began desperately, "I remember once when I fit with an eagle over a baby mountain-lion. Mebbe you'd like to hear the yarn," craftily. The strain in the blue eyes eased a little and a more human look came into them. Encouraged, he told her a strange story of a fight against great crushing wings, saber-like talons and stabbing beak, over the plump, furry body of a tiny lion-cub that ungratefully scratched its rescuer when taken up in his arms. He told it simply, bluntly, without nice strivings for effect, but the very matter-of-factness of his tone gave it power. The girl, whom the whole Fort had dubbed the Kid, because the old trader had never known her name, listened breathlessly, creeping closer to him, nestling against his rough-clad shoulder like a child.

"Now," she said, when he had finished, "tell me another story! Tell me—tell me about the woman you loved once on a time!"

Bob Hampton gave a great start. His weather-beaten face grew quite pale. "How did you know?" he asked, awed. "I've never told anybody at the Fort. There's no one alive as I knows on that's heard of her."

The girl patted the big hand on the fustian-covered knee. "You are too nice to have grown old without loving some woman," she said softly; "then, the way you look at me, and the way you touch my hair! I'd know by those things you were remembering some woman that had hair a little like mine. Was she—was she very young and very pretty? What was her name?"

"Her name," said Bob Hampton slowly, "was Marjorie, and she was the purtiest thing God ever made." His eyes seemed to see something very far away. "Always laughing, she was, and up to some tricks! And she made that old log cabin look like a real home, rigging up curtains out of flour-sacks and putting posies everywhere. When the baby come she was like a child with a doll." His voice broke unevenly.

"You must have been very happy," said the girl, with shining eyes. "I think it must have been like Jacob and Rachel, or Tristan and Isolde. Love is so wonderful, isn't it?" Her tone dreamed over the word.

"We were happy," said the man heavily, but now a black shadow lay on his face and the great hand clenched on his knee. "I never meant anything bad should ever touch her, but when trouble came she stood up to it like a fighter's wife. Brave! Women are braver'n any man—I would have let it crush me,

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER

Fictionized by permission from the First National attraction of the Marshall Neilan production, based on the scenario by Marion Fairfax, adapted from the story by Randall Parrish. The cast:

Bob Hampton	James Kirkwood
Dick	Wesley Barry
The Kid	Marjorie Daw
Lieutenant Brant	Pat O'Malley
Red Slavin	Noah Beery
Silent Murphy	Frank Leigh
General Custer	Dwight Crittenden
Rev. Wyncoop	Tom Gallery
School Teacher	Priscilla Bonner
Major Brant	Charles West
Sheriff	Bert Spratte
Housekeeper	Carrie Clark Ward
Willie McNeil	Vic Potel
Jack Moffett	Bud Post

but she put her hands on my shoulders and smiled straight into my eyes, and says, 'Fight, Bob Hampton! Fight the lie!'"

In rough phrases, stumbling words, the story came out. He had been a captain in Custer's regiment. An officer who was known to be on ill terms with him had been found stabbed to death, and he was court-martialed for the crime. The General was not quite convinced of his guilt, in spite of the evidence, and had lifted his arrest; but he was dismissed from the regiment in disgrace. "All I wanted was to die," Bob Hampton said, "but she wouldn't let me give up. I thought I knew who had done the killing, you see, but the man had left the service. She sent me to find Red Slavin. I hunted for him a year afore I went back, followed him to the Coast, up into the mountains, searched the mines and ranches. Then I went back. She was gone."

"And you never found her?" gasped the Kid.

"I found her grave," he said quietly. "There had been an epidemic, and she was one of the first that was took. No one knew what happened to the baby."

"And Red Slavin?" whispered the Kid, after a silence.

"I'm still looking for him," said Bob Hampton grimly. "If he's above ground, I'll find him and get the truth out of him. And then I'm going to go to Custer and ask him to take me back into the regiment."

The girl's mind was full of the story she had heard as she sat that evening in the lamplit parlor of the missionary's house, where she had found a shelter. While Abigail Williams, the minister's sister, read a dull chapter from the Book of Judges in a snappish tone, the Kid was dreaming a romantic dream of a younger Bob Hampton, standing tragically before his accusers, while they stripped his uniform from him. Her young, ardent imagination was fired at the picture. She was just seeing herself in the place of the young wife, putting her hands on his shoulders, smiling up into his eyes, when she became aware of a chilly silence in the room. She looked up to find Abigail glaring at her with set, bluish lips.

"Perhaps," said that lady, frigidly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain why you interrupt the reading of the Holy Scriptures with such words as 'Fight the lie'!"

The Kid blushed to the roots of her brown hair. "I didn't know I was speaking aloud," she stammered. "I was thinking——"

"And why should you think during the reading of the Holy Scriptures?" asked Abigail in deadly tones. "Do you realize that your light-mindedness and vanities and disobedience of God's precepts are leading you to the verge of the bottomless pit and the everlasting fire? Beware, heedless girl! I have noticed a tendency on your part to try to enjoy life. We were not given the awful gift of immortality to be happy. We should spend the little while we have before the grave closes over us in repentance and mortification of the flesh."

"I dont believe it!" the Kid rebelled, and was promptly sent to bed for her forwardness. But not to sleep. Her young spirit had been quickened by Bob Hampton's story of the afternoon until life seemed a throbbing, beating, wonderful thing that would not let her alone. Her heart hammered in her ears until presently she arose and dressed quietly. Beyond the window the sky was silver with stars. Somewhere out there in the night was the answer to the great question—the why of it all.

Very softly she slid up the sash and stepped out. The tiny frontier town was fast asleep. It could not tell her anything. It was in the great out-of-doors she would find the answer.

Very softly she slid up the sash and stepped out. The tiny frontier town was asleep; it could not tell her anything. It was in the great out-of-doors she would find her answer

"Sweetheart!"—he spoke very fast—"ever since the day I saw you first I've wanted to say this! Marry me, dear, and let me take care of you and protect you . . ."

She almost ran thru the street, out into the meadow beyond and straight into the arms of a man! When she dared look up at him, she saw it was the young Lieutenant Brant, who had been in the rescuing party that brought her to Fort Bethune.

"I was thinking about you," said the Lieutenant, surprisingly, but without the least appearance of being surprised.

The Kid stared up at him, eyes wide with awe. "Why," she gasped, "why, I was thinking about you, too! Only I didn't know it. I thought I came out here to find the—the answer——"

"The answer?" he asked, smiling. It was certainly a strange, magic kind of a night.

She pointed upward to the stars. "To them," she whispered, "to—to everything! Dont you understand?"

"Of course!" said Lieutenant Brant satisfactorily, and then there was a long silence, which seemed to say a great many things. Suddenly he caught at her hands. "Sweetheart!" he spoke very fast, "ever since the day I saw you first I've wanted to say this! Marry me, dear, and let me take care of you and protect you. I cant bear it to think of your being in charge of that man Hampton——"

The sweet spell was broken. She drew herself sharply from his arms. "Bob Hampton is my friend!" flashed the Kid. "Why, he saved my life! Dont you dare call him *that man*—he's wonderful!

"You love him?" gritted the Lieutenant. The Kid caught her breath. She had not dreamed of such a thing, but she was loyal. "Yes! Of course I do!"

"He's old enough to be your father!" jerked the boy. "He's killed a dozen men! Nobody knows who he is or what he has been—why, he may be a fugitive from justice! He's rough and hard and battered; he's——"

"He's a *man!*" flamed the Kid, "and I—I hate you for saying such things, and you needn't speak to me again till you say he's splendid, too!" She was gone thru the night, sobbing under her breath as she ran. Abigail was right. The world was a wilderness of woe. Lieutenant Brant would never speak to her again, and, anyway, she hated him, so why should she care? The stars were gone out, like blown candles. She crawled thru her open window and sobbed herself to sleep, to dream a troubled dream of drenched wings that could not fly.

"Bob Hampton of Placer" was an outcast in Fort Bethune. He was a silent man, and the world always argues that silent men must have something to conceal. Moreover, he was a mystery, and nobody likes to be mystified. He would go thru the town, looking at the faces about him eagerly, as tho in search of someone. Then, disdaining alike the saloons and dance-halls and the revival meetings, where hell and brimstone were served undiluted and free to sinners, he would stride out of town to roam among the mountains as tho there was

This freckled faced, carrot-headed gamin had often teased the Kid and Lieutenant Brant in the old days. He was always teasing some one

something in his restless spirit that made him kin to all wild things.

Besides the Kid, Bob Hampton had one other firm friend, Dick, a waif of the town, motherless, fatherless, but—since he found Bob—not heroless. He had often teased the Kid and Lieutenant Brant. He was always teasing someone. To this freckle-faced, carrot-headed gamin of chance, the silent frontiersman was a figure of romance, like some knight of old tales. He fought any other boy who dared disparage his idol, he bragged of his feats to all who would listen. He alone, beside the Kid, shared the secret tragedy of Bob Hampton's past, and his burning desire was to find the man who was responsible and punish him. Night after night Dick inflicted horrible deaths upon Red Slavin by hanging, scalping, burning, beating or shooting, and he circulated among the crowds of ranchers, miners and adventurers in the gambling halls, hopeful of a stray clue.

Such a clue he brought Bob Hampton one morning in the early autumn, as he and the Kid stood talking in the barn of the missionary's house—for Abigail had set her foot sternly down against her charge having anything to do with this "emissary of Satan," and concealment was necessary.

"It looks like more trouble with the Indians," he was saying when Dick burst in on them, "the soldiers have been ordered to join Custer at Moose Bend. God! If I could go with them!"

"You can!" screeched Dick, and rising on tiptoe to Bob Hampton's ear he shouted his amazing secret. "I've found Red Slavin! He came in with a bunch of punchers last night from Idaho!"

"Red Slavin—here?" Hampton said slowly, as tho he hardly understood the meaning of the words. "Are you sure? If it were true"—he drew a shaken breath—"if it were really he, I might ride with Custer yet!"

The Kid was very white. The one word, "Indians," had turned the day the color of blood before her sick eyes. She hardly heard Dick's words for the shriek that rose to her mind, but did not cross her lips—Lieutenant Brant had gone to join Custer! They would kill him—those devil-creatures with painted faces and horrible yells.

"Do you hear, Kid?" Bob Hampton was saying, worn face like a boy's with the new hope in it. "If I can get a confession from him, and *I'll get it if he did the thing*—I can join my old regiment! It hasn't forgotten Captain Nolan, I'll wager! I can fight under my old chief, Marjorie! Marjorie!" He spoke like one in a dream, and she saw that in the dream she was his long-ago dead wife who had told him to keep on fighting——

She put her hands on his shoulders, she smiled straight up into his eyes. It was as tho she spoke with another woman's lips. "Good-bye, dear—God be with you! God keep you!"

She remembered how Bob Hampton and she had sat on the hillside looking away at a world of misty summer gold and green, hazy with sunshine, and how she had told him of her dream about roses—miles and miles of red roses

But when he kissed her she broke down and laid her face against his shoulder and clung to him, shaken with sobs. He touched her hair with that curious shyness of his. "Why, Kid! There's my brave little Kid!" he said over and over. "Everything's going to be all right, Kid!"

"You're going," she moaned, "and I have no one in all the world that I belong to. Will there be fighting, do you think—will there be people killed?"

Bob Hampton smiled with infinite tenderness. "He'll come back to you, my dear," he said gently, "dont be afraid! Your story hasn't begun yet."

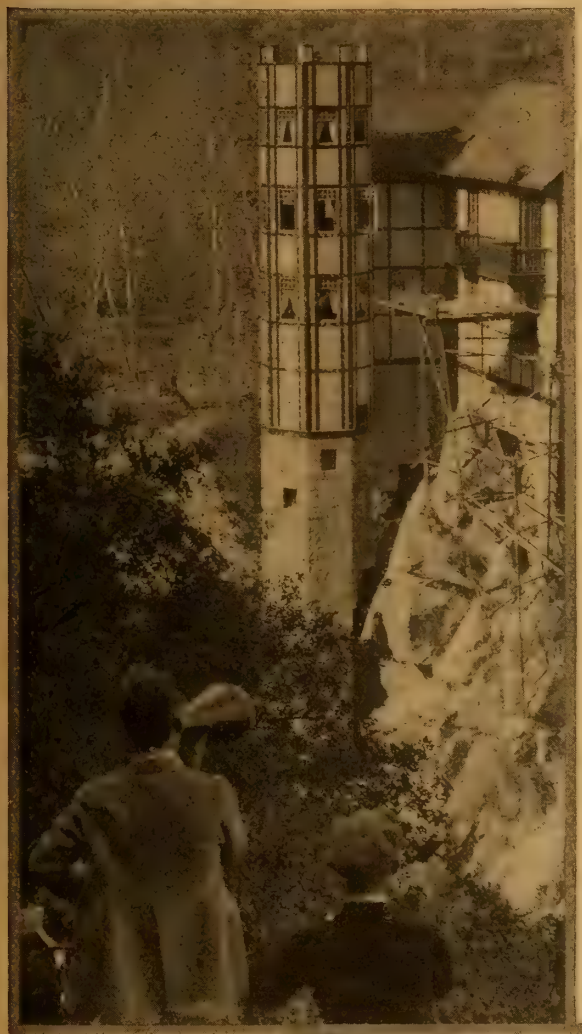
It was her turn to wonder at his necromancy. "I never

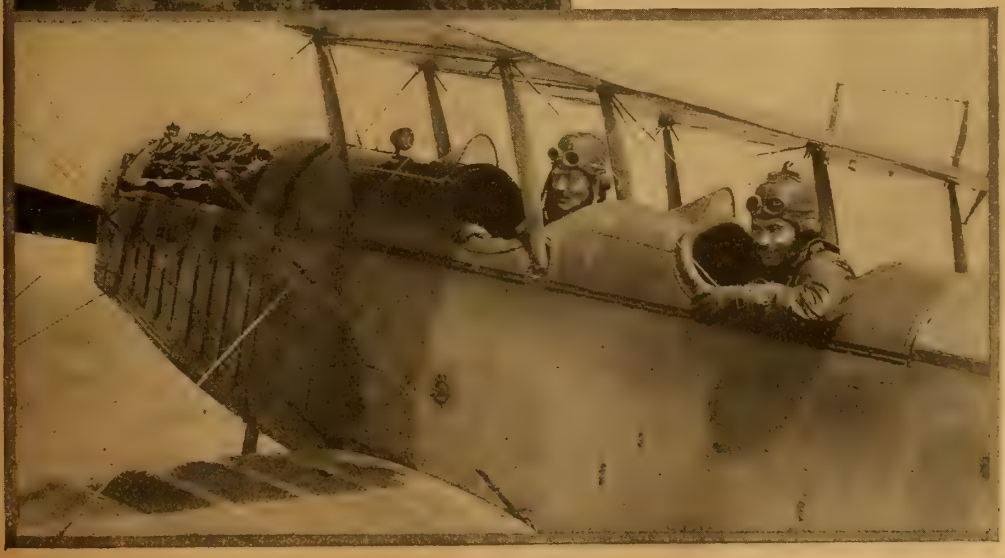
(*Continued on page* 112)

Paying for Personality

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

A VISIT to the Mack Sennett studios in Edendale, which is next door to Hollywood, was a trip thru Merry-Land. The famous Bathing Beauties flashed by at every turn, with their sparkling youth, lovely contours and unquenchable vitality.





Photograph by Nickolas Muray

"I try to draw out the individual personalities of the players," said Richard Jones, and for this reason I never act out any of the play for them. As we pay for personality, why not develop it rather than endeavor to work it into something else?" Above, a camera study of the director; left, directing a scene; and below, preparing to take a flight

Little John Henry, the baby who has caused more breathless thrills than any other kiddie in films, was having an exciting boxing match with a frisky puppy on a deserted stage. Charlie Murray and the hypnotic-eyed Ben Turpin, draped over a piano, were in animated consultation, probably perfecting some side-splitting stunt.

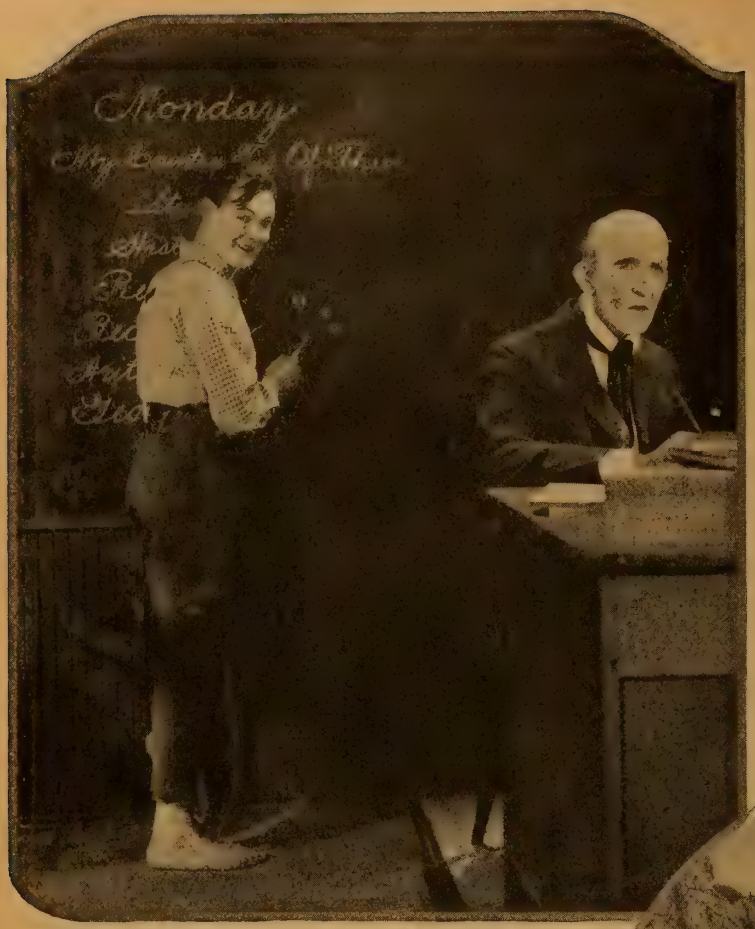
Mack Sennett, who is everywhere at once, having the activities of the studio at his finger-tips, stood with hands rammed in his pockets, his hat pulled down to shade his eyes from the glaring sun, while he critically surveyed Phyllis Haver's new "party" gown. This was a screaming affair of grotesque design and an exaggerated hat tantalizingly hid her piquant little face, as she pivoted awaiting the producer's O. K.

Over in the corner of the big stage, on a set showing the exterior of a prima donna's dressing room, F. Richard Jones was busily directing Ethel Grey Terry, Noah Beery and Katherine MacGuire thru an

(*Continued on page* 101)

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays In Review



Above, Charles Ray in "The Old Swimmin' Hole"; right, Wallace Reid in "The Love Special"; and below, Florence Vidor and Lloyd Hughes in "Beau Revel"

THE cinema is richer because of Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole." It comes in direct contrast to the hectic and overdrawn problem plays which have held sway, and this alone would make it delightfully refreshing.

The story is based on the James Whitcomb Riley poem from which it takes its name—we say the story, but it is, in reality, entirely lacking in any plot action, telling as it does in a simple way the joys and the troubles of the barefoot country lad.

Too, this production has no subtitles, thus making the dreams of countless producers a reality for Mr. Ray. And neither are any titles needed. At no time is there any doubt in the mind of the audience as to what is transpiring along the shaded lanes, in the little schoolhouse and at the picnic along the river's banks. Everyone has experienced the incidents which Charles Ray experiences as Ezra—or similar ones, at any rate—and his characterization is so natural that there is never a lack of understanding.

Aside from all this, "The Old Swimmin' Hole" is possessed of a scenic and photographic beauty which never fails—and so perfectly is the country depicted that you remember the almost-forgotten odor of new-mown hay, fresh earth and honeysuckle.

All of the characters are human, with Mr. Ray giving one of the finest portrayals he has yet dedicated to the silversheet.

"The Old Swimmin Hole" is like a tonic, and it will cause you to plan a vacation far from the hurry and bustle of the city, in some rambling farmhouse, surrounded by fine old trees, where a stream ripples by and trout gleam in its sunny waters.

TOO-WISE WIVES—PARAMOUNT.

Always we have felt that it must, of necessity, be a woman who would bring a feminine psychology to the screen—who would picture for us the actions and reactions of women in the drama of everyday. And, after seeing "Too-Wise Wives," we will look to Lois Weber to do this. Incidentally, she seems to know something about men as

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

well. Or perhaps it is because, like us, she has the woman's viewpoint of man. At any rate, "Too-Wise Wives" pleased us very much. Not because it was built on a great story or because it was rich in perfect characterizations—rather, because it always seemed true and, more than that, quite likely.

If this story does nothing else but teach women that man wants comfort above all else, and that there is something more important than a speck of dust on the writing-table, it will serve its purpose. It may go further and show, too, that men will always prefer to buy their own cigars, and that they dont like home-made slippers and such things any more than women do, even if these things have been fashioned by loving fingers.

It seems unfortunate, but it is generally true that the really good woman is at the same time the stupid one—that is, she doesn't know instinctively just how to please her man. The other sort of woman knows these things, and does not have to learn them by hard experience. Lois Weber has realized this truth and shown it. Claire Windsor plays the well-bred wife, and is quite like every such wife we have ever known.

The majority of the productions of today do not deal with the drama of married life—and it is such an interesting phase, too.

We hope that Miss Weber will continue to show us in her future productions, just where we blunder, blind in our feminine adoration.

Above, Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latch-key"; and left, a scene from the new Lois Weber production, "Too-Wise Wives"

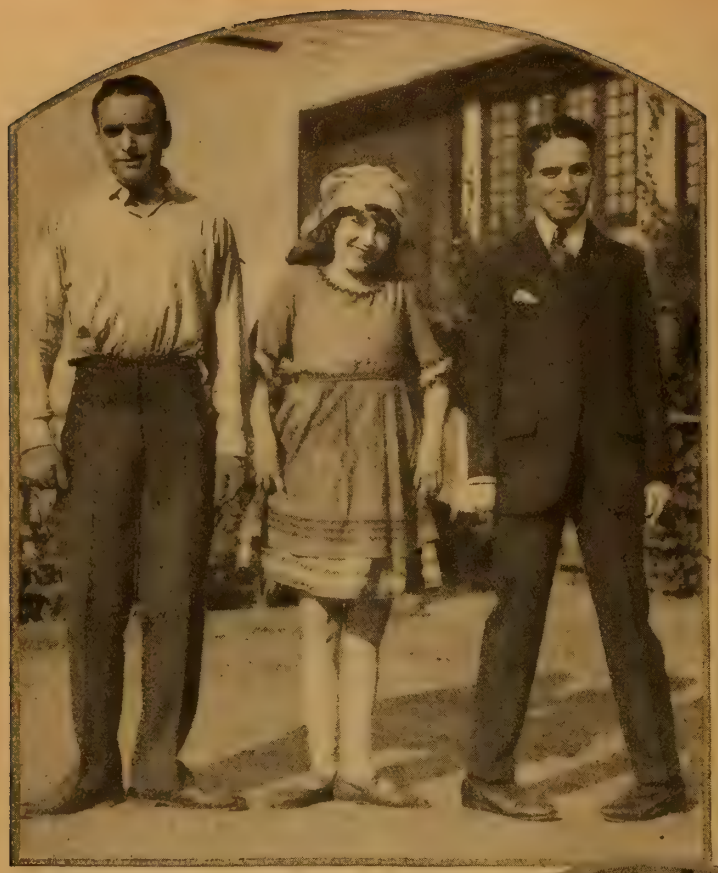
THE LOVE SPECIAL—FAMOUS PLAYERS.

"The Love Special" is not a particularly good production—and neither is it a bad one. This is not at all a brilliant statement, but it gives a good idea of "The Love Special's" general worth at that.

The story is like hundreds of others—with the railroad president's daughter first scorning the very worthy engineer-guide and then worshiping him when she realizes how infinitely worth-while he is, and how

(*Continued on page* 110)

California Chatter



"Doug" and Mary and Charlie —only D. W. Griffith of "The Big Four" is among the missing; and right, Monte Blue and Mister Jack (Bull) Montana enjoy exercise between scenes. We admire Monte's courage

Left, an informal snapshot of Wally Reid arriving at the studios

THE past months seem to have been months of unrest in the movie colony at Hollywood. No spectacular production has been started, and the studios are busy only with a few desultory pictures that must be manufactured to meet schedules.

Doraldina's long-term contract with Metro is a might-have-been, for the hula-hula star has severed her connection with that company. The breaking of the contract was with the mutual consent of both parties. Doraldina is forming her own company, backed by Eastern capital.

Bayard Veiller, successful playwright and Metro's chief of productions, is personally directing May Allison in her new special production, "Dated." This is the first time that Mr. Veiller has actually taken the reins, as he is a pretty busy man, managing all the Metro companies on the Hollywood lot.

Dan Cupid is a busy hunter. His latest victims are Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, the charming Goldwynite, who have announced their engagement, altho the wedding date is still undecided. Mr. Gilbert has just returned from a trip to San Francisco where scenes were taken for Emmett Flynn's current picture, "Clung," in which the handsome Jack plays the leading rôle.

Little Shirley Mason has just recovered from an unromantic and exceedingly unpleasant attack of yellow jaundice.

Barbara Bedford, one of the fascinating sub-debs in pictures, is at present playing in the Kern production of "The Unfoldment," featuring Florence Lawrence and William Conklin. Before entering pictures Miss Bedford was a Chicago society girl and her hobby was physical culture. She donated her services as athletic instructor to a Chicago working girls' home. Practically all of her screen work has been done under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

Louise Glaum is to have John Bowers and Mahlon Hamilton as her leading men in "Daughters of Joy." It pays to be a screen vamp—one gets *two* handsome leading men instead of one.

Betty Compson has signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Compson is as wise as she is beautiful.

Did you know that Ben Turpin in his pre-cinema days was a star in vaudeville, doing Happy Hooligan in two- and three-a-day houses? Nowadays, if you want to make Ben mad all you have to do is to tell him you know an optician who can straighten his eyes.

Our favorite hero, Herbert Rawlinson, is at present busy out at the Lasky studio making love to Ethel Clayton in "Wealth." As it is only a case of make-believe, and they are chaperoned by Director William D. Taylor, it's perfectly O. K.

King Baggot has given up the spotlight for the megaphone. In other words, he has taken up directing and is at present busy at Universal City on the next Carmel Myers feature.

A two-reel picture, "The Savage," starring Bebe Daniels, has been released for the first time and will be marketed on the State-rights basis. The picture is really the first dramatic effort of the now-popular screen star.

Little Bennie Alexander whom everybody learned to love for his adorable por-

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

trayal of the "littlest" brother in Griffith's "Hearts of the World," recently succeeded Wesley Barry in the name-rôle of the Los Angeles stage presentation of "Penrod." His performance was indeed remarkable for a boy of eight.

What *do* you think? Carmel Myers is married! To I. B. Kornblum. According to statisticians, their marriage took place over a year and a half ago and they have kept it a secret all that time. Mr. Kornblum is the composer of "Blue Eyes," a successful musical comedy playing in New York.

You cant get ahead of Will Rogers. Not even if you are a tax collector. A few years ago Rogers made out his income tax paper, but inadvertently failed to mention an exemption to which he was entitled. He wrote afterwards to Government officials and they in turn admitted he was entitled to a rebate, but somehow he never got it. In making out his income tax papers this year he included the amount of the exemption in his "bad debts."

Mrs. Theodore Kosloff, wife of the noted Russian dancer who appears in Lasky productions so often, has arrived in Los Angeles accompanied by their little seven-year-old daughter who has been an invalid almost since birth, her limbs being paralyzed. The Kosloffs have been separated during the last five years, the time which Theodore Kosloff has spent in this country. Mme. Kosloff remained in England with her child. Both declare this is the last separation they will ever endure. Mr. Kosloff took his wife and child to his Hollywood home immediately upon their arrival.

Mrs. Raymond Hatton, known professionally before her marriage as Frances Roberts, has returned to the screen under the name of Frances Hatton. She recently played a part with Shirley Mason in a Fox feature, and at present is supporting Will Rogers in his current Goldwyn feature, entitled "Doubling for Romeo."

Buster Keaton is in the hospital convalescing from a fractured leg. However, he expects to travel to New York in June for his marriage to Natalie Talmadge.

The popular author Peter B. Kyne is at the Lasky studio, collaborating on the adaptation of his famous Cappy Ricks stories, as a starring vehicle for Thomas Meighan.

Jeanie MacPherson has completed the titling of "The Affairs of Anatol" which Cecil B. de Mille did not, after all, rename "The Five Kisses," and has departed for a tour of England and France, the first vacation she has allowed herself for many a day.

Margarita Fisher, who was formerly the principal star of American film productions, but who has not been making features for some months, is to be exploited by a new concern called Independent Films Corporation.

Rita Weiman is one of the most popular playwrights on the coast. She recently completed an original screen story for Goldwyn consumption. It is called "The Grim Comedian," and will be a Frank Lloyd production.

Recently we haven't seen as much of Marcia Manon as we'd like to. But

(*Continued on page* 106)

Above, Elinor Glynn and Milton Sills watching Gloria Swanson in a scene of "The Great Moment"; left, Charlie Ray seems amused at his camera-man; and below, a photograph showing the filming of a scene in the Eric von Stroheim production, "Foolish Wives." Notice the platform built off the cliff where the camera stands

Greenroom Jottings

Anetha Getwell has been signed for a long-term contract by Pantheon Pictures Corporation and will be starred in "No Sale," a production soon to be started. Miss Getwell was a winner of last year's Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

Kathleen Myers has been chosen by Lloyd Hamilton for the comedy he is now producing for Educational.

Helen Darling, a former Christie Comedy favorite, will hereafter appear in Universal Comedies. Miss Darling is said to be almost a double of Elaine Hammerstein.

Carmel Myers, it has recently been learned, was married in 1919 to B. Kornblum, a music critic. Heretofore both parties have denied the report.

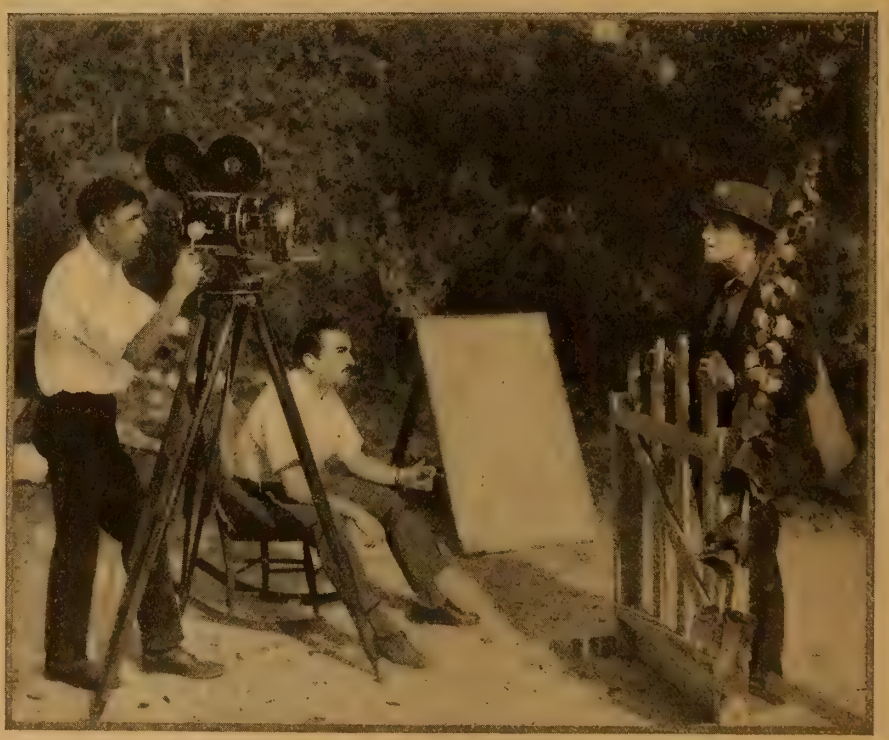
Kathleen Norris, well-known author, has been signed to write original stories for Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Anita Stewart's forthcoming production will be released as "Playthings of Destiny," instead of "The Tornado."

Hope Hampton will appear in the stellar rôle of "Stardust," a production adapted from Fannie Hurst's novel, which ran in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Corliss Palmer has just completed her work on her new stellar vehicle, "Heritage," which will be released under the title, "In the Blood."

"The Lamp Lighter," starring Shirley Mason, will soon be released by Fox. It is the picturized version of one of those stories of childhood, written by Maria Susanna Cummins.



George Fitzmaurice is shown above directing Richard Barthelmess in a scene of "Experience"

Doris Kenyon will play opposite Thomas Meighan in his next picture, "The Conquest of Canaan." This combination should be equal to the conquest of anything.

Tyrone Power was married on March 3 to Bertha Knight. This is the third time the famous actor has "gone and done it." Think of having three anniversaries a year!

King Baggot, who for years has combined acting with directing, will direct a series of special features for Universal.

Vivian Martin plays the stellar rôle in "Mother Eternal," having completed "The Song of the Soul." Welcome back, Vivian.

"Lorna Doone," R. D. Blackmore's famous novel, is to be filmed in England by Maurice Tourneur. The leading parts will be taken by American players.

An all-star entertainment was held recently for the Hoover fund. A whole constellation of stars performed, among them Wallace Reid, Jackie Coogan, Johnny Jones, Wesley Barry, Carter De Haven, Mildred Harris, Sessue Hayakawa, Bebe Daniels and Clara Horton.

David Butler will be starred in a series of five-reel comedy dramas to be known as the David Butler Productions.

Elsie Ferguson's next starring vehicle will be "Footlights."

"The Magic Cup" is Constance Binney's forthcoming Robertson production.

Eugene O'Brien's latest Selznick picture, "Gilded Lies," follows on the heels of the current production, "Worlds Apart."

"What's Worth While" is a new Lois Weber production starring Claire Windsor. Louis Calhoun plays the leading male rôle. We hope it lives up to its title.

Ethel Clayton plays the lead in "The Price of Possession," Hugh Ford's recent production.

"The Man of Stone" will be the next starring vehicle for Conway Tearle. The story is one of East Indian romance and intrigue.

Martha Mansfield, lovely Selznick star, is busy working on "The Fourth Sin," which proves there is nothing in a name after all, for Martha, herself, will tell you four isn't all.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will soon leave for Mexico City, where they will celebrate their first wedding anniversary and enjoy a short vacation. During their absence "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Three Musketeers" will be prepared for production.

Roscoe Arbuckle's production, "Crazy To Marry," is said to be a genuine laugh provoker, the best comedy in which he has yet appeared.

Hugo Ballin announces the forthcoming picturization of "Ave Maria" and "Jane Eyre."

George Randolph Chester is personally directing "The Son of Wallingford," a story written by him especially for the screen.

"One of Our Ancestors" depicts an interesting experiment in educational methods, showing a chimpanzee distinguishing the letters of the alphabet, tying and untying knots, potting plants and clearing up the trash—in fact, most things that young children are taught to do.

Cecil B. de Mille, determined to make his next production as pretentious as "The Affairs of Anatol," has engaged Dorothy Dalton to play the leading rôle and Mildred Harris another important rôle.

"The Enemy Strikes," second episode of the new Pathé serial starring Ruth Roland, has just been released and is quite up to the mark in thrills and climatic situations.

Marion Davies' next stellar rôle will be that of a romantic headstrong girl in "Manhandling Ethel," the screen adaptation of a Frank Adams story.

Five polishes prepared by the authority on the care of nails

Liquid Polish

Waterproof! lasting! Spread this rosy liquid evenly over the surface of your nails. In a moment it dries, leaving no stickiness and no odor. No rubbing, no buffing—quick, easy, and the result a sparkling, jewel-like brilliance that lasts for a week or more—35c.

Cake Polish

A compact cake polish—the old favorite. Velvety smooth, does not break or crumble—very economical. Rub a little on the palm of one hand, pass the nails of the other hand lightly, swiftly, over the powdered palm. In a moment you have nails that are noticeably lovely. Pink or white—35c.

Paste Polish

An especially smooth paste—easily distributed over the nail surface to give an even polish. Tints the nails and produces a brilliant finish. Waterproof, lasting—washing actually improves the polish. Pink or uncolored—35c

Powder Polish

Instantaneous! Convenient to carry! Easy to use! At last a powder polish without messy spilling. Shake a little onto the palm of one hand, use it as a buffer, brushing it lightly, quickly, over the nails of the other hand a quick, gleaming polish that is the most brilliant of all. Pink—35c.

Stick Polish

A successful stick polish—one that really gives the brilliance you demand. No matter what form of polish you prefer for regular use get a Cutex stick to carry in your hand-bag—the stick is the most convenient form of polish. Pink—35c.

HERE are the five Cutex Polishes—Liquid, Cake, Powder, Paste, Stick—so prepared as to give every woman the most efficient polish in just the form she prefers.

Each formulated by the authority on the nature and care of the nails, each formula worked out with the same technical knowledge that gave you Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Cut the coupon below and test the Cutex Polishes now prepared for you. Send for as many as you want. Test each one and determine which is best suited to your nails, which gives you the particular brilliance you prefer.

In any Cutex Polish you have a preparation that does not dry the cuticle, that keeps the nail itself healthy and in good condition. After your first application you will find your Cutex polish as efficient, as trustworthy a finish for your nails, as Cutex Cuticle Remover is for the removal of dead surplus cuticle.

Get these special miniature packages—each containing a supply sufficient for two weeks—or more. See for yourself which one gives you the beautifully finished finger nails that mark the well-dressed, smartly turned out woman of today.

Notice that Cutex Polishes come in Liquid, Cake, Paste, Powder and Stick form—no matter what style of polish you prefer you can find it here. In the coupon below, check the ones you want to test. Mail the coupon with the required number of stamps or coins.

Special introductory offer—send today

THIS is a special introductory offer. Because of the cost it cannot be continued indefinitely. These miniature test packages are especially prepared to enable Cutex users to test the polishes with the least possible inconvenience and delay. Mail your coupon with stamps or coin. The samples are five cents each or all five for twenty cents.

Write your name and address plainly—otherwise your package will not reach you.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 806, 114 West 17th St., New York. If you live in Canada send to Dept. 806, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Northam Warren, Dept. 806, 114 W. 17th St., New York City

I enclose.....for test package (or packages) of Cutex Polish. Send style checked below—

[] Liquid . . .	5 cents	[] Stick . . .	5 cents
[] Cake . . .	5 "	[] Powder . . .	5 "
[] Paste . . .	5 "	[] All five . . .	20 "

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Clip this coupon—mail it today and try these wonderful polishes

Greenroom Jottings

Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid have been announced as the winners in the National Star Popularity Contest, conducted by the Moving Picture World in conjunction with Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Lon Chaney and Leatrice Joy have been signed for leads in the Goldwyn production, "The Ace of Hearts."

Nita Naldi, who took the rôle of the Italian dancer in the Paramount production, "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," has been chosen to play the rôle of "Passion" in "Experience."

Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph company, journeyed to the West Coast especially to get two big productions started—"Flower of the North" and "The Son of Wallingford." He was accompanied by George Randolph Chester.

Kate Bruce is winning fame as a screen mother for her portrayal of the mother in "Way Down East" and "The City of Silent Men," and her present rôle of Youth's mother in "Experience."

"The Woman Untamed" has been chosen as the next starring vehicle for Doraldina, the popular dancer. Sounds like a good title for Doraldino, herself.

Margaret Sousa, the goddaughter of John Phillip Sousa, plays the part of the American Legion Girl in "Lest We Forget," now being made by Storey Pictures.

D. W. Griffith's next production, to follow "Dream Street," will be "Faust," the work of which is already well in hand.

Henry Arthur Jones, the veteran British playwright, has come to America to study photoplay technique at the Paramount studio in New York. Mr. Jones has shown youthful enthusiam in adapting himself to the youthful drama of the screen, tho he is seventy years old. His first Paramount picture being "The Call of Youth." We approve his entire sympathy with the sentiments of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

"Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Grow old nor be afraid."

Norma Talmadge will be supported by a cast of exceptional merit in her next picture, "The Sign On the Door," Lew Cody and Charles Richmond included. The picture will be directed by Herbert Brennon, who has just finished "The Passion Flower."

Elinor Glyn has had the unique experience of seeing the marriage of her daughter in London, while she herself was in Hollywood, Cal. This was accomplished by Mr. Lasky, who had the wedding filmed and rushed the film back for the benefit of the bride's mother. But think what an experience it will be for the bride when she sees herself getting married, after it is all over!

Bill Hart, in answer to the many inquiries about his retirement from the screen, says he is going to enjoy a long vacation and feel that he is absolutely free as long as he wishes to be, without any thought of the future or the screen.

Norma and Constance Talmadge have just signed an important contract with Lucien Lelong, famous *couturier* in Paris, whereby he will furnish them with several models a year, which will be the last word in ultra-fashionable, *chic* styles.

Anetha Getwell, a winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Miss Getwell is The American Legion Girl

Mack Sennett's first romantic comedy, "Heart Balm," exploits in the leading rôles Ethel Grey Terry, Herbert Standing, Robert Cain, Noah Beery and Dan Deely, who were engaged outside the regular Sennett organization.

Marie Provost, who with Phyllis Haver, shares feminine honors in Mack Sennett's six-reel comedy drama, "A Small Town Idol," began her screen career as a Sennett Bathing Beauty. These girls are proof of what a combination of brains and beauty will accomplish in filmdom.

Geraldine Farrar announces that she will not make any more pictures until next Fall, when she and her husband, Lou Tellegan, return from Europe where they have gone for a vacation.

Margaret Marsh plays the leading female rôle opposite Lionel Barrymore in "The Boomerang."

Mack Sennett declares that Blue Laws are opposed to the very foundations of democracy, where the majority must reign. The Blue Laws represent a very small minority.

Jeanie Macpherson, who has written most of the scenarios for Cecil B. de Mille's Paramount productions, is enjoying an extended vacation in Europe. Miss Macpherson intends to visit England, France and Germany while abroad, gathering material for future Cecil B. de Mille productions.

"The Easy Road," a Paramount picture, starring Thomas Meighan, is an adaptation of the story, "Easy Street," by Blair Hall, which was published in *Snappy Stories*. The cast includes Gladys George, Lila Lee and Viora Daniel.

Ruth Roland's forthcoming Pathé serial, "The Avenging Arrow," is said to be more elaborate than any of her previous continued plays. "The Vow of Mystery" was released as the first episode, and the next episode follows soon.

Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman.

At one exclusive shop in every city Betty Wales Dresses are sold. Every dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

BOTH of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics the safe Lux way.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them often. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The safe, gentle way to launder Cotton Wash Goods

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let *white things* soak a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run.

Always press *dotted Swiss* on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundering directions

The secret of washing printed wash fabrics is to do them quickly. If a delicate fabric lies in strong suds while soap is rubbed on it, it will not stand many washings. The colors fade quickly and the threads become rough and coarsened.

For this reason we advise the use of Lux—which is a pure "neutral" soap—containing no free alkali. Lux makes an instant suds and requires no rubbing.

We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather quickly loosens the dirt without rubbing.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all our customers would wash Pacific printed wash fabrics in Lux.

PACIFIC MILLS

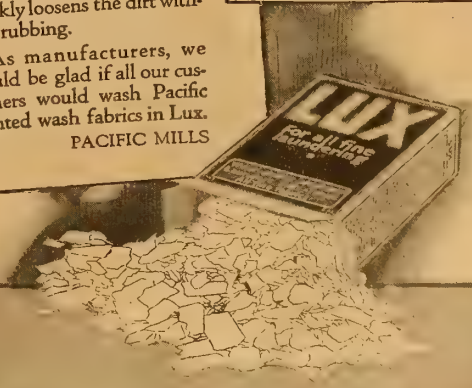
Great dress manufacturer says: "Launder cottons as carefully as silks"

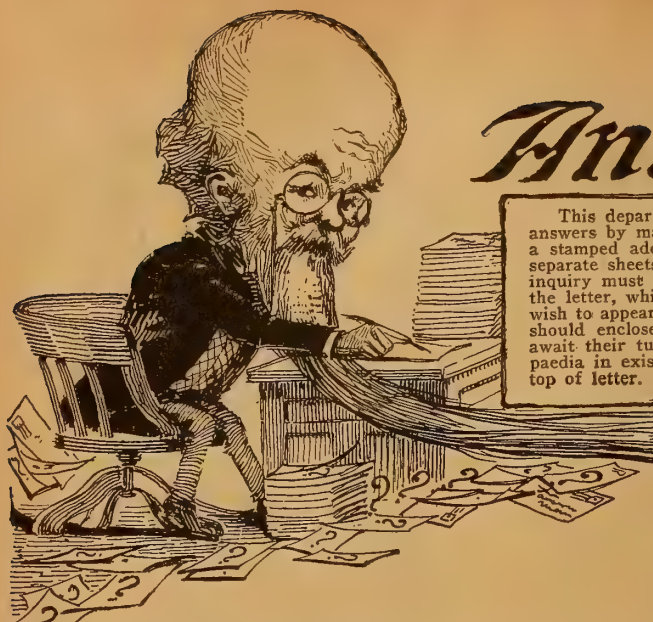
We are interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

BETTY WALES DRESSMAKERS





The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Good reader, let us have a little chat together. Sit you down with benevolent optics and a kindly heart, and I doubt not we shall pass a right pleasant hour together. I cannot always crack a merry joke, nor say a scholarly thing, and you may find me pretty dull at times. But never you mind—just remember that I am only a young man of eighty odd summers, and that you cant expect much from me until I blossom with the ripening years of wisdom. And now, on with the dance!

JUST ME.—Yes, spring has come. Thanks for sending me the shaving set. I will use it in July—haying time. Yes, he is married. You can never disguise a married man or a Ford—you can always tell them by their clutch. Bessie Love, in "One Room and Bath."

KATHERINE F. B.—No, I dont mind answering a few questions. Next time I see Douglas I will tell him. Milton Sills, opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Great Moment," written by Elinor Glyn. Yes, your friend should write a book on "What's Wrong With the World."

KEYSTONE.—You lose; the picture posing for "Stars" on page 46 of the January MAGAZINE is Mary Pickford, and not Enid Bennett.

LAQUET H.—Thanks for the fee. Kenneth Harlan was the husband in "Dangerous Business." If you go on making trouble, people will call you a pig or a miser, neither of which is of any value to the world till dead.

A TULSA GIRL.—Never fear; I dont get fooled very often on April Fool's Day. But what should I do, when the bad boys place a bad quarter on the sidewalk? If I pick it up, they will have the laugh; if I pass it by, I might get arrested for passing a counterfeit coin. You say you like Roy Stewart and Thomas Chatterton. Write to me again.

PETTIGREW'S GIRL.—You're right; give the players graceful tribute, but not gushing flattery. You say you have the Monte Blues. They are the only kind worth having. I should say, more than 2,000 churches in the United States are showing motion pictures. Lillian Gish directed her sister, Dorothy, in a five-reel comedy. To my way of thinking, the old Biograph company produced more stars than any other company, but the old Vitagraph was certainly a close second.

F. A. K., Terre Haute.—Hoot, mon! Thanks for the bit! No, I never rare up and arch my spine like a peeved cat. I'm not of that gender. Indeed, I drink coffee, but it's bad for my nerves, alas, alack. Cant say that I ever did wish I was young again. I've led such an awful life I wouldn't want to go thru with it again. I am quite sure Rod Larocque will send you his picture. Strong.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—You say a man who eats like a horse and drinks like a cow has no business calling himself a man of quiet tastes. Sishwaw! Here goes: Frank May is married. Address Jack Pickford, Goldwyn Studios, Los Angeles. James L. Crane was the husband in "The Misleading Widow." You're very welcome, so come again.

JANET R.—You call me dear old thing. Why is this thus? Yes, that was a real, real lion that Hope Hampton had her picture taken with, which appeared on our December cover—the same lion you saw in "The Bait," and you know that was real. Jean Sothern played in "The Mystery of Myra." Donald McDonald, in "The Yellow Typhoon." Gaston Glass was born in France twenty-five years ago. Thomas Meighan, with Lasky, and married to Frances Ring. Run in some time and say hello.

LELA L.—Thanks for the gum. I've been thinking of you all day, but it has been a pleasant day. Growing? I should say my beard is growing. I expect by next Christmas to be carrying it around in a basket. Much too much. Dorothy Dalton and Lew Cody are not married to each other now. Mae Murray married to Robert Leonard. Viola Dana, four feet eleven. Write me again.

UNKNOWN.—I hope you haven't aphasia. It would take too long to describe those technical terms here. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's new studio in England will be one of the most completely equipped in the world, and no doubt the finest in Europe. His first picture, with Lady Diana Manners, will be finished in October.

SUDS AND SMILES.—Cherio! You think I am between twenty and thirty. Are you complimenting me, or insulting me? You will have to write direct to the players for their pictures. Well, never mind, I'd rather be an orphan in New York than twins in Gary, Ind.

ETHEL G. CYPRESS.—Why, the word *"cenotaph,"* which has appeared frequently of late in connection with soldiers' memorials, comes from two Greek words, and means "empty tomb." George Ovey was last with Gayety Comedies. Ruth Helms is Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

MRS. NETTIE R.—Your letter was a corker, and I sure did enjoy looking at your picture. You say you like me as a spirit whom you never expect to meet. If you keep as good as I am, we will meet on the River Styx. Tom Moore and Hazel Daly can be reached at Goldwyn studios.

JUST GINNY.—No, indeed, I am not married—just happy. Yes, I saw Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in their vaudeville sketch, "Poor Rich Man." They were both splendid in it, and Beverly was more beautiful than ever, while Francis was just as pleasing. You must write to me again. Watch 'em! They'll come back.

G. W. R.—Inez Williams is Dorothy Devore's correct name, and she is at the Christie Studios, Los Angeles, Calif., now.

PETER WILKINS.—So you are anxiously waiting to see Corliss Palmer. Well, you will see her. She has already played in two plays and is now finishing her third. She is a real beauty and you are sure to like her. Ruth Roland paid New York a month's visit recently and left for the Coast on February 25th. She called here several times. We are all fond of her. I am sure she will answer your letter.

Doris Kenyon's versatile acting has won her a place at the head of her own company, De Luxe Productions. The scene below is from one of her latest films—"The Inn of the Blue Moon"

Are You a Brunette?

Here are Doris Kenyon's directions for keeping dark hair beautiful

"DARK-Haired women should be especially careful of the way they care for their hair."—So said dainty Doris Kenyon, as she combed out her beautiful long, brown tresses.

"The brunette who is careless—whose hair never looks well cared for—is more unattractive than any other type.

"Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck—it is the result of just the right treatment. And the dark-haired girl who will follow these simple directions will find her hair wavy, fluffy, silky and full of life and easy to do up."

"This is the hair-dresser's way"

"First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

"Second: Apply a little Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear, warm water.

"Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, then rinse three or four times with warm water and finish by rinsing with cold water. Dry thoroughly with warm towels."

This treatment is just as effective for blondes, and never darkens or streaks even snow-white hair.

A shampoo once a week will work wonders

"If you want your hair always soft, radiant and beautiful, wash it frequently.

"I always have my hair washed at least once a week, because I find that the surest way to keep it looking its best."

You can obtain Wildroot Liquid Shampoo at your druggist's or department store or hair-dresser's, with this unusual guarantee:

If you do not think Wildroot Liquid Shampoo is worth more than it cost, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Four perfect shampoos for ten cents

Mail the coupon with a dime for a traveler's size bottle—large enough to give you four perfect shampoos. Send for this bottle today, and try Doris Kenyon's directions yourself.

WILDROOT CO., Inc.
Department CY
Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose 10 cents. Please send me the Traveler's size Bottle of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo.

If I am not fully satisfied, you agree to refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Druggist's Address.....

The Answer Man

AFTER-DINNER MINTS.—How sweet! St. Petersburg was changed to "Petrograd" to eliminate all trace of the German influence noticeable in the suffix "burg." You speak of Dick all thru your letter—Dick who?

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—Well, you will stay in the same rut forever if you dont take a chance. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, is twenty-two, and has blue eyes and golden hair. Weighs 123. King Vidor is twenty-four and one of our youngest directors.

D'ARTAGNAN.—Well, it is claimed that there are 4,675 Chinese women and 66,865 Chinese men in the United States. Perhaps it's just as well thus. Fred Niblo will direct Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Doris Pawn and Charles Ray, in "The Midnight Ball." Mabel Normand, back with Mack Sennett. She will play in "Molly, O."

WANDA.—Thanks for the card. One would think there was a huge great door to let people get into pictures, and that I hold the key, by the way some people write to get into pictures. I wish there was a way to let them all in.

MRS. A. G., Montreal.—Excellent! One good compliment deserves another. Not mockery, but reality. Helen Ferguson is no relation to Elsie. Lila Lee, interviewed last month, and Kathlyn Williams are with Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif. I would like to hear from you very often, and I am sure more so if it gives you any pleasure and comfort.

SWEETIE.—Before I publish your letter, I suggest that you take out plenty of life insurance. The players and manufacturers will all be after you. You want to know all about Conway Tearle, Walter McGrail and Lowell Sherman. It is according to how the word is used. "Rocks" is slang for money, but in the underworld parlance it means diamonds. "Kale" is underworld for money.

ARNOLD W.—Glad to see you looking so well. Nobody who has not earned money by hard work can ever be taught the value of it. Money easily earned is easily spent. Why dont you join one of the clubs?

STICKERS, BINNEY FAN, DANCOMANIA, P. B., A. R., UGLY, FRANK MAYO ADMIRER, C. J., A. L. C., I. D., N. P., JUST ME, JEAN G., E. Q., BABY DOLL, HAY-SHAKER, SUNSHINE-BAIRE, BETTY C., POLO ALTO, Y. S. A., ETHEL G., J. O'B., TED, DRANK, F. M. S., F. T. L., RAMONDE S., M. J., JACK E. L., MAYBELL LEE, PARILLO, F. T., HOLLYWOOD, E. G. HUNTER, MOONSHINER, M. DE LOS R., E. P., T. B., CHRISTINE THE VAMP.—Sorry I cant answer you, but your questions have been answered elsewhere. Write to me again.

BARBARA A.—You say, single women imagine that there are such things as ideal husbands, but married women know better. What's wrong in your family? Shirley Mason is about twenty years old. Billy West is not the same person as Charlie Chaplin. Helen Gibson was last with Capital Films, Hollywood, Calif. Not yet. Thanks, and write me again.

P. N. ESKEN.—You say you have a wife that you admire—she gets up first and builds the fire. That's nothing. I know a chap who takes his wife to work every morning and kisses her when he leaves her. And the earth still revolves on its axis. Ha ha, he he, and likewise ho ho, Mary Pickford is to play a dual rôle in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She will play little Cedric, who is little Lord Fauntleroy, and his mother. Jack Pickford is to direct it.

LAVENDER LEWIE.—Why, Viora Daniel played in "Life of the Party" with Fatty Arbuckle. You're welcome.

ESTHER N. V.—No, I never play cards, horses or the piano. No, that isn't the same joke I know. Tell me about it.

MERRY MAID.—Yes, we keep a "morgue" containing all the facts and news we can get about players. Every up-to-date newspaper keeps up one concerning prominent citizens. My dear child, better stay on the farm. Dont think that you can go into a studio and start playing. It cant be done. Why? Only pictures with stars are selling to the exhibitors these days. Take my advice and forget it.

FATIMA.—Keep your foot on the soft-pedal and dont flare up so. Boil within, but dont boil over. Nearly 80 per cent. of the babies of Paris are born in hospitals and under municipally-aided care. Gaby Deslys died in France. Katherine McDonald is five feet eight inches and weighs 134 pounds. I really couldn't give you a description of Norma Talmadge's husband. I just wish I could get some of that buttermilk you talk about. Great spring tonic.

DOROTHY I. P.—No, your question is not an easy one to answer, and I will have to pass. If a child born on foreign soil to Americans temporarily abroad, is brought to this country and remains here, is the child eligible to the Presidency of the United States? You can get in touch with Edward Earle at Ziegfeld Prod., Delmonico's, New York. Sorry I cannot take on any more personal correspondents.

BERTHA R.—No, the Talmadge sisters have no brothers.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Yes, it is true that there are over 2,000,000 people suffering from leprosy in this world, and over half of them are in India. Bert Lytell married Evelyn Vaughn, and Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Write to me again.

DUSTY R. T.—You want me to go down to Hawaii with you and look over some of the dames. That's a go. When do we start? You think Sir Walter invented the expression, "Great Scott." I always enjoy your letters, and I hope you write soon again.

EDWIN Z.—Thanks a lot for the fee. Your letter was mighty interesting. A young lad reading our magazine in Switzerland suddenly wants to be an extra in pictures. Packs his bag and comes to America. Lands in New York, stops at a shabby hotel, gets homesick, but still persists. Finally he walks to the old Biograph studios and finds that they are closed. Gets discouraged and goes to Pittsburg to relatives. Poor boy. It was a sad experience, but let me hear from you as to your doings. Yes, the Fame and Fortune Contest is for men, too.

MRS. A. F., Singapore.—Pearl White played a dual rôle in "The Black Secret." Send $11.50 in a money order for a subscription to our three publications. Corliss Palmer's address is still care of this office.

DUESY.—Virginia Lee Corbin is playing. "Ben Hur" has never been filmed. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the film rights have been refused. Mrs. Sidney Drew was an elocutionist before entering pictures.

ICEBERGEY.—No, Carol Dempster is not married. The salary and allowances of the President of the French Republic amount to about two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year. You are quite a politician. Yes, Mrs. Harding was selecting furniture in New York, but I am quite sure she had nothing to do with Mr. Harding's Cabinet.

GREASY JIM.—All the way from Australia, too. Yes, they play cricket some here, but I never played it. D. W. Griffith was a reporter in Louisville, Ky., before going on the stage. Later he played in Biograph pictures and then directed. He has been in pictures since 1908.

JEANNE D.—You were a little late for the April issue. Yes, Aileen Ray is a dancer. She danced for the boys in the Southern military camps. You know, she is one of the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Vincent Coleman, opposite Constance Binney in "The Magic Cup."

HORMUSJI SHAPURJI.—Many, many thanks for sending me the magazine from India. I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

BUBBLES.—Well, the more one loves, the less one judges. You want to see more of Warren Kerrigan. So do I. You say, when a woman wants to see attractive hosiery on display she looks in the show window. But a man looks somewhere else.

BLAIR W., PUG NOSE, VIOLA DANA ADMIRER, MARGIE, WILLIAM SCOTT ADMIRER, SHARONITE, TEMPERAMENTAL RICHARD, B. K., POLLY AUSTRALIA, H. B., KATHLEEN, D. K., GLADDING K., L. C. BRONKS, C. RAYMOND G., F. M., RUTH S., BUFFALO, BOBBIE, MOVIA LOVER.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans, but I had to do it.

Posed by Constance Talmadge in Good References —a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark —50c.

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FACE POWDER

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Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing a silk and wool powder pad, a sample packet of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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The Ideal Cast Contest Opens

Generous Awards To Be Given Reader Winners

The Ideal Cast Contest, announced for last month, but unavoidably postponed, Begins its official existence in this number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

In case you failed to read the announcement and explanation of the Contest in a previous issue of this magazine, we are giving it again as follows:

Frequent complaints come in anent the casting of certain players for rôles unsuited to them, and we are often questioned as to why one actor plays opposite a certain favorite star when another is so much better fitted, in appearance, personality, etc., to be her leading man.

Perhaps you are one who has observed and resented this unsuitability of players. Perhaps you have your ideas of what actors are best suited to certain rôles. If so, here is your opportunity to voice your sentiments.

Use the ballots printed at the end of this article and fill in the blanks according to your personal ideas of the appropriateness of each person to the rôle. Later you may fill another ballot giving the names of those stars who, you think, are likely to win the contest, regardless of whether you voted for them or for some one else in the other ballot. And these ballots on which you place your guess as to the Ideal Cast must reach these offices by August 1st.

The prizes will be awarded, totaling $500, in the following amounts:

First Prize—$250.
Second Prize—$100.
Third Prize—$75.
Fourth Prize—$50.
Fifth Prize—$25.

These prizes will be awarded not for the voting, but for the correct guessing of the names of the stars receiving the greatest number of votes. You may make your two ballots exactly the same, or entirely different, or differing in spots.

In voting for the Ideal Cast you will probably vote for your favorites, while in casting your second ballot you will vote for those who are most likely to win. The two ballots are separate and distinct. No prizes will be given to the winning stars; the publicity of the Contest and the honor of winning will be theirs, the prizes going to the readers.

Perhaps this idea of an ideal cast will be seized by a progressive producer and presto, change! there will be such a cast as one has dreamed of but never seen. As in Jacob's dream, there will be angels both ascending and descending.

Similar contests have been conducted in other fields. For instance, the regular selection of The All American Football Team, The Ideal Baseball Nine, or select stage casts, and so on. Now we think it fitting to select an ideal screen cast.

Now here is the contest, the rules, the ballot—everything—ready, and a great curiosity in our minds to know what kind of casts will be selected and who the winning stars will be. Be sure your ballot is correctly filled out before sending it in. Ballots will be tabulated and counted immediately upon receipt to avoid any possibility of mistakes.

There must be rules in every contest, but we have made them as few and as definite as possible. And these few must be heeded or the offending ballot will be thrown out. Do not write asking for information. Here are the rules:

1. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

2. In voting for The Ideal Child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or a girl.

3. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Dorothy Gish may be your ideal comedienne and your favorite leading lady as well. You may vote for her under both headings.

4. All ballots must be addressed:

Ideal Cast Contest Editor,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Follow the progress of the Contest as it appears in all future issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The Contest will run five months. At the end of that time the prizes will be awarded and the announcements made as soon as possible.

Here is the ballot. It must be filled out, cut out and mailed to the above address. However, a similar ballot of your own making will be acceptable, altho we prefer the printed ballots for uniformity.

JUNE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

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YOU know Listerine, the safe antiseptic. You've known it and used it and had confidence in it for years. We believe you'll like Listerine Tooth Paste equally well. Listerine users everywhere, in fact, are rapidly and enthusiastically accepting it.

When you use Listerine Tooth Paste you will discover a delightfully fresh, clean feeling in your mouth. Experience the pleasure of knowing your teeth are *really* clean and that your tooth paste is doing *all* a paste can do to keep your mouth healthy.

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In the mighty magnificence of Glacier National Park, Marshall Neilan found the supreme scenic setting for his spectacular production of Randall Parrish's romantic novel, "Bob Hampton of Placer."

The wondrous lakes, rugged peaks and glistening glaciers that won Mr. Neilan's artistic appreciation are yours to enjoy. Plan your vacation this year in Glacier National Park. See nature in her wildest and most coquettish moods.

Modern hotels and Swiss chalets offer best accommodations. Tours via motor, saddle-horse and launch, by day, week or month. En route to North Pacific Coast, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, Mt. Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks. "Glacier" is your only national park on the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Summer Tourist Fares — inquire of nearest ticket or tourist agent.

Write for aeroplane map and literature — Glacier National Park

A. J. DICKINSON, *Passenger Traffic Manager*
Great Northern Railway **St. Paul, Minn.**

A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway
Dept. 48X, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send literature and aeroplane map of Glacier National Park.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

America constitutionally overdoes every thing she undertakes. The deplorable result of such spendthrift activity is best exemplified in the moving picture industry of today. "Fewer and Better Pictures" by all means!

DEAR EDITOR:—"Fewer and better pictures" is the cry of the producers of today. But I surely hope that the pictures they will present us wont be without human interest, and wont be merely expensive and spectacular dramas.

I am awaiting with much anticipation the much heralded "Kismet," starring Otis Skinner. It is said to be very massive yet to have human appeal. While some massive productions are merely beautifully produced, there is no plot interest at all.

I have never cared for Mildred Harris, but after seeing "The Woman in His House," I quickly changed my opinion. I now think of her as an attractive and talented actress. In this play she seemed to make the best of every opportunity and her acting was superb.

Other actresses have had the door of stardom thrown open for them by their work in maybe just one picture. Gloria Swanson, under the clever guiding hand of de Mille, proved herself a capable actress with her portrayal of the heroine in the miracle, or rather the spiritual drama, "Something To Think About."

I think "Madame X" was the very best emotional drama of the year 1920. Pauline Frederick's acting was very fine, and I surely hope to see her in another play, in which her talents will be as well fitted.

Norma Talmadge and Ethel Clayton are both talented actresses, but there must be a flaw in their scenario departments. They deserve better stories than they are awarded.

Wishing you much success during the coming year,

Yours truly,
PHIL J. BEAN.
Stillwater, Minnesota.

A picture of a man melting a piece of copper telephone wire with an acetylene torch, or whatever one properly does use, would contain no element of humor, thereby defeating its own ends; for the fundamental element of humor is, perhaps, distortion. If comedies were truthful and real and probable and exact—why—then they wouldn't be comedies! Q. E. D.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been reading the different letters that have been sent to you, and I think I should give my little bit in helping your department.

I saw Harold Lloyd in "Number, Please" and all in all it was a very good picture, but I do not understand one part of it. Do the clerks in hotels use real honest-to-goodness telephones? While Mr. Lloyd was using the desk phone a man came along and put his cigar on the wire. I am an electrician in the Navy, and as far as I

know a cigar will not melt copper. But I was surprised to find that it did melt the phone wire that Mr. Lloyd was using. Please do tell me what kind of a cigar that was, for I have an awful lot of copper melting to do, and I would like to get some of them so I could get a little pleasure along with my work.

Truly yours,
FRANK A. SHIRLEY.
U.S.S. *Eagle* No. 57, Bremerton, Wash.

P. S. This ship has received orders to sail for the Asiatic Stations and Australia, so if there are any young folks that would care to correspond with an American Jackie, I would be only too pleased to hear from them or get their addresses.

A LADY with a grievance!

DEAR SIR:—You always print favorable letters, but I wonder if you would print one with a grievance? Well, whether you do so or not, here I am, jolly well upset. In all honesty I must say that I have always been devoted to the Brewster Publications, but after this last copy had been read I was forced to retire to the sanctuary of my *boudoir* to recuperate.

For Heaven's sake, the next time you feel an interview with Elinor Glyn coming on, run out to California and get von Stroheim to talk about detail or devote a couple of pages to the German Crown Prince's opinion of his cousin the Prince of Wales—anything but Elinor Glyn calling herself an aristocrat, and an English one at that. Oh, shades of York, Kent and Victoria!

I'm English, jolly well so, I can assure you, but I'd rather read pages upon pages of the Australian Enid (whose work I frankly admire) than to have Elinor representing aristocracy thrust upon me.

Miss Glyn's books may be in the British Museum as she claims, but they certainly are not in the homes of gentlemen and gentlewomen, nor would they be allowed there. And if Miss Glyn intends to follow her screen career along the same lines, it will not add anything to the American motion picture, which is filthy enough (with few exceptions) now.

Why will American producers allow themselves to be hoodwinked and led around by the nose by these foreigners, who come over here and simply hold them up for huge sums to pay for their "name." An "unnamed" American could give cleaner, better and finer stories than all the Glyns, etc., etc., put together.

MARY VICTORIA ARKWRIGHT.
Coolidge Corner, Mass.

The following letter is only one of dozens of like complaints. This Department will act as a clearing house only for requests made in good faith.

DEAR EDITOR:—The letters to the Editor are certainly very interesting as well as amusing. Several months ago I wrote you, but failed to see my letter in print. Now for some "hot stuff." Why do so many of your correspondents wish to hear from the readers when they themselves never answer them? I have had such experiences several times.

In spite of Jules D. Stoltz, the Talmadges are my favorites. Here's wishing them luck!

What is the matter with Mary Pickford? Why does she not get some good pictures? Who could enjoy the winsome Mary in "Suds," and "Heart O' the Hills" was worse. Let's hope "The Love Light" will be better.

Let me add a few good words for Agnes

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Results from olive oil

How to make hair glossy—this all important question is easily answered. How to give it silky texture and satiny gloss—follow the directions we give you here.

The method is simple—the means yours for the asking. Palmolive Shampoo—the olive oil shampoo—will transform the appearance of your hair, making it soft and silky. You will be delighted with that all-admired, well-groomed, glossy appearance.

You get in Palmolive Shampoo a blending of palm, olive and coconut oils. The combination provides a wonderful beautifier as well as the most thorough of cleansers. It works a transformation in the appearance of your hair.

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The first advice of a scalp specialist is the use of olive oil to make hair grow. Olive oil, with its penetrating, yet soothing, effect goes right to the roots of the hair. Combined with the cleansing properties of Palmolive Shampoo, it loosens and removes the scales of dead skin from the scalp pores. By lubricating and softening it makes possible the normal circulation of blood, which stimulates the growth of hair and gives it natural healthy gloss.

Follow these directions

Wet hair thoroughly in clear water and massage Palmolive Shampoo into your hair with the tips of your fingers. Move the scalp back and forth, which will stimulate the circulation of blood to feed the tiny hair roots. The olive oil has cleared the way. The shampoo will make a stiff, rich lather, which envelopes your head like a cap.

Wash the whole length of hair in this lather, rinse and then repeat the operation. Let the final rinsings be thorough and finish with cold water. Dry by shaking and fanning.

Then—a thorough brushing and let your mirror prove results. You see gloss, softness and silky abundance—a real transformation. Every such treatment will show further improvement.

Send for trial bottle

We will gladly send you a sample bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, containing enough for one generously luxurious shampoo, no matter how heavy your hair.

This acquaintance bottle is sent absolutely free with our compliments. With it you receive a valuable booklet, No. 224, on scientific scalp treatment at home.

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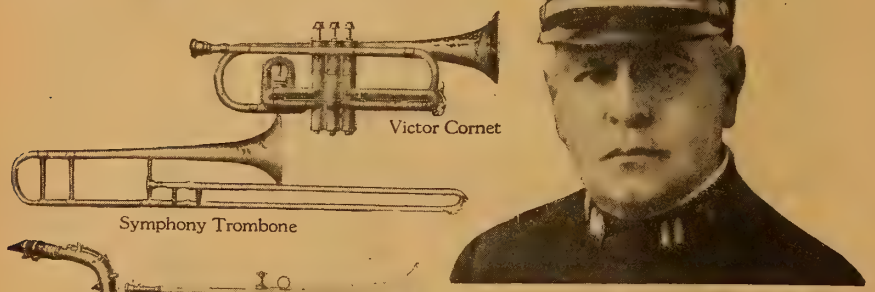

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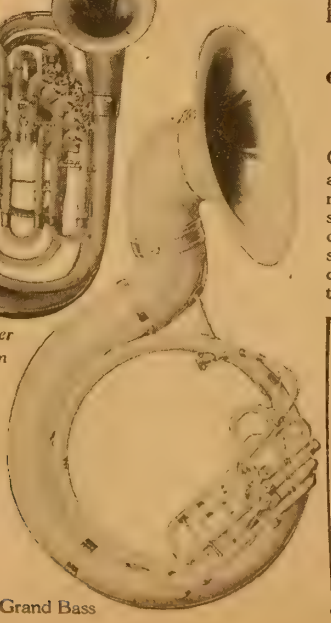

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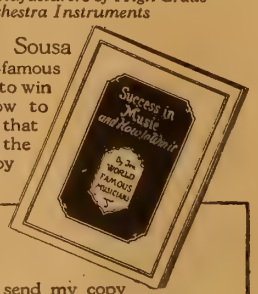

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Gentlemen: Please send my copy of "Success in Music and How to Win It" and details of your free trial plan. (Mention instrument).
Name_____
Street or Rural Route _____
City, State_____
County_____
Instrument_____

Ayres, Eugene Palette, Harold Lloyd and a regular screen hero, Albert Roscoe. I hope he reads this, as he can gamble he has several fans here in Boston. Franklyn Farnum is another favorite as well as Buck Jones.

In closing, I will present you a litany many of the fans may be able to use. Good Lord, deliver us from any more:

Lew Codys
Shirley Mason's boy rôles
Sixteen-year-old stars
Wallace Reid's smiles
Charlie Chaplin
Charles Ray's stupid parts
Critics like Jules D. Stoltz

With best wishes for the new year.
Sincerely,
J. BRITTON BASTABLE.
28 Ballou Ave., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

The omniscient fan continues his and her criticism in no uncertain terms. However, intelligent criticism is a prophylaxis against that almost inevitable disease so common to screen stars, vulgarly known as "swelled head."

DEAR EDITOR:—As I have been reading with great interest the discussions of different stars, I would like to express a few of my own opinions.

Now the first will be Douglas Fairbanks. I think he is so tiresome, and does such unreasonable things. I saw him in a picture not long ago, where he was riding a motor cycle in the desert with some bandits after him. The machine ran out of gas and he got off and ran. A little later he came right back and got on and rode off. Evidently the desert is full of filling stations. And for his wife, Mary Pickford, I think it is about time for her golden curls to be turning grey.

I saw Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress." I think she will have to reduce quite a bit more if she is intending to play such girlish parts. She looked as old as her mother in that picture. It takes pretty Betty Compson to play that kind of part, for she is young and girlish as well as very beautiful.

Miss Dorothy Gish is too old to play such little silly parts as "Flying Pat." I judge that if Lillian would direct Dorothy it would help her considerably, as Lillian is a good director as well as a beautiful actress.

And while we are mentioning beautiful actresses, let us remember little Olive Thomas. I think I have seen almost everything she ever made. And next to her comes pretty Mary Miles Minter. Altho you can see her freckles on the screen, she is pretty just the same. And my best wishes to Charlie Ray, and best wishes also to the motion picture world.

Miss BILLY LANE.
421 East First St., Tulsa, Okla.

An attempt to explain Our Mary's popularity, we are sure will interest a great number of readers. But, after all, can it be explained? It just IS—like all natural phenomena.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the November issue of your magazine I read a letter from Madge T. Baum, of Boston, in which she said she failed to see why Mary Pickford was so popular. I am writing my opinion as to why she is so popular.

In the first place, it must be admitted that Mary's popularity is a very wonderful thing, when one considers that she has

reigned supreme for five years, and judging from the results of the popularity contest, no other star is within measurable distance of displacing her.

To my way of thinking little Mary never acts, she just plays childhood as it really is. There is no pulling of the hair or rolling of the eyes in Mary's pictures, but in its place a sweet, natural little girl who radiates happiness every time her shadow is flashed on the screen. Happiness, laughter and prettiness, surely these are some of the things people want nowadays. Mary certainly gives them to us.

As for her playing grown-up parts, she really can. Remember how womanly she looked in the riding costume in "Heart O' the Hills," and in the later scenes in "Daddy Long Legs."

I know of several mothers who take their little daughters to see every one of her pictures, hoping that they might grow up to be something like her. I am quite content to see her in any picture she likes to give us, because it isn't very often you see anyone quite as lovely as Mary. As she is "The World's Sweetheart," I think I am safe in predicting that she will reign supreme for many more years, because everyone loves and goes to see their sweetheart. Mary has a good few, evidently.

Sincerely,
MOLLIE MITCHELL.
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

"She knows not whether to praise or to blame him"—and does both.

TO THE EDITOR:—This is my first venture in writing you, and as I notice most of your correspondents criticise what seems wrong in pictures, I also would like to say a few words about "Nomads Of The North."

No doubt most folks know that James Oliver Curwood wrote the story, but why is it that when he directed the picture he changed the story completely and put it in such a form that anyone who had read the book would not enjoy the picture?

"Brimstone" was the dog's name and it should have been "Micki." Curwood is a wonderful writer, but I think he would better let some one else do his directing after this.

Yours respectfully,
V. L. H.
Dayton, Kentucky.

Except for the fact that interviewers read only what they write themselves, this letter might start a revolution.

DEAR EDITOR:—Are all movie people perfect? Please explain why every actress who is interviewed "is really a lovely girl, frankness showing in every motion, and she actually kept her appointment!"

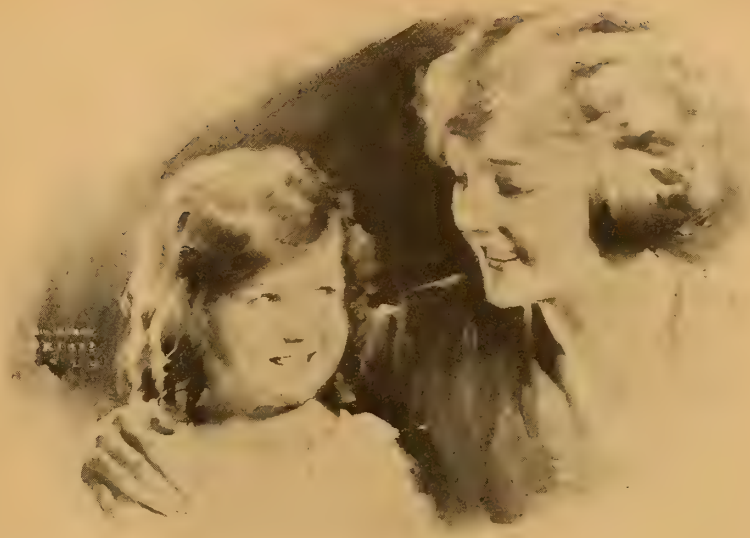
If it is to be a character study, as the interviewer always states, why not show one or two bad points about a star's disposition? Of course it would be rather hard, but fans really like to think of their favorites as honest-to-goodness human beings and not "perfect people" who never think of anything but the "correct thing."

The labored attempts at wit in some of the interviews are painful at times, and we do not care to read all about what the interviewer thought, felt, experienced and said, but we want the star.

The answer man is really funny and the Bernard Shaw-like tone shows him to be a true humorist.

Hoping a brilliant future for your well-loved magazine, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
C. E. T.
Rome, New York.



Not a Minute

Extra to brush teeth in this way

It takes no extra time to brush teeth in this new, efficient way. And note the results which old ways do not bring.

You do not clean teeth when you leave a film. Nor do you prevent tooth troubles, as millions of people know.

Film is the enemy

Film is the enemy to fight. It causes most tooth troubles.

You can feel it now—a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of it intact. So very few people have escaped its ill results.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

One must combat it

Dental science long has sought ways to combat that film. They have now been found. Countless careful tests have proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people have lately adopted it, largely by dental advice.

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It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These effects are based on diligent and convincing research. Highest authorities approve them. When you know the facts you will desire them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the meaning of each new effect.

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Kisses

(*Continued from page* 29)

Affair No. 3 is with Agnes Ayers playing the part of a simple country girl who uses him merely as a means of getting sufficient money to pay her husband's debts.

Affair No. 4 is with Bebe Daniels in the rôle of the wickedest woman in town, who frankly offers to sell herself for gold. But Anatol discovers that she is in reality good, and only wanted the money to save her father's life.

So having learned his lesson—that women can make fools of the wisest men, and a man's wife alone has his interests at heart, Anatol settles down to love his *wife* forever and aye.

Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayers, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts — are each one of them stars. All are cast in "The Affairs of Anatol," and the picture was completed in record breaking time—just two months.

I said that I should have thought that jealousy and temperament would have upset the proceedings.

I was told that the men caused no trouble at all, that the women were a trifle more difficult to handle, for each one wanted to know if, perchance, the other wasn't getting just a little more prominent part.

No other man but Cecil de Mille could have drawn this galaxy of stars together. Not only is he a suave diplomat, but they all regard him as their fairy godfather. Under his leadership Wally first became prominent in "Joan of Arc" and "Carmen." Wanda Hawley got her start working with Mr. de Mille in "Old Wives for New," while, as you all doubtless recall, Gloria Swanson first won favor in "Why Change Your Wife" and "Male and Female" is where Bebe Daniels proved her stellar rights.

Each one of these exquisitely beautiful stars will agree that in a kiss lies either heaven or hell—and the moral of "The Affairs of Anatol" is: Be careful whom you kiss, for the disillusionment that follows is as bitter as aloes.

Gypsy Blood

(*Continued from page* 53)

days and glamorous nights, crimson poppies burning in the wheat fields and the wind ever from the South, impelling, ardent. Gypsy-like the band of smugglers and outlaws idled through the days, telling fortunes, playing, dancing and weaving baskets from wild rushes, begging ever in preference to working, thieving from fields and orchards and gardens.

Jose, child of the city, sometimes longed for a roof over his head and the feel of pavement under his feet. But in Carmen's whims and bewildering differences he found compensation for homesickness and relief from the memories that tortured him, memories of an old woman watching at a window through the tired tears of age, memories of a young woman with eyes as clear and holy as the white flame of a candle on the altar of God.

"Will you love me always?" he would ask her, holding her so close that her slender body shook with the thudding of his heart. And she answered, tho sometimes impatiently: "Always, my Capitano!"

He believed her because he dared not disbelieve. He clung to his faith in her fiercely, long after his faith was gone. He knew she was fickle, but he would not admit it even to himself. Then one afternoon he

(*Continued on page* 99)

Motion Picture Classic

for June

Famous for its double page of bathing beauties and its artistic layouts, CLASSIC has endeavored to make them more attractive than ever this month.

The principal novelization of the month is "The Affairs of Anatol," the forthcoming Cecil B. de Mille production with the marvelous all-star cast.

The pen portrait of ZENA KEEFE
By Frederick James Smith
portrays the inspiring subject with quick, true strokes.

The career of CATHERINE CALVERT
By Adele Whitely Fletcher
is given in a delightful interview with this favorite of the cinema.

"Bobby's Brother" is the title of the interview with the brother of Bobby Harron, who is in pictures.

Betty Compson's individual charm is well portrayed in the interview by **Lillian Montanye.**

Lillian Gish, "fairest flower of filmdom," is the bright subject of a character study by **Gladys Hall.**

The stories of **Milton Sills,** by **Emma Lindsay Squier,** and of **William Russell,** by **Hazel Shelley,** will prove enlightening on the career and personalities of these actors in

The June Number of Motion Picture Classic

Of High Romance

(*Continued from page 25*)

Ending. And who, we wish to know, can be a satirist with suchlike handicaps?

"After 'Occasionally Yours,' 'The Beloved Cheater' and others," Mr. Cody said, "I have learned one thing of the public—that is, they do not want the *truth*. They want fiction. They want idealization. They want the dream rather than the actuality. They want to see life made into a fairy story. Enchantment rather than fact. They want, they want *me*, at any rate, to find the Girl and marry her. Only so are they content. In 'The Beloved Cheater' it was said of me, and to me, that I was poking fun at women, by others that I was poking fun at men. I love a kick at the finish of my pictures and I suppose the kick at the end of 'The Beloved Cheater' aroused the controversial protest. You may remember that as the picture finishes I am sitting on a chaise longue while my valet removes my shoes. He fades into a vision of the Girl doing the same thing for me, then back to himself again, I pat his shoulder and say, in part, 'The service is the same and the responsibility is nil'—or something of the sort."

"Are you a cynic?" we asked.

"I believe I am—or I like the way it's spelled," he said.

"What of romance?"

"That," he said, "is the most beautiful thing there is, to me. I believe in it; I have had it, here and there, loved it, been hurt by it, but never have lost faith in it. I am waiting for it now; for the Great Romance, the High Romance, and when I meet it I shall know it, surely and infallibly."

We asked him what he thought of the Modern Woman Problem.

He said that women were far too charming to be problems at all, and that he never thought about them in that way.

"People, especially here in New York," he said to us, "make too many delicately lovely things problematical. They analyze to the quick, and the exquisitude is gone. They hurry too greatly and miss too many wistful and wonderful things. One must have more time for Romance, must be able to linger, to muse, to drift apart now and again. It is worth it. Children . . . quaint old ladies . . . high romance . . . the most beautiful things in the world!"

We feel the above is likely to be the best sentence in the interview, hence our departure!

Three Gifts

(*Continued from page 47*)

all-star stage revival. Then there is the International picture, I think they are going to call it 'Straight is the Narrow Path.' That is all-star, too. It was directed by Robert Vignola and has Matt Moore for the hero. Mabel Burt is in it too. Of course, I can keep busy like that—just doing separate pictures for whoever wants me, but I dont care to. I want to do big things."

It sounds strange to hear Miss Leslie talk of doing "big" things, for she is so little and so young. But after you have left her, you realize that the thing which most impressed you wasn't Miss Leslie's beauty nor even her youth, an enviable combination—but her brains. Yes, it is true. Miss Leslie has the three great gifts: youth, beauty and brains—an unbeatable combination.

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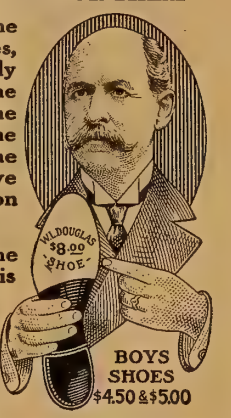

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Along the Starry Way

(*Continued from page 57*)

and to recreate and fish are Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Douglas MacLean, Tom Moore, Hobart Bosworth, Dustin and Bill Farnum.

We go forward to the bridge to have a chat with Captain Alexander Smith, dean of Pacific Coast skippers, who has sailed this ocean since the days of the clipper ships that made the American merchant marine famous, and First Officer Lass. Arbuckle and Doug MacLean, with their companies, soon appear at different points on the ship to shoot scenes of rollicking comedy and society drama.

Captain Smith gives the signal and we steam slowly toward the open sea, past acres of slips and thousands of tons of shipping. Palo Verde looms high on our right. The hills at the water's edge, now covered with purple flowers, are those down which the Mexican sailors, described by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," rolled their hides into the holds of waiting ships. In our mind's eye we see these scenes and with him we recall Longfellow's lines:

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

We have passed the breakwater. Full speed ahead is the order. The orchestra in the dance salon strikes up and we are sailing—"Over the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our hearts as boundless, our souls as free."

"Ship on the starboard bow, sir!" sings out the mate in mock seriousness. It is the "Jimmie K," launch of the Avalon, pulling barges loaded with huge sight-seeing busses for carrying scores of "extras," in their trappings of grass and trinkets, over the hills of the island to quiet coves and inland streamlets, there to enact stirring dramas of the Pacific's tropic isles.

A craning of necks shows the "Pony Blimp," a dirigible carrying passengers from Los Angeles Harbor to Catalina, is passing overhead. After an interval the whirl of a propeller tells that an airplane is on its way to the same destination.

Thousands of flying fish, startled by the approach of the ship, skim the blue water in flashes of silver.

Passengers who dont dance, toss oysterettes which are caught in mid-air by the sea gulls.

Hundreds of vacationists crowd the wharf and shore as we enter the harbor of Avalon. All line up in a lane from the wharf to the shore to greet incoming friends and to see the new arrivals. Mason Hopper, directing Helene Chadwick and company, taking scenes on the steps of the St. Catherine Hotel, stops to watch the ship land and greet us as we step off the green little busses that run from the landing. Not so Viola Dana and Tony Moreno, who are engaged in a tête-à-tête on the veranda.

"Excuse me," said Fatty, as he curled up in the hammock.

"Gee, but I'm dying for a swim," said Doug MacLean as he dashed for a bathing suit.

"I'm going rowing," said Tom Moore.

"Me for some classy fishing," chorused Bill and Dustin.

"I'm going to see 'Spike'," said Hobart Bosworth, and he and I made for the rear of the hotel. Spike, be it known, was one of the garden variety of billies and nannies, descended from aborigine ancestors. They infest the island. Their only service is to act as targets for Uncle Sam's marines who make seasonal attacks on the goats'

strongholds to improve marksmanship and to supply the ships' larders.

Reared from a little kid as the favorite of the chewing gum magnate, Spike's future was roseate. Unfortunately, however, he developed a decided antipathy for waitresses, who often had to display lively pairs of heels to escape his advances. Alas, alack! Bridget, amply proportioned and debonair, was caught unawares by Spike as she crossed the back yard of the hotel to the servants' quarters, and great was the impact and fall thereof. "The furst I knoo," said Bridget, "the divil strook me amidships and he wouldn't sthop aiven when I wos down, which is a tarrible state of affairs for a lady loike meself." The fall of Bridget marked the end of Spike.

Suddenly, early in the morning of the next day, a fleet of strange craft appears around the bend of the harbor of the hotel and bobs by on its way to appear in scenes at the Smuggler's Cave, Isthmus Cove, and at the pirate ship, "Ning Po." Helene Chadwick, Louise Glaum, Tom Moore, who have just come up, and I hail the passing stage, bent on intercepting the fleet at the cove.

We pass Chicken John's place and wave to him seated on the porch of his cabin. John turned his back on the world and women thirty-two years ago, and sought refuge in one of Catalina's canyons. He refuses to stir from the island. Many romantic tales of the beautiful, dark-eyed señorita, who was his nemesis, are told. John raises fine chickens, but he is going in for hogs now.

We alight from the stage and make our way through desert sage to Isthmus Cove. Here, dancing on the waves, is the vanguard of the fleet, composed of double Waka canoes, pahis, or raft boats, and quaint Karikas, with their single, huge mat sails. Marquesans, Tahitians, Tongatabus and Manahicians man them. On shore are the whites defending their camp from the savages' attack. A pistol sounds and the natives approach, beating their tom-toms and discharging arrows and spears. On a little plateau back of us an aeroplane takes off. It swoops down on the natives and drops bombs just as they are landing with triumphal shouts to destroy the whites. At sight of this huge sky demon they break and flee to their boats. A mad scramble of overturned canoes ensues. The former occupants swim for the sea. The rest of the fleet, filled with terror, disappears around the point.

We hurry back to catch the stage on its return. After a siesta at the hotel we go for a trip to the submarine gardens. The glass-bottomed "Empress" takes us. Thru her transparent hull we view another world. Vines and haliotis shells, black and white sea flowers, and quaint starfish stand out against the green, red and purple weeds. The California sea cucumber, the phosphorescent jelly fish, the long-spined sea urchin, and crayfish are on every side. An octopus draws into its sea cave and spews the water black, while its cousin the squid, hugs the moss-covered rocks.

Returning to the hotel we drop in on P. V. Reyes, who entered the photography business at Catalina as a boy and remained to be its first and present mayor. We meet the town marshal and the prohibition officer, to both of whom we are particularly nice as a matter of policy. Tom Moore leaves us on the hotel steps to wireless telephone his folks in Los Angeles that he wont be home over the week-end, while we watch the shadows spreading toward us from the canyons.

The splash of an oar comes to us across the quiet bay. The sun sinks, a ball of fire, into the sea.

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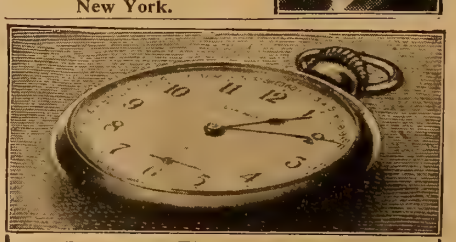

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Scrap Iron

(*Continued from page* 35)

"I've got to," he said. "I'm down. It means life or death to my mother. I cant let even her blessed old scruples interfere. She'll understand—afterward. She'll understand everything, I know."

Dugan worked up enthusiasm. "Let me train yer, kid," he said. "I was a trainer oncet, you know. I can put you in good shape—and who knows. Burke is a bag o' wind, yer know. He always gets up against some softy and then does a lot of mauling. If he had some nifty kid like you, clean and up to the minute, I dunno. Cripes, think if yer *won!*"

"I'm not considering that, Dugan," the boy said. "I'm considering the two hundred to pay my food bills with. And I want to last out the two rounds Riley requires of me in order to make the thing carry water."

Still, he allowed Dugan to train him. And he tried not to worry. When the day of the fight came his blood ran clean thru his light veins, and his arms and legs were keen-springed and eager. He *felt* like fighting, by ginger! He felt like doing for the big, soft, common scrapper, waiting for him with bombastic smile and throaty muscles. The big, soft commoner represented to him that night the world, the people who, when he was trying to do the clean, straight thing, made it impossible for him to do so.

Riley wished him luck. Outside the club Midge and some other girls were standing, and Midge jeered him, called him Scrap Iron.

He didn't care. Midge was like Battling Burke in her little uselessly pretty way. She didn't count. She didn't count at all.

The throng in the large room jeered at him when, stripped light, he stepped into the ring. They applauded when, with a sarcastic smile on his thick mouth and a feint of playing with some inutile mouse, Battling Burke, hero of the county, took his position.

Interminglings of "Burke, Burke, give it ter 'im, Burke!" and "Scrap Iron Johnny—Scrap Iron Johnny—good-bye, John!" reached the ring.

John tingled.

His mother and Florida—health and sunshine and flowers—girls with free limbs and soft tongues—or this—*this!* His mother would be proud of him if he won. Proud even of his body, that it was keen and straight.

He wanted to fight, by ginger, he *wanted* to fight! That was the fun of it, the exultation of it! It felt good to fight. It felt good to lunge into the world that had hurt him, and torment and flick the flabby, obdurate flesh.

Of course it was going to be hard. It was being hard. But he was lasting the first round fairly well. Dugan had warned him not to let Battling close in on him. To evade him. To play with him. "He'll pound yer ter jell, kid," he warned him.

He didn't let Battling get near to him. He baffled and confused, irritated and scored on the professional by tricks, fair tricks, fairly played. He was lithe and agile and stringy. He was an opponent for Burke because he was opposite.

The first round ended with Burke down, knowing, however, that John was neither yellow nor to be despised.

The second round John lost his head to the extent of allowing Burke to get at him. He was nearly counted—not quite—and he rose, knowing that he had at any event won his two hundred and lasted the proscribed two rounds. That was something. And there was still the fight. He could

still fight the bloater. Pitch into him, harry him, worry him. His blood throbbed redly. He could see him kissing Midge, pitching into Dugan, helpless, grinning, ape-like and monstrous.

He danced like a warrior in the ring. He played. Suddenly he lit in. Burke lay prostrate. *They counted him out.*

A tremendous roar rose from the room. A rooting, a shouting. They were rooting for him, for John! Dugan had jumped into the ring. Riley was calling to him. The man was delighted. People were wondering where he had been "hiding himself." Riley was telling him what a purse he would get!

After a bit he was out in the night air, with the purse in his hand, with Dugan raving to him, with Midge following after him.

His mother mustn't know just yet. He would have to break it to her gently, so that she would surely understand how dear her safety was to him, that he had done this thing for her. He had fought for her, he would tell her; fought the world for her, with his brain, his brain directing his body. And she had given him both. Yes, she'd understand—how could she help it?

She was sleeping when he came in and he told Dugan he wouldn't wake her, she looked so tired, so frail.

Dugan said he would run out and see what folks were saying; he'd be back.

When he came back his face wore a different look. "Take a brace, Johnny-kid," he said, "Burke hasn't come to yet. They —they think he's dyin'. The blighter!"

John stared at him. "Dyin'?" he said. "And that would mean?"

"Manslaughter and jail," Dugan said.

"Mother! My God, what will she do?"

Dugan came over to him and gripped his shoulder. "Yer'll have ter beat it," he advised. "Make a getaway—*now*. No use in tryin' ter win outer the law. Too many ter make it hot fer yer. Beat it. I'll see ter the old lady."

John crept into his mother's room. Her eyes were half open. He tiptoed to the bed. How he had thought he would tell her of Florida! Work for him; health for her! Now, instead, he whispered: "Dear, I'll have to go away for a spell. There's money under your pillow. Dugan will take care of you for me good. Please dont ask me now, honey love. I'll soon be back."

The sick woman smiled. She couldn't do otherwise into the tense pleading of the beloved face. He so plainly wanted her silent assent.

In the doorway John encountered Claude. "*He's just come to,*" he said. "Golly, I couldn't *wait* ter tell yer!"

Dugan did a war dance and John turned to the window. It would be unmanly for the victor of Battling Burke to show the weakness of tears.

While he stood there Midge crept into the room. Her tangled hair framed her face—tangled too, John suddenly thought, with unconscious whimsy. Tangled with petty avarices, petty prides, little sordid loves and hates. Not what he wanted—not what he wanted.

She fingered his bruised face. "Ducky," she crooned, wheedlingly, "I been all wrong and you're *all right*. Everyone's sayin' so!"

"That doesn't make it so, Midge."

"You're all right with me, Johnny boy. Let's keep comp'ny again. Shall we?"

She was for pressing her slender self against him, thinking to undo him.

John resisted her. Finer elements were being forged within him. "No, Midge," he said, "we dont suit, you and me. And I—I'm goin' away from here. For keeps. For good."

Midge was about to be persistent. Not

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that it was a characteristic of the Flannigan tribe save in the ways of petty annoyance.

"Where to?" she insisted. "Who abouts with?"

John smiled down at her. "With the girl I love, Midge," he said, "best in all the world.

Midge understood *that*—or thought she did. John Steel had given her the t'row-down for some other skirt. She'd seen that a-plenty.

She flirted her skirts and turned to the door. "There's as good fish as you in the sea, John Steel," she sniped. "You ain't no *pertikeler* loss to a womin!"

Dugan gurgled. John smiled. "I hope not, Midge. Good luck," he said.

The door closed to upon her and John grabbed Dugan's shoulders. "Now I'm going to tell my best girl the best news," he said. "I'll be out in a bit."

Dugan stepped to the front door to wait. From within he could hear the mingling of voices, mother and son, and the unaccustomed tears came to his eyes. It was so sweet.

Because of a Dress Suit

(Continued from page 45)

much of the real joy of life. Not so Jack Mulhall. To him each moment of the day, each trivial incident, becomes crowned with its halo of adventure.

Mr. Mulhall has managed to crowd many experiences into his twenty-six or seven years, and the high glee with which he relates them lend an added zest to the tales. He counts it all as part of the great game, while he surveys life only in its joyous aspects.

"What's the use of worrying?" he asks. "We make our own lives and receive just about what we give, so it is up to us to give—largely."

It was owning a dress suit that really started Jack Mulhall in motion pictures. One day he appeared at the old Biograph studio. "Have you a dress suit?" he was asked, and when he nodded assent he was told to report that afternoon. And so he made his entrée on the screen as a society extra in a Christy Cabanne film, and has been in pictures ever since.

"I well remember the first time I had a real part," began Mr. Mulhall, cheerfully. "It was in a picture called 'The House of Discord,' with Jim Kirkwood directing. Lionel Barrymore had the leading rôle, Blanche Sweet played the mother of Dorothy Gish, Micky Neilan the heavy, while I was the juvenile around whom all the discord centered. Some picture, that." And he indulged in a merry laugh that sent the corners of his mouth upward.

In 1914, he was sent to Los Angeles by Biograph, and the very first girl he met at the studio was pretty Laura Bundy. Four months later they were married. After several trips across the continent with Biograph, the Mulhalls returned to Los Angeles about five years ago and have remained ever since, with Jack appearing in Universal, Fox, Triangle, Metro and Paramount films.

Recently he has been assisting three young stars in their first stellar productions; playing lead with Alice Lake in "Should A Woman Tell?", Wanda Hawley in "Miss Hobbs," and Bebe Daniels in "You Never Can Tell." After playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Little Clown" and Viola Dana's latest, "Off Shore Pirate," Mr. Mulhall is again at the Realart studio as lead with Bebe Daniels in her new picture, "Two Weeks' Pay."

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over our parts too," he confided. "Major Campbell is directing and believe me, he *knows!*"

Jack Mulhall was born in Wappinger Falls, New York. He inherited the comedy spirit from his Irish parents and declares he was always clowning and "acting" for the benefit of the other children.

From the moment he saw his first dramatic performance there was never a doubt in his mind as to his future, but the road to his goal was devious.

Once he became the hypnotic subject for the shows of Colonel Shelby, the handcuff master. After a few passes over the eyes he would pick strawberries out of the air and perform other marvelous tricks. Then he went with a Carnival Company where—weighing all of ninety pounds—he aided Lester the Great in his strong-man lifting stunts. This bliss lasted but three weeks, for the company went broke and Jack returned home penniless, bedraggled and minus the seat of his trousers. He recalls how his mother laughed until she cried when she saw him.

Another check came in his career when he spoiled an impressive scene in "The Palace of the King," in which Helen Grantly was the star. He was the royal page all dressed up in pink-silk tights, and at the fatal moment as he solemnly advanced to the throne carrying the crown, he stumbled over a footstool, and bursting into a loud ha-ha, he set the audience roaring.

Naturally, the wanderlust gripped him and during 1910-11 he traveled over Europe, spending most of his time in Paris and along the Swiss border. He was in London at the time of King Edward's funeral. He visited the West Indies, arriving in Kingston shortly after the big earthquake that nearly wrecked the islands.

To make room rent during the dull summer months, Jack Mulhall posed for many of the leading New York artists; and Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, Edward Penfield, Arthur Kelly and J. C. Lyendecker found in the youth's clear-cut features and straight body an admirable model for their famous sketches.

Mr. Mulhall admits that the profiteering landlords forced him to buy a home, and he is very proud of his pretty Hollywood bungalow. He enjoys cutting his own lawn and training the roses in their upward path, assisted by a small edition of himself, his four-year-old son, Jack, Jr.

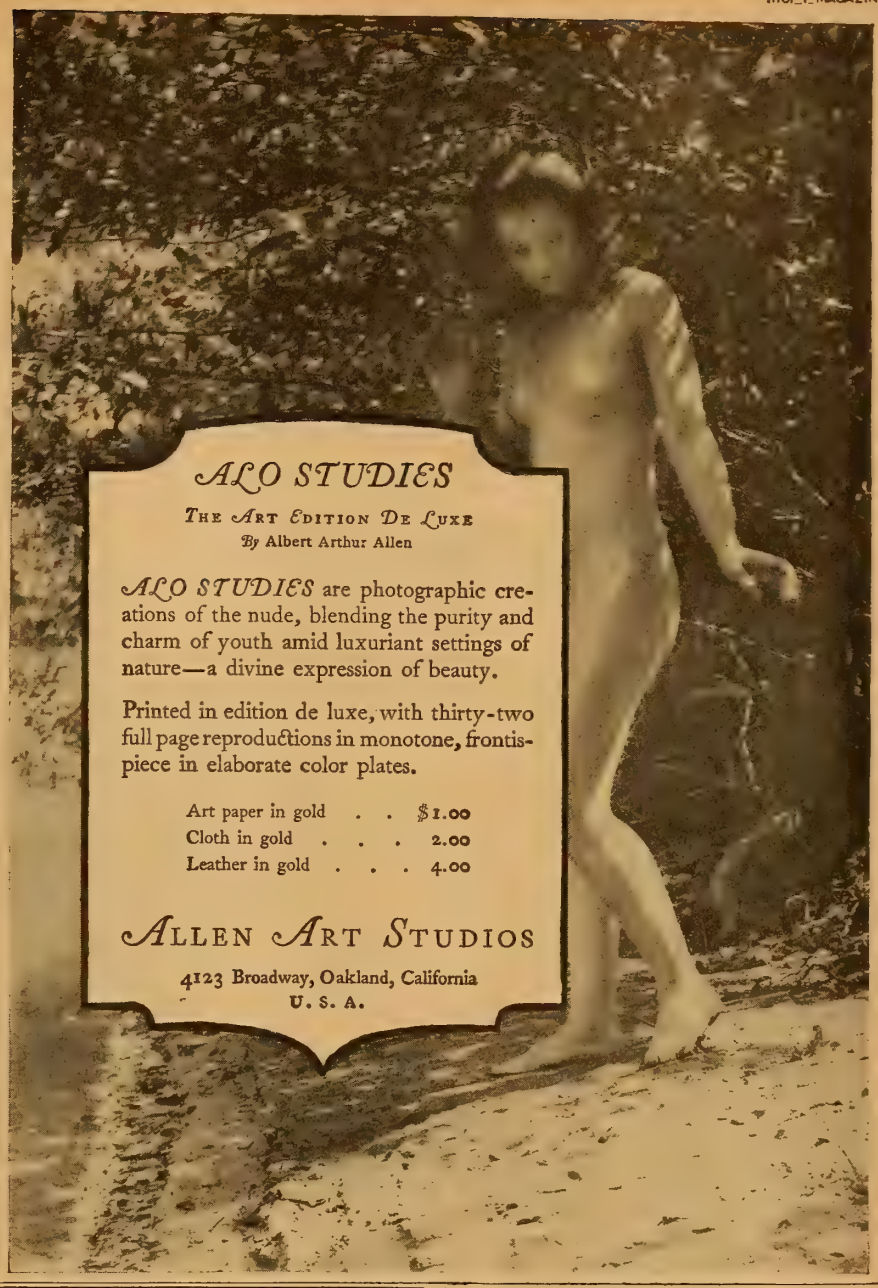
"Jack is bound to be a deck hand or something like that," said the father, "for he is never so happy as when splashing about in water and scrubbing everything in sight. I asked him the other day who he was and he replied, 'The man that washes,' meaning the Japanese servant. I only wish we had six more like him. Children are very wonderful."

Returning to the subject of pictures, Mr. Mulhall said: "So far I have been generally identified with comedy. I used to be perfectly satisfied to play the lighter rôles, but now since I have had a chance with dramatic parts—such as I had in 'Wild Youth,' 'Should a Woman Tell' and 'The Terror'—I have tasted the joy of more serious work and that is what I now hope to work into gradually."

"If it hadn't been the stage or pictures——" I asked.

"Well, I would probably have tried stirring up insurrections in Honduras, leading revolutions in South America or maybe become a pirate. I would have to be *doing* something." And again the merry laugh.

The same love of adventure that urged Jack Mulhall into the dramatic profession will continue to lead him on to greater things—the flame is eagerly burning!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(Please Write Plainly)

Are We Immoral?

(*Continued from page* 44)

a drug, the more you get the more you need, and its chronic pursuit leads one inevitably over the boundary line between good and bad. It is a faint line at best and discernable only to far-seeing eyes. That it should be seen and avoided, postulates a prescience denied most of us, including the young star. Her money will buy her the excitement she craves.

Moreover, it will hide from a too curious public whatever form of gratification she permits herself. But anyway, she argues, everybody else is doing it with apparent impunity, why shouldn't she? Perhaps it is the cosmic indifference of the times and not the much maligned movies. At any rate, she couldn't earn anything like the huge sums she earns in the movies anywhere else on earth.

Beside that, her environment and training both lead in the same direction—that is, down. She is called upon to portray immoral types: prostitutes, cabaret debauchees, drug addicts, smugglers, swindlers, seducers, and what not. She must dress, or rather undress, to suit the part. And incidentally, I have never seen anything like the present-day morbid craving of women to expose their bodies. Modesty is a lost art—an obsolete term.

Unhappily, the cinema is a convenient exemplar of this unsavory tendency. The average movie heroine starts out by being photographed in a sun-bonnet and all-enveloping apron and ends by posing in a pair of glove silk knickerbockers. Something certainly has superinduced this—er—radical departure.

If the inhibitions of the situation were not so powerful any number of instances might be cited. Suffice it to say, that such as they are, they are all too frequent.

In the quest for realism—or is it that?—the screen shows us: passion unrestrained, evil rampant, and unashamed women two-thirds nude. Pearls are very beautiful, but hardly useful—as clothing. Gauze is alluring but most inadequate as covering. There is scarcely any length screen actresses are not called upon to go and have not gone.

What kind of women are they who fulfil these requirements? Are they the result of their movie environment? Or is it merely compliance with the exigencies of their profession? Or do they hypnotize themselves into believing that they do it for their Art? Perhaps it has never been pointed out to them that they are lending their womanhood to a calculated subversion of moral values. At any rate, such things cannot help but lower their moral standard or cause it to sink entirely into oblivion. The odds against it are too great.

However, in spite of these untoward circumstances, one would merely stultify one's self by saying that the cinema is all bad. Such *extremis* only reacts on itself, but that there is crying need of some sort of reform is painfully evident.

The needs and interests of moving picture magazines and moving picture actors and actresses are identical. One cannot continue without the other (omitting naturally the exceptional cases). United we stand, divided we fall, is as true now in this instance as it ever was in a greater instance.

The industry of which we are an integer is solidly opposed to official censorship, whether county, state or national, with its hampering, handicapping, muddling interference and its arbitrary and unenlightened rulings from which there is no appeal; but unless we find a Hercules of our own to

clean out the Augean stables of the movies, it is bound to come.

Let us be equal to the task that the present unwholesome conditions have imposed. Let reform come from within. Let it be voluntary, not obligatory. Witness the horrible example of our farcical prohibition which was forced on an unwilling people. Let the young girl seeking work be safe from insult. Dont put temptation in her way. It is hardly sporting. What weapons has she with which to fight it?

Let us have no more half-naked women on the screen. Producers must be convinced that their pictures will succeed without the terrific realism that requires immodesty, and vicious incident, and sordid surroundings, and the constant pandering to the alleged sex hunger of the general public.

As a matter of fact, nothing is more disgusting to the normal person than persistent eroticism. It seems absurd that this should have to be pointed out to the gifted men and women in whose hands lies the fate of the "newest art."

The pendulum is bound to swing the other way—but does anyone want to go back to the crass stupidity of early Victorian morals? Official censorship is the entering wedge, but it is not yet too late to close the gap.

(*To be continued*)

The Unsophisticated Colleen

(*Continued from page* 55)

"'I'm from California,' I said, 'but I'd like a ride.'

"The boy took me over and introduced me. 'She's from the country; we gotta be careful of her,' he told them, and took me coasting."

"He was very chivalrous," interrupted Mrs. Moore.

"Yes," laughed her daughter, "but he used the most awful English. 'Youse talk queer, but then you're from the country,' he told me. 'How old are you? I'm fifteen.'

"'I'm fourteen,' I told him.

"When he took me home he said: 'Say, if this snow holds out I'll take you coasting tomorrow night, if you wantta. Gimme your telephone number!'

"I did," said Miss Moore, "and I'm going tonight if he calls up."

"What if he recognizes you?" said Mrs. Moore.

"He wont," said Colleen. "Nobody does."

With which we retired in as good order as possible. Why attempt to combat a grocer's son as a rival in these days of the High Cost of Living.

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By Florence C. White

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When all of them are fine?
One lures me with her charming smile,
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I love them all,
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3

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No. 3—Amethyst set in green gold ring
$12.00

No. 4—Gentleman's ring—Ruby set in plain or white gold
$12.00

May in Miniature

(*Continued from page* 58)

I told her I believed she would have a gay and festive time in Hollywood. I quoted fantastic tales I had heard of a life lived there that would put a Miss Haroun Al Raschid to shame.

May laughed and shook her head.

"I shall see as little of that sort of thing as possible," she said. "I always do eliminate as much of it as possible, because one *must* eliminate something, and why not the things that harm and never gain—for any one. Mother and I hope to have a bungalow and be quite at home."

For a very young and very small person May has a calm and cool perspective; unruffled, outerly, by such things as maiden voyages to California, Realart contracts and golden opportunities. Still, there was a light within——

"Well," I said, "I suppose you feel all set now. A career and nothing but a career from this day forth."

"Oh," she said, "I hope I'll have something other than a career, too."

"You mean marriage, etc.?" I asked, bluntly.

"Yes. Why, yes. I think both are quite possible and quite right. I think they are not being done very successfully just now, but I believe that is because of sheer selfishness and not inability."

"By that you mean——"

"I mean that I think women are apt to exaggerate a career because it is comparatively new to them, speaking generally, and by the same token underestimate marriage, it being more or less of a tradition. But it is quite possible to do both, I believe, and do both well."

"What do you think," I said, "of a woman keeping her own name after marriage? I'm not being feministic or asking you to exploit your opinions on feminism, but this name question happened to come up for discussion in our Woman Pays Club and it seemed to be analogous."

Incidentally, one would know better or *should* know better than to ask little Miss McAvoy anything on questions feministic. She so palpably isn't. And she's so young, too. Much will go to her formation in the next auspicious five years. Five years from now, I wager, she will be either a very different person or a very much developed same person. She is clear and definite, but she is very young and Success has touched her with star-dusted plumage, and she is excessively and quite exquisitely pretty. She cannot be a Positivist—quite.

"Why," she said, with a slight timidity at adventuring into the austere regions of the Emma Goldmans, Pankhursts, etc., etc. "Why, I think a woman with a career before marriage, a woman who has made something of her own name before she has taken a man's should keep it. It means something. She has worked to make it mean something, and I dont see why she should be called upon to forego that in order to take another name. But a woman in the home, just in the home, should take her husband's name in order to make her career conjointly with his. I think it should be a matter of individual preference. I dont see how you *can* generalize on a topic like that. I know," she added, with a little Grizel-like smile, "that if I make May McAvoy what I so earnestly hope to in the next five years, it'll have to be a very domineering Mister Man to make me change it."

She looked very fierce indeed as she went out.

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Checks and Check-Mates

(*Continued from page* 41)

Remember, that the movies are subject to a strict and, in some instances, a ridiculous censorship, which does not exist in so far as novels and plays are concerned. This censorship is due to the numerous local boards, rather than to the National Board of Censorship, which is very sensible. Just because you think "Camille" or "The Easiest Way" are great plays, dont try to write any scenarios along those lines. You must be very careful, also, not to criticize any race or religion, not to show scenes of debauchery or shocking crimes or lynchings, not to instruct the public in the technique of burglary, counterfeiting or other crimes, not to incite sedition or to indulge in libelous personalities. This seems rather unnecessary advice, but it is surprising to see the number of scenarios which, even if technically perfect, could never be produced because the author has unsuccessfully attempted to skate about the danger sign.

A good many thousand people send in scenarios with letters asking whether they are salable. A scenario is only salable if somebody will buy it. One can tell whether it is good or bad, but never if it is positively and definitely salable. Scenario sales depend upon the ability of the author to find the right star or director or company for his story. If the story is good, somewhere in the world there will be some one who will want to produce it. But if it is a slapstick comedy, dont send it to Norma Talmadge; and if it is a society drama, dont send it to Charlie Chaplin. You will have to study your market, just as the producers in every art and industry study theirs, and no one can help you, in the last analysis, because no one knows what is inside your head except yourself.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—John Emerson and Anita Loos will be very glad to answer any questions of the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and to read any synopses of stories without any charge, provided they are made as brief as possible. All communications must be accompanied by the coupon below, entirely filled out, or a similar one of your own making and addressed to John Emerson and Anita Loos, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

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HARRY: Star dust.

TOM: Star dust?

HARRY: Yes; I just had a close-up with that movie star.

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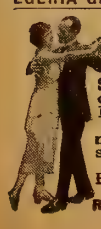

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Gypsy Blood

(*Continued from page 86*)

came into the inn of the mountain village where the band had camped and found his woman sitting on the lap of a great coarse clown, feeding cherries into the slack, damp cavern of his mouth and laughing the screaming, brazen laugh he had learned meant invitation.

His heart was very sick within him and there was murder written in the tortured lines of the face he turned on them. The village lout pushed the woman from his knees and took clumsily to his heels, but Carmen only laughed the harder and tossed a handful of the cherries into his threatening face.

"Dont be a fool. I was but amusing myself. You must admit you are not very gay company these days, with your regrets and your conscience and your everlasting prayers."

"If you are unfaithful to me I will kill you!" said Jose through his clenched teeth. "I would rather see your beautiful body cold and stiff than imagine it in another man's arms. I wonder why I dont kill you now——"

Carmen poked a cherry into his mouth. "What a cross child it is!" she cried, gaily. "Carmen wasn't born to be killed! I am too young! Life is too glad and wonderful and sunny! Do not let us talk any more about killing. Come! smile and I will dance for you and we will pretend that the summer lasts forever and that Love is as long as the summertime."

But pretence cannot keep the leaves from wizening and the hopes of the heart from withering into fears. A demon of suspicion and jealousy possessed Jose, nagging him, lashing at him with whips that had poisoned tongues. When Carmen left the band for a week to visit at Seville and report on the possibility of returning to the city, he saw her in fancy bantering with the red-coated troopers, laughing, dancing, distributing light kisses, lighter blows. At length he could bear it no longer. Love had ceased to be a joy to him, long ago. Now it had become a stabbing agony. Deaf to the pleading of the band of smugglers, he turned his bitten face toward Seville and Carmen.

"It is the end of him," a stout thief said, shaking his head till his cheeks flopped like pink jelly. "It is a great pity when a man takes women seriously, as assuredly they were never intended to be taken."

"Carmen should be ashamed to trifle with such a fine fellow!" opined a painted slattern whose specialty was reading people's future in their palms. "There is trouble ahead for her. I foresaw it long ago. The life line is short. The love line cuts it across. If women will be fools!"

"Well, now, Donna Dingy Virtue!" scoffed the thief, "the only faithful woman is she who has a squint and a crooked nose that no other man will envy. Carmen is a gypsy—the sun is in her blood and the sun shines not for one man alone."

The recklessness of his despair brought Jose Navarro unscathed into the city where a price was set upon his head. On the boulevards he passed his old guardsmen comrades and they did not recognize him. He jostled Carlos, and his former friend merely cursed and went on. He seemed to himself invisible. For an entire day he paced the city restlessly. Carmen was in none of her old haunts—his doubts grew to fevered certainty. Then at evening he saw her riding in a carriage beside the captain who had sentenced him.

She wore a rich evening dress and a white cloak of swan's down, and her black hair was piled upon her head and twisted

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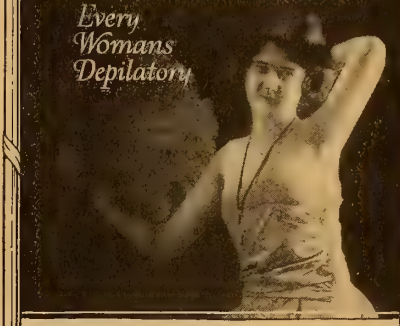

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with jewels, but he knew her by the hurtful leap of his heart. In another moment he was beside the carriage and had sprung within. A scream, his own voice shouting hoarsely—blackness——

When he opened his eyes again it was on the face of Carmen, once more the gypsy with great brass hoops dangling against her pale cheeks and the mocking laughter in her curiously colored eyes. "You were hurt. You are a fool." She tossed her head. "My God, what a time I had to get you away from the dragoons! And yet I suppose you are ungrateful enough to be angry with me." She tossed her head again till the hoops made shadows on the white-washed wall.

"Where am I?" said Jose, weakly. He wanted to cry. Indeed, the tears did come, and the thought of his mother rushed over him like a bitter wave.

"At Lillas Pasita's shop, in the room behind the wine garden." Carmen sighed restlessly: "If you do not need me I think I will go and dance for them. They have not forgotten their Carmen."

Lying in a half stupor which lasted for hours or days, he did not know, Jose was aware of life, as alternate voices and thick, woolly silences, sharp light that hurt his eyes and darkness that was red and restless. Once he heard the voice of Carmen, very far away, speaking triumphantly: "What, you dont believe I've made a conquest of the great Toreador? I tell you Escamillo has promised to take me into the arena on the day of the bull-fight and show me to all the world as his sweetheart——"

Jose tried to cling to consciousness to listen further, to fight with his weakness, but before he could move the red dark was back, filled now with uneasy shapes and taunting voices. It took him years, it seemed, to struggle up into the light again, and he called her: "Carmencita, come to me!"

"She is not here," said a sour voice, and Lillas Pastia gloomed down on him. "She is away with the whole city to see the bull-fight. The saints have mercy!"

For Jose had risen, gaunt, fever wasted, a very skeleton of a man. "Get me my clothes," he commanded. "Dress me! I too—I too—would—do homage—to Escamillo's swetheart——"

The world was curiously far away before his eyes as he staggered thru the deserted streets to the arena. A great roar beat upon the brassy sky as he entered it and made his way down the passages that led to the ring. "Carmen! Carmencita!"

"She has betrayed me to the whole world," he thought, a great hate in his soul that made him forget the weakness and the pain of his wound. And presently she came. She was dressed gorgeously, glittering with jewels, shamelessly beautiful, triumphant.

He did not strike her at once. He wanted to be sure that she saw him and knew her doom. He wanted to watch the horror grow in her dark, faithless eyes, watch her red lips take form for the shriek they should never utter.

She knew him, but even his revenge was barren, for there was no fear in her dark gaze, and her lips curved in their old mocking, elusive smile. Then she lay at his feet and a dark stream welled slowly from her beautiful breast and sank into the sand, such a small stream to bear with it on its red tide the wild, wanton, gay and ardent thing that had been Carmen's spirit. He had killed her, but she triumphed even now. For, as he stood there, head flung back, waiting for them to come and seize him, he knew that he loved her, and that he could never kill her so long as he lived himself. For she would live on in his heart, laughing, mocking—with her pale hands and fire-colored eyes and the remembered lips that he would die to kiss.

Every Woman's Fairy Godmother

(*Continued from page* 61)

to beauty parlors, and when she got thru she knew the value of the cold shower bath and the ice rub; and she had upon her dressing-table, rouge and lipstick of a gold-red color, the application of which completed the glow which she had begun with her morning exercises. As for the gleam in her hair, she discovered it was there when she gave it the proper amount of brushing and the right shampoo. She chose a face powder that was not white, but tinted cream. Her perfume, she knew instinctively, must be something heavy, Oriental, and she purchased scented soaps and talcum powder of the same perfume.

Then she began to alter her wardrobe. She must add a touch of gold lace to dark dresses. And she discovered that clanking metal girdles and odd chains of antique gold and beads of quaint design and dark but vivid shades were meant for her type. Into every frock she managed to put a suggestion of the nasturtium flower or the glory of an autumn hillside.

And now she is indeed a radiant princess, a glowing, dusky beauty, rivaling the picture by her dressing-table. And just because she had the desire and the determination to make the best of what was given her.

What she did anyone can do. Her fairy godmother is every woman's fairy godmother. It was really the desire to be beautiful that made her so. Anyone can be who will work and study for it.

But do not forget, in seeking for this perfect combination of nature and art, that nature is primary and art secondary. Attention to nature's gifts must always come first—the bath, exercises, a properly balanced diet and plenty of sleep. No amount of artificial make-up will give a firm, clear appearance to a muddy complexion, or a glow to cheek and eye that a simple observance to the rules of health will give.

And before closing I want to tell you about my face powder.

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell *how,* but I can tell *why.* I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, pow-

(*Continued on page* 112)

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Paying for Personality

(*Continued from page 67*)

interesting bit for the Sennett new seven-reeler, "Heart Balm."

Quietly Mr. Jones sat in his camp chair, quietly he rehearsed his players. *Quietly* is the one word to use, for this youthful director of screen comedies does everything quietly and with results that should make this quality a more general characteristic.

"I believe in many rehearsals," remarked Mr. Jones, speaking in low, even tones, "for only in this way can each player get thoroly into the spirit of the action and give a natural and smooth scene. It is all nonsense to say rehearsals spoil the spontaneity. Familiarity is an essential to good work and each time you go thru a scene you find new angles and new subtleties to emphasize."

When "Micky," that joyous bit of celluloid, flashed upon the screen several years ago, it not only registered Mack Sennett's first plunge into featured productions and showed the vibrant Mabel Normand to be the real Queen of Comedy, but it also served to bring new honors to its twenty-two-year-old director, Richard Jones.

This success brought him a flattering offer from Fox, but after six months he returned to Sennett, vowing never again to leave *unless* he had a chance to go with Griffith some day.

Then followed a period of more two-reel comedies—in all Mr. Jones has directed about two hundred of these, as well as another feature, the mirth-provoking war satire, "Yankee Doodle in Berlin."

At last the coveted summons came from D. W. Griffith, who sent for him to direct Dorothy Gish's last three Paramount comedies, and he made his first trip to New York.

"Of course, I took Mrs. Jones with me, and, best of all, I brought her back." And he chuckled at his little joke. "We took an apartment for the nine months, saw all the shows and had a wonderful time.

"I directed Miss Gish in 'Flying Pat,' in which James Rennie was her leading man. Yes," he nodded at my question, "I watched their romance develop—it was at its height during this picture. Rennie is a fine chap, and they seem to be a perfectly matched couple.

"We also made 'The Ghosts in the Garret,' and another one, still unnamed, a sort of Booth Tarkington affair with a decidedly youthful flavor and in which that clever actor, Glen Hunter, who made such a hit in 'Clarence,' played opposite Dorothy."

Everyone will admit that Mack Sennett knows his public, and when he decided to branch out into a series of romantic comedies he felt that Richard Jones, who had guided the destinies of "Micky" and "Yankee Doodle" to such brilliant success, was the best one to send his new seven-reeler, "Heart Balm," over the wire.

A tempting offer was flashed to New York with a year's contract, during which time Mr. Jones is to make not less than three and not more than four productions.

"It seems so good to be back home—for this old lot is home to me—that I do not believe I'll ever want to leave it again." And Dick's eyes roved over the familiar setting.

Perhaps Mr. Sennett's idea in making a series of romantic comedies in which there will be no slap-stick, no stunts, no chase, is a desire for something more permanent than slap-stick comedies. All his pictures will have a distinct comedy vein, Mr. Jones declaring that he believes each one should contain at least fifty per cent of this quality.

In an aside, Mr. Sennett voiced his opin-

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ion that Dick Jones was the foremost director of the romantic comedy—comedy with heart appeal—in the business, and he has given him *carte blanche*. This alone shows the great producer's confidence in the young man, for it is the first time a Sennett director has been given so much power.

Just what is the force that governs natural tendencies remains shrouded in mystery, probably because its roots are too deeply imbedded in the Past to be visible in the Present. Sometimes we call it environment, sometimes heredity, and again chance gets the credit, but as none of these are infallible in their effects we can merely call them influences, not laws.

He was born in St. Louis, being the baby in a family of seven boys and one girl, none of whom had apparently the least leaning toward the dramatic field. He studied to become an electrical engineer, confessing, however, that the subject never interested him particularly.

A family friend was the late O. T. Crawford, who had a chain of thirteen vaudeville and motion picture houses, as well as The Gaiety, a burlesque theater. And young Richard's greatest pleasure came in hanging about these theaters and watching the direction of the various shows. He was transported with joy when finally Mr. Crawford gave him the chance to become a part of this enchanted life.

His first motion picture experience came with the old Atlas company in St. Louis, and he recalls that the first film in which he had a share was a thriller entitled "Jesse James." This was about nine years ago.

When he was nineteen he came to Los Angeles, determined to get into pictures in earnest and soon joined the Mack Sennett forces.

"I was always too bashful and easily embarrassed to try to act, so decided on the directing end," he remarked, reviewing those early steps. "I did a little of everything and finally started to direct, of course under Mr. Sennett's supervision, before I was quite twenty-one.

"I do not care for straight comedy, but much prefer the comedy drama of the romantic type. There must be a touch of pathos; the tear and smile should hover over each scene.

"In slap-stick we never arouse the emotions. One couldn't laugh at the 'boob' or awkward lover if they were *sorry* for him. It is the comic incongruity that causes merriment, a playing upon the inherent humor of your audience excited by exaggeration, a delineation of comic character thru comic situations. A joke should never be analyzed. That is fatal and denotes a lack of humor.

"I write my own continuities," he went on, "and have the scenes definitely outlined in my own mind before I go on the set. Then I give the players my conception of the action and watch how they develop the thought. I try to draw out their individual personalities, and for this reason I never act out any of it for them. This tends to make them imitative, and as we pay for their personalities, why not develop them rather than endeavor to work them into something else?"

His ambition—oh, a long way off, for at present he can think of nothing so engrossing as directing—is to write. He has several novels already in his mind and declares this has always been the ultimate goal of his dreams.

Counting up the various dates he mentioned, F. Richard Jones must be about twenty-six years old, so there are many years of directing ahead of him, and with his brilliant start there seems no limit to what he may achieve, both to his own glory and to that of the motion picture screen.

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GLOBE SPECIALTY CO., Box 415 Akron, O.

Winners of Other Contest Achieve Success

(*Continued from page* 60)

and a number representing a rating. I heard two girls say that they had not passed the examination, and that they were not invited to Roslyn to have a motion picture test made of them. This discouraged me and I decided to go back to New York without appearing before the judges. One of these girls spoke to me and told me that I was a fool, that I should go in, that what they wanted was regular features and that I had regular features. I then decided to go on with it, which I did.

Miss Wilson led me to Mr. Brewster's offices, where the judges were sitting. When my turn came I walked up to the desk and the judges looked me over, asked me to show my profile, which I did, asked my age, height, weight and a few other questions, and then they whispered together among themselves. Then they wrote on the sheet of paper some notes and a figure, and as Mr. Brewster handed this to me he said: "This is the highest rating we have yet given." I then walked out, and when I arrived downstairs they told me that I had received a high mark and that I should go to Roslyn on September 3rd and have a test made before the motion picture camera. I was, of course, very pleased to think that I had won this much at least, and so I decided to see the thing thru. But to be frank, I had little hope of winning the contest among so many pretty girls.

On September 3rd, I arrived at Roslyn, where I saw hundreds of girls and many others on the tennis court and around the lawns and all over the Brewster place. My heart again sank and I was about to turn back. I thought that I would certainly not have a chance among so many, and I did not like to be turned down. However, I met a young lady named Helen DeWitt, and she encouraged me to make the effort. Then I was made up and joined the large group, who were waiting to be called before the camera. By this time I had my nerve with me and had firmly decided to see it thru. The try-outs were very interesting, and I could see that there were only about a dozen who had any chance at all. I thought to myself that I would be very happy if I was included in that dozen. Every girl was photographed by the same test, and every girl seemed to have an equal chance.

When they had all been photographed, Mr. Brewster and some of the other judges went around and picked out six girls, and, to my surprise, I was one of the six. We were then photographed again, while the others looked on, green with envy. I was very happy. We were all told that the tests would be shown on the screen on the following Thursday, and we were invited to call at the offices of the Brewster Publications on that day. I was, of course, there. I was very anxious to see how I looked on the screen.

I was not among the first fifty whose pictures were shown, and my heart sank because nearly all of these fifty looked very badly indeed. I knew that they did not have a chance. Finally they showed Helen DeWitt, Allene Ray and two or three others, who looked beautiful on the screen, and my heart sank again, because I felt that I could not possibly look as well as they did. At last my picture came on and I was really surprised to see how well I looked. Others around the room remarked also how well I screened. At the end of the showing, Mr. Brewster went around the room and whispered to five or six girls

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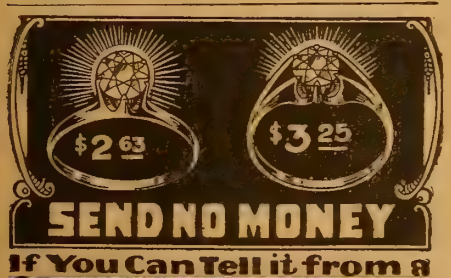

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that he would like to see them after the others had gone.

I waited and he said to me that he would like to take some further tests of me and of a few others to make sure that the first test was accurate. He asked me to come to Roslyn on the following day with a few other girls to have other tests made. We all went and after the tests were made Mr. and Mrs. Brewster entertained us in their projection room by showing "A Dream of Fair Women," the two-reel picture containing the contestants of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest.

We then went back to New York, and a few days later we were sent for to see the tests. They had put together on one reel all of the girls who had photographed well, and these were to be submitted to the judges. I was delighted to find that my second tests were just as good as the first, and I must admit that I did not feel as badly as I might for those girls whose second tests were not nearly so good.

About this time they were preparing to make a five-reel feature called "Ramon, the Sailmaker," and Mr. Brewster was anxious to find a suitable girl to take the leading part. Of course every girl was crazy to get this part, because it is very unusual for a beginner to get a leading part. I remember there were about ten girls who were being considered for this part, and they were doing all they could to get it, but I decided to let fate take its course and win on my merits or not at all. I therefore appeared to be indifferent, while the others were sending their mothers, and writing letters and begging for another chance.

Days had passed and I learned that several girls had been sent for again, and also that the judges were doubtful about the winner of the contest. Mr. Brewster decided to make some additional tests for the benefit of the judges, which he did, and the more tests he took the more I became convinced that I was going to win first prize. You see, I was bashful at first, but I was now getting used to the camera and every test made me more confident.

One day I received a telephone message at the Pennsylvania Hotel that the judges had awarded me first prize and my newly found friend, Allene Ray, second prize, and that we had been declared the winners of the contest. I was, of course, delighted. On the same day Mr. Brewster sent word to me that I had been chosen to play the leading part in "Ramon, the Sailmaker," and then I felt that my future was assured.

Mr. Brewster was very kind and patient with me, and my success in this picture was due largely to his efforts in telling me and showing me what to do. Mrs. Brewster also rendered me great assistance.

I never realized that there was so much to learn. Having had no experience at all on the stage or before the camera, or even in amateur theatricals, they must have found me very "green." However, I was rehearsed very carefully, evenings before we started taking the pictures, and I was taught how to walk, how to sit down, how to make gestures, and how to express different emotions on my face.

I have kept up an acquaintance with many of the girls who entered this contest and they all seem to think that the judges made no mistake. While they were disappointed in not winning out, I believe they all feel that they had a square deal and that I won the contest on merit. Please tell your readers to look for the picture called "From Farm to Fame," and when they see that, they will see all of the girls who entered this contest, including my-

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From a Musician-- "I am obliged to be in public a great deal and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. H. Lindeman, Steubenville, Ohio.

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self, and they can then judge for themselves whether the judges were wise or unwise.

In closing I want to say that not only do I believe the contest was conducted fairly and squarely, but that influence has no weight at all. I have seen nothing to indicate that your contest is not conducted on the highest moral plane, and that there is no reason in the world why every girl who thinks she has beauty, personality and charm should not enter the contest this year.

Sincerely yours,
CORLISS PALMER.

Requests continue to pour in asking for information by letter concerning the contest, which information has been given already in these articles and in the advertisements which are carried in the three magazines. The only letters we are willing to answer are those that ask really sensible questions about points which are not clear to them. In such cases a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Every article repeats that men are at liberty to enter the contest and are frequently on the honor roll.

We cannot acknowledge the receipt of photographs. They come in at the rate of fifty a day.

The Contest Manager is not permitted to pass judgment on portraits—that is left to the judges. Be assured that no photograph will be overlooked.

In the full page advertisement in every issue is the coupon which must be pasted to the back of photographs.

The closing of the contest will be announced later in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

We cannot inform the losers, but all winners will be notified. Being on the honor roll does not necessarily entitle one to a screen test, and having a screen test made does not mean that you are a winner.

We take pleasure in announcing the Honor Roll for the June Magazine to be as follows:

Leoria Celestia Blackburn, a niece of Raymond Hitchcock, who lives at 3206 West Penn Street, Germantown, Pa. She has had no experience and is a dark "baby-vamp" type.

George Edward Somax, of 1814 East Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, another brunette.

Johnny Gillispie, of 710 Jackson Street, Amarillo, Texas, who has been in comedies for six months—a dashing brunette.

We also take pleasure in announcing that Anetha Getwell, one of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, is being starred in a five-reel picture entitled "No Sale," produced by the Pantheon Film Corporation and directed by Charles Miller.

Virginia Faire, another winner of the 1919 Contest, is playing the leading feminine rôle in the screen version of Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy."

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 71)

that gives us something to look forward to, for she is playing in Goldwyn's "Look Before You Leap," a picturization of Thompson Buchanan's play, "The Bridal Path."

Statistics show that the gross profits of George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man" have been $2,475,000 to date. This is the largest money-making picture ever made. Next to it is Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" with a profit score of $2,125,000. In this connection it is interesting to note that "Broken Blossoms" only cleared $800,000.

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Send $1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for April 1st, 1921. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who having been duly sworn according to Law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its names and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) The M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn N. Y.; ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor-in-Chief. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1921. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

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How Hath the Mighty Fallen!

A few years ago there flashed across the cinema sky a star of the first magnitude, and it marked an epoch in motion picture history. For years, everybody had been saying that motion pictures were not an art, and that they had not even produced one great star. Somebody once said that Edith Storey was to be the Bernhardt of the screen, but her later efforts did not verify that prediction. Mary Pickford was looked on as an artist of great charm and ability, and so was Norma Talmadge, also several others, but the great artist, the Divine Sarah, had not yet arrived. At last came a play called "Revelation," and it *was* a revelation. It had all the earmarks of a superproduction, altho it was not a spectacle and had no extravagant sets. It came unheralded by the megaphones of the publicity men, it contained no tremendous mob battle or destruction scenes, and made its appeal merely on the merits of the story and the star. The star? Yes, and it *was* a star! It was the great Nazimova. She immediately set a new high mark, and she became recognized as the great artist of the screen. The Bernhardt had arrived. The screen had at last produced a great drama and a great star. Every producer then set out to equal or surpass "Revelation," and every player looked up to Nazimova as the model *par excellence*, whom all should aspire to equal.

Such was the situation only a few years ago. But things have changed. The Nazimova of "Revelation" is no more. She is dead. The Nazimova who now lives is not the Nazimova of "Revelation." It is not because she has grown older, or is not so good looking, nor is it because she is not an artist. If you want to know what has brought about the great change, you must ask Nazimova herself. She knows. She may not admit it, but she knows.

Nazimova's second picture fell far short of her first, and since that time she has done but little to add to her reputation, and much to detract. You must judge for yourself whether the great Nazimova became too self-conscious of her greatness and thought she knew more than the directors. Only she can tell you why she is not now the great Nazimova of old.

Whether she tries to write her own plays, and tries to direct them, and whether she is too great to accept suggestion from her "inferiors," such as script writers, directors, managers, make-up men, technical directors, etc., is a something that nobody knows except herself. But one big fact remains—Nazimova is now quite *passée*. In fact, she is almost impossible. She is almost as impossible as Geraldine Farrar, who should have retired years ago. And why the suffering public should allow producers to continue to press into service so many of these histrionic Has-beens is beyond comprehension.

Have you seen "Billions"? If not, you should. This play will be proof enough of what has been said in this article. "Billions" was probably written as a romantic comedy. Nazimova has made of it a slap-stick farce. Her make-up is frightful—so much so that she often looks like a false-face, and at least fifty years old, whereas she is quite a young and good-looking woman. Her lips are as black as the blackest jet, and her face is as white and flat and unmodeled as the whitest sheet she ever slept on. The greatest camera man in the world and the greatest technical director and lighting man could not make her look young and beautiful in such a make-up. How do we know? Just compare her make-up with those who stand along side of her in the same scenes. As for her acting in this burlesque masterpiece, if you can imagine such a character as she presents to us, your imagination is worth a fortune. Such characters do not exist except in Keystone farces. She forgot her art entirely when she drew this character. In fact, the whole story is impossible and Nazimova played it impossibly. And not only was Nazimova bad, but nearly everybody else in the cast was bad. Very few of the characters were real, and this helped Nazimova considerably. It saved her at times from being actually grotesque. Even her putty-faced opposite was made to play second fiddle that the star might shine, but with all this it was a dull cloudy night. A flash of the real Nazimova, the great Nazimova, was seen in the allegorical bit where she goes to the shrine of love and poetry; and in this she showed that grace, charm and poetry of motion that first made her famous on the stage. But this was all long shot, close-ups were omitted. In fact, Nazimova should do all her future pictures in long shots. This is the only way in which she can make us remember the Nazimova of old.

The Movies in Havana

(*Continued from page 36*)

At the mysterious one to which we have decided to go tonight, however, Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett, William Hart and the rest are only shown on off days, and call forth but slight enthusiasm. Theda Bara herself, contrary to belief, attracts but little more.

The snub-nosed, round-faced idol of the American public, be she brunette or blonde, does not capture the Spanish imagination. Rather the queenly woman with the high-bridged, aristocratic nose, and the passion for being unhappy stirs them. To a Spaniard a woman is either a being to be addressed only in the most obsequious terms or a thing to be snarled at. She is never a comrade or an equal. Consequently, there is not one of the American galaxy of good-fellow girl stars preferred in Havana above another. I would not go so far as to say they do not understand her. I rather think they do, but they prefer the goddess-woman. Of the male stars the wild West ones are always appreciated, and Tony Moreno is more or less worshiped; but then, he *is* a Spaniard, of course.

No, at the little theater we are about to enter, the days when the Italian or Cuban films are shown are the only real days. Occasionally a French film appears, but the Havanese do not care for these at all, with their exaggerated emotions, and usually laugh at them with great frankness. Native Cuba films? Why, yes!

There are several Cuban companies making their own feature pictures and even serials—hardly ever comedies, and educational or news reels are unknown. I do not see how it can pay them, as they do not export anything. Their subjects, actors

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and manner of presentation would never interest any but themselves, except once as a curiosity. The subject is always unhappy or faithless love, and the end is invariably death or tears. Once, I believe, it was prison, but that was the only variation, and I have witnessed at least ten native films, a remarkable number for an American.

The actors would be even less to our taste. The women usually have a certain regal beauty, if you like your beauty by the pound, for they are apt to run to pounds and pounds. But as for the men, why, they think nothing of having the hero of seven reels of love-making almost entirely bald! No wonder the Cuban girls are so serious-eyed, poor things! If the worst came to the worst, I have no doubt at all Douglas Fairbanks would have sense enough to use a toupee, but not so your haughty Cuban hero.

But I have saved the best for the last. In Havana recently there was one of those contests to determine the most popular movie actress. The Talmadge girls were in it, and so was even Nazimova, who is quite a favorite in Cuba, but who do you guess won it? No, you're not right, and the lady had a walk-away at that. It was Francesca Bertini! I took a good look at the still portrait of her and thought to myself, "Good gosh, why?" But that was before I had seen La Bertini in action, and now my only recommendation to you is to urge your exhibitor to import a few Italian films and have a look at her and sundry others, to say nothing of the truly wonderful photography and beautiful Italian scenery.

In fact, it is just possible that if a few of our artistic producers were to sit—metaphorically—at the feet of one or two of the Italian film masters they would profit thereby. Perhaps they have, but if so I must go on record as one who thinks they did not sit long enough if America wishes to be supreme in cinematographic art, instead of simply being supreme in the business of marketing its product, which it undeniably is. Many a Cuban has sat thru some dinky American film, whose slight humorous merits must even have been beyond him, simply because there was nothing else to be seen. But the dream-world of the glorious Princessa Jorge or the haunting eyes of any one of those Italian actresses who are so maddeningly ugly they are beautiful, something like the celebrated Mme. Polaire, was reflected in his yearning gaze.

Meanwhile I am afraid we have been talking so long that the piercing little bell which announces the end of one "tanda" and the beginning of the next has rung long ago. For the day of the Havanese movie theater is divided into "tandas," usually of one hour, or less frequently, two. There is not one program repeated continuously, as in America. Every "tanda" is different all day long, and there is a different price charged for each "tanda," making it quite a game, in its way, after you come to know the rules. Before that you are apt to lose your temper, causing the ancient doorman to remark to the youth who plays the mechanical piano:

"Americano, oyez!"
And the youth sniffs:
"Americano, si."
And then they both ignore you.

At any rate, you arrive, probably some time after or before the bell has rung, and purchase your ticket. This the American always drops in the box at the door as a matter of course, and so he loses before he has begun to play. Half an hour afterward he is forced to pay another eighty cents or

(*Continued on page* 112)

Corliss Palmer and Leonora Ottinger
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Fifth Prize - -	$25

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Keep up with the contest by reading the forthcoming issues of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

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to the five winners of the Ideal Cast Contest

The prizes are for the readers who correctly guess the names of the stars getting the greatest number of votes.

Send in a ballot voting for your favorite in each rôle of the photoplay.

Send in another ballot stating the names of those you expect to win. This second ballot will determine the winners of the prizes. No prizes to be given to the stars.

Keep up with contest as the articles appear in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the first having appeared in the June issue, now on the stands. It will help you to judge what stars are going to lead the list.

Prizes range from $250 to $25.

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The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest

of 1919	of 1920	of 1921
Anetha Getwell	Corliss Palmer	?
Blanche McGarrity	Allene Ray	
Virginia Fair	Beth Logan	
Anita Booth	Helen DeWitt	
	Mary Astor	
	Erminie Gagnon	
	Dorothy Taylor	
	Ruth Higgins	

The following conditions of the contest should be carefully observed:

No photographs will be returned.
Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
Do not send snapshots or postcards.
Letters are not desired, but if sent should accompany portraits.
Those wishing replies should enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes.
Do not send tinted portraits.
Address letters and photographs to Contest Manager.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 69*)

hopeless the wealthy suitor is and always will be.

Wallace Reid is the worthy engineer, Agnes Ayres the president's daughter and, of course, Theodore Roberts and his cigar represent the president himself. As soon as we knew there would be a president, we knew he would be Theodore Roberts. But we didn't mind at that, because he does make a good president.

And there is an option on some valuable land which the engineer and the daughter seek to win, even risking their lives when they dash thru a blizzard in a locomotive.

Wally is quite as attractive as usual, and Agnes Ayres is beautiful enough to make you sympathize with any hero.

"The Love Special" marks no epoch of the cinema, but it will cause you to forget your worries and revel in its sheer romance. And in this sad day of income taxes it will be admitted that that is something.

MY LADY'S LATCHKEY—FIRST NATIONAL

Katherine MacDonald *is* beautiful—for that we have consistently given thanks when watching her last few pictures. Her stories are trite and lacking in the elements of good drama, while she is given no opportunity in which to display ability. This seems a pity, for every now and then she gives promise of being able to do better things.

But when all this is said and done a production must have more than a beautiful woman in order to be entertaining.

"My Lady's Latchkey" is a story told about priceless gems and their robbery—a gentleman crook, and, thru a love which comes to him, his eventual reform. Edmund Lowe plays the male leading rôle and is likable. The other members of the cast are adequate, but no one is given any great opportunity of proving his worth.

There is a certain suspense to the story, because for a time you aren't sure whether it is going to develop as you think it should, having seen other stories of the kind—that is all.

However, some day we hope Katherine MacDonald will fall heir to a real story—and that some one will title it without making each and every title a young book in itself.

BEAU REVEL—PARAMOUNT

"Beau Revel" deals with the story of a famed gentleman from whom the picture takes its name—the gentleman who finds love a delightful game, so delightful, in fact, that he continues to play at it long after his son is old enough to have *affairs d'amour*. Lewis Stone is this attractive cynic, with Lloyd Hughes playing the rôle of the son, Florence Vidor the heroine, and Kathleen Kirkham the married woman who nearly errs.

We have seen the dressing-rooms of many favorites on Broadway but never have we seen anything even faintly resembling the dressing-room as portrayed on the screen—veritable suites they are most of the time, luxuriously appointed—far from appearing the workshops they are in reality.

And, too, we have fault to find with the cabaret as it is again depicted in this production, together with one or two other things, which are invariably portrayed falsely on the screen.

However, the story itself from the pen of Louis Joseph Vance is interesting, with a worldly philosophy permeating its titles.

In the end, of course, Beau Brummel realizes that even his carefully acquired and highly cynical theories are insufficient

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Anatole France, famous author of "Thais," also celebrated for his "Penguin Island," and other works, is the vivid subject of a personality story by **Benjamin de Casseres.**

Walter Prichard Eaton writes a delightful article on that ever-present, colorful individual, the press agent.

Had the poet of India been a clairvoyant also, we would say he was thinking of June SHADOWLAND when he wrote:

"Charm irresistible: the lovely something
We follow in our dreams, but may not reach.
The unattainable Divine Enchantment,
Hinted in music, never heard in speech."

The June Issue
of
SHADOWLAND

in the face of young love, and even with his son the victor he finds defeat too bitter a draught.

Lloyd Hughes was a pleasing hero but personally we would not have blamed the girl for preferring the father, despite the fact that he was a trifle grey. Lewis Stone is very fine indeed in this rôle and quite typical of the Lord Chesterfields and Beau Brummels of days gone by.

Kathleen Kirkham, too, was pleasing, while Florence Vidor's charming personality haunted us long after she had faded from the screen.

JIM THE PENMAN—FIRST NATIONAL

"Jim the Penman" is a story which was written when it was customary for the title to have something to do with the story. As may readily be imagined, it deals with the problem of a forger, the motive for his first forgery, the subsequent wealth which his aptitude with pen brings him, and later—and there always is a later on somewhere about the beginning of the last reel—his realization.

This is perhaps the best Lionel Barrymore production in some time, with Mr. Barrymore cast in the title rôle, while Doris Rankin is more attractive than we have ever seen her as his wife. Gladys Leslie plays the daughter and Anders Randolph the schemer.

Even if you do not like stories of this nature, the picture will have an appeal to you because of the stress which has been laid upon the emotional phase of things—and if, by any chance, such plots are popular with you, then "Jim the Penman" will undoubtedly please mightily.

And a word of commendation for the ending. Tragic endings have been tacked on any number of pictures recently—often without logic—because some of the foremost critics declared them artistic. In this production, however, the ending *is* artistic because it is the only solution.

COMPETITION

By N. Bryllion Fagin

Silly taste my Nellie has,
Silly little Nell:
She'd rather laugh at "Fatty's" pranks
Than all the jokes I tell.

Silly taste, I must admit,
Tho she is divine:
She'd rather look at Wally's car
Than ride with me in mine.

HOKUM

By Walter Edmand Mair

I love the stories of the stars
That shine along the silky way:
The brand of Percy Toff's cigars,
What games Fatunia likes to play.

I'm quite intrigued when I am told
How Flossie Dexter sprained her knee;
And how I thrill when they unfold
Some very cute proclivity!

Each day new mysteries reveals
Of cinemaidens on the Coast,
As well as in New York; it feels
To me as tho I were a ghost.

For if the yarns press agents spin
Are true, then I am false, I fear:
A wraith, a banshee whose great sin
Is trying to believe his ear.

You see, my friends, the daily press
Has often printed patiently
The same darned sort of sugary mess
Concocted and sent out by *Me!*

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Bob Hampton of Placer

(*Continued from page* 66)

told anyone," she faltered. "How could you know?"

"By the look of your faces," said Hampton. "Those who have loved, themselves, always know lovers. He's a fine chap, Kid—a clean chap. I wish"—and he smiled rather sadly—"I wish I might live to hold your first child on my knee."

"Then you dont care?" She was oddly wounded. "I thought perhaps you loved me——"

"As if you were my own," said Bob Hampton, quietly. "My little girl I lost. Perhaps it is so, who knows? Will you pretend it is, Kid? Will you call me—'Father' just once before I go?"

They kissed each other solemnly, and she knew in her heart it was farewell. There were tears on his face, her tears. "Father," wept the Kid, "it is true. I'm sure of it now—*I feel it.* Father! Father!"

She watched him go, thru a bright rain. And once more, thru her sadness, she felt the immensity of life, and a strange pride in sharing it with other human beings. Her mother had suffered to give her the gift of living; she wanted to love and suffer herself—she thought of the young lieutenant with a joy so sharp that it hurt her like pain, and she must press her clasped hands to her breast to ease it. When he came back—when he came——

But before the moment of his coming a new page of history was to be written in brave blood, and the name of "Custer" was to become immortal. Of all America's brave dead, none braver, none more honored than the undaunted troop who fought and died to give the unwon Empire of the West to their country. And among them, those who came too late found the body of Bob Hampton of Placer with a smile on his cold lips, and beside him, sheltered by his body, a small figure with an Indian arrow thru the thatch of carroty hair.

Bit by bit the ending of his stormy story was pieced together. The keeper of the Last Chance gambling hall told part of it, how Red Slavin, drunk and loquacious, had readily answered the frontiersman's questions, even to boasting at his long freedom from punishment for his crime. "Bob Hampton listened to it thru and said never a word," the man related, "but there was a look about his mouth like a drawn gun. Then, 'Get up!' he told the boaster. 'Get up, Red Slavin, and come with me!' His tone sobered the fellow and he was frightened. But he tried to bluster it out. 'What do you want of me?' he says, swaggering. 'Where would you have me go with you?' he says. 'To Custer,' Bob Hampton answers like the crack of a pistol. And if ever I saw death in a man's look it was in his. The murderer's feet were drunk, but his head was cold sober, and he went with him, staggering and swaying, and off the two of them rode toward Moose Bend."

Others spoke of seeing Dick riding after his hero. They had tried to stop the boy, but he flashed by like a small, flaming meteor, as tho he had a tryst to keep, as perhaps he had. But it was Lieutenant Brant who had the final word to add to the last chapter of Bob Hampton's tale.

He brought it to the Kid, very tall and sorry and ashamed. And she tried not to let him see how greater than the joy of hearing of her friend's justification was her joy at seeing him.

"I suppose I was the last person to see Hampton alive," the lieutenant said, looking all the while hungrily down at the beauty of her, as they say men who have come thru some great peril look at the sun and the sky. "I was in charge of Custer's supply train, you know, and not three miles behind them when those red fiends——"

She stopped him with a little shuddering cry. "Not—about them—please! I—I couldn't bear it——"

He put aside the impulse to take the shaking little figure in his arms and went on steadily: "Bob Hampton left the man with me—a white-faced, babbling creature. I had the pleasure of turning him over to the authorities when I got back, and I hope I shall have the further privilege of seeing him hanged. Hampton knew there was to be a fight, and his one idea was to be allowed to be in it with his old regiment. He made the man write a full confession in my presence and sign it. Made him do it by sheer force of will power, not by holding a gun to his head. Then he put the paper in his coat and sprang onto his horse. "If God's good to me I'll catch up with the troop before the fight," he said to me, "and Captain Nolan will be in the scrap."

"Captain Nolan," the Kid whispered. "Then that is my name." She met his wonder with head held high. "He was my father," she said, clearly. "I cant prove it, but I know it and so did he. And I'm proud to have my father's blood in me!"

"You may be proud," the lieutenant nodded. "I was wrong about him and I'm ashamed. I've done what I could to make amends by seeing that his name was put back on the army records, but I suppose you can never forgive me——"

Oh, the strangeness of life, the pain of it, the pity of it, the splendid bravery! The girl drew a long, quivering sigh.

"You mustn't grieve for him," begged the boy, misunderstanding. "Why, it's what he wanted. It's the way he would have chosen of all ways to die, fighting against odds in a clean fight. With his old troop and his captain——"

"For him?" said the Kid, wistfully. "I wasn't grieving for him. It's only that it's all so big and sad and wonderful. It makes you feel proud to be alive, and yet what is the meaning of it all, do you suppose? The struggles and the losing and the hoping and everything!" She flung her arms wide, as if asking the eternal question of the universe.

She was so small and lonely, standing there before him, that Lieutenant Brant forgot that he was still unforgiven, and took her into his arms. And then she knew the answer at last.

Every Woman's Fairy Godmother

(*Continued from page* 100)

dered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it. If I receive too many orders from this announcement I will not repeat it. I would much prefer that my readers try a box, and then, if they like it, get the nearest thing to it they can from their regular dealer.

(The fourth article of this series by Corliss Palmer will appear in the July number of the magazine.)

The Movies in Havana

(*Continued from page* 108)

fifty cents, or whatever they choose to demand, or he is put out on the street by the combined efforts of the piano youth, the doorman and a policeman. Of course, if he is stronger than all three he will win after all, but, as an interested spectator of many of these little upsets, I have only seen "Babe" Ruth do that.

The way to win in Havana, at any of these little games, involving movie theaters, customs houses, ferries, trolley-cars, etc., is never to surrender a ticket or document once acquired until it is torn from you by force, and then always try to hold on to one corner anyway.

The inside of a Cuban movie theater is entirely bare—no ornaments, no frills, here—the seats and the walls—blank. A little balcony runs around in back which the Cuban ladies usually occupy and for which you pay double the ordinary fee. So if you have held on to a part of your ticket when the lights go up you can stay. After seeing Italia Almirante Manzini emote, against the sympathetic background of the Italian ruins, you will see some *"interessantes cinicas comicas,"* which usually means Charlie Chaplin or the French "Max," for say what you please about beauty, the Americans and French have the best sense of humor. The Spaniard enjoys humor, tho I cannot bring myself to believe he wholly understands it.

After this, however, it is scarcely likely that even a shred of your ticket is left, and you return to your various hotels arguing about the plot, for since all the titles are in Spanish, only this remains a matter for conjecture. The adventure is over, and as a rule the ladies go to the comfortable American movie down on the Prado next time, over which no mysterious devil presides.

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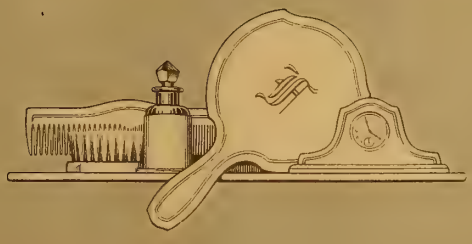

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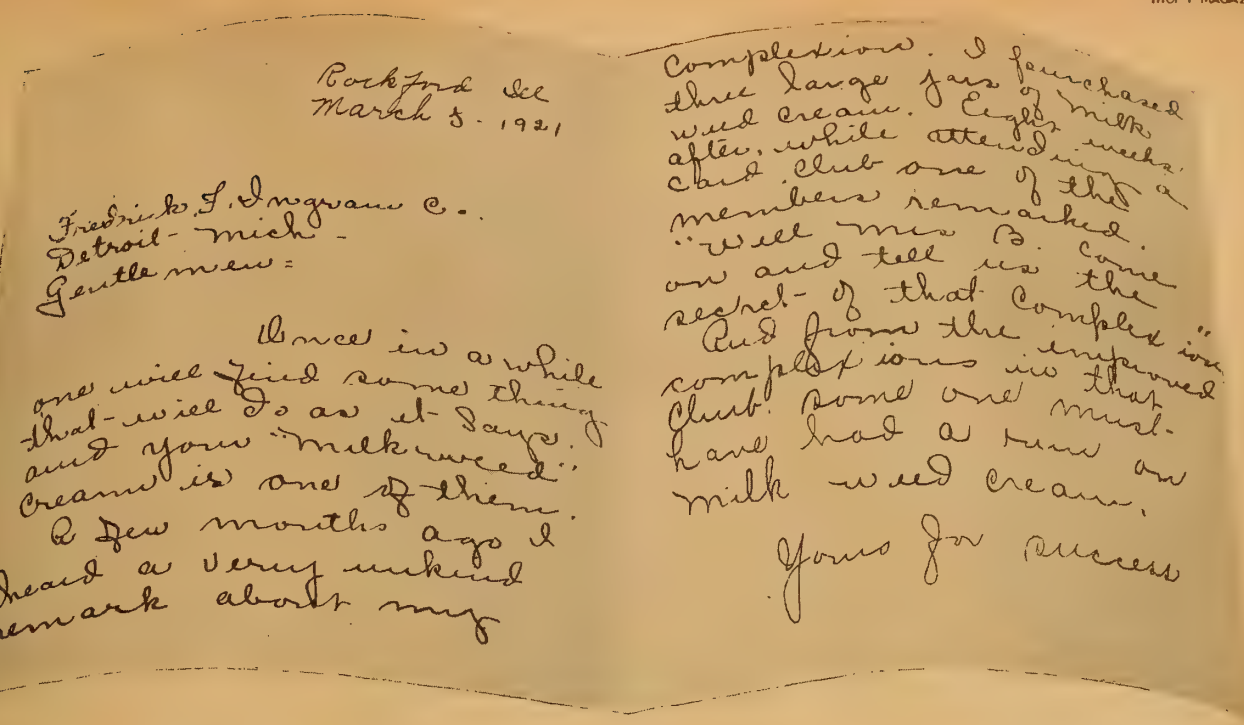

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." Another musical entertainment. Charles Purcell is featured. Rose Rolande stands out of the dancing, altho Lydia Lopokova is headlined.

Astor.—"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco.—"Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomime of the thirties. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplesis, the "Lady of the Camelias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old, uncanny stagecraft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Machaye, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing, dramatically speaking, in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's.—"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree," with Nora Bayes. Brisk and tuneful musical show, with the very forceful Nora. Attractive cast, chorus and costuming.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments, unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Delightful comedy of three soldiers reported killed in Flanders who return home and find surprising problems awaiting them. Adapted by Frederick S. Isham from his own novel. Splendidly played by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Stewart Wilson, Cyril Chadwick and Charles Dalton.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Playhouse.—"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

Princess.—The Provincetown Players in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

(*Continued on page* 8)

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	Dorothy Taylor	
	Ruth Higgins	

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5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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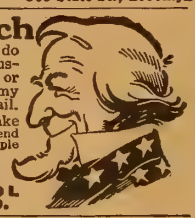

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young. Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

Ritz.—"Mary Stuart,'" by John Drinkwater. An interesting and colorful drama, dealing with the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, by the able author of "Abraham Lincoln." Has literary as well as dramatic value. Preceded by an admirable curtain-raiser in pantomime.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Typical Winter Garden entertainment.

On Tour

"Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show, with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise, gorgeous costuming.

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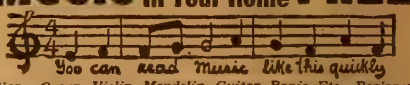

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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life.

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nature Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

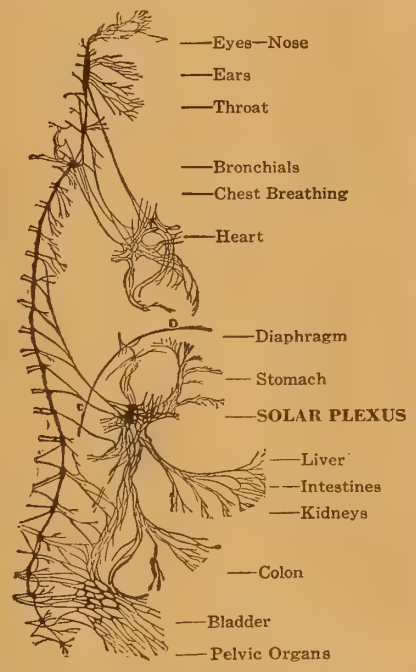
Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The Great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it is proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force

Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefitèd by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before, I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent **Free** upon receipt of 25c with the book, Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

Publishers' Note: **Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.**

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 112, 110 West 40th St., New York

"She had longed to be successful, gay, triumphant" . . .

When failure hurts the most

ARE you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and selfconscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

What is the matter with your skin?

Perhaps your skin is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep *the new skin that is constantly forming* free from blemishes.

How can you tell that your skin is responding

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new clearness and loveliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use—almost twice as long as an ordinary toilet soap of the same size.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1307 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Motion Picture Magazine

HOPE HAMPTON

There is a delightful comedy sparkle interspersed thruout the dramatic rôles which Hope Hampton offers. At present she is playing in "Star-Dust," a screen version of the popular Fannie Hurst story

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

HELEN EDDY

Helen Eddy feels—has always felt, in fact—that artistic characterizations are more greatly to be desired than stardom. As for the artistic characterizations there are none to say she has failed to achieve them

Photograph by Hoover Studios

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire Windsor is usually a goodly portion of the problem in the domestic problem plays of Lois Weber. And intermingled with her beauty are to be found other things—among them charm and understanding

Photograph by Alfred Oyer Hoken, N. Y.

HERBERT RAWLINSON

Herbert Rawlinson has not been shadowed on the screen frequently of late—and that will make his appearance with Ethel Clayton, in "Wealth," doubly welcome

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

CONWAY TEARLE

The screen has claimed numerous popular leading men—but none more popular than Conway Tearle. Perhaps that is why stardom in the form of a Selznick contract was thrust upon him

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

GARETH HUGHES

Gareth Hughes may travel far—do many splendid things—but his Sentimental Tommy will always linger in the memories of those who see him as the whimsical lad of J. M. Barrie's tale

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ETHEL CLAYTON

It was in the World Film days that Ethel Clayton won her success. And the last few years have found her shadowed in Paramount productions in which she has fulfilled her early promise

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Katherine MacDonald has done much to prove that beauty and brains are sometimes boon companions. Her next picture is to be "Stranger than Fiction"

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

MARGUERITE CLARK

Finally, Marguerite Clark was persuaded to drop her domestic rôle of Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams while she played in "Scrambled Wives." And a report has it that she plans to leave her charming Southern home long enough to make one picture every few months

Pals

Posed by Breezy Eason in the Universal Production
"The Big Adventure"

Twenty Years Versus Eternity

By

Benjamin De Casseres

MOTION Pictures, the eighth art, are not yet twenty years old, and yet they are always being sneered at because they are not on a "higher level."

What art in the history of the world has progressed so fast?

Painting is one of the oldest of the arts—still, not one picture in ten thousand is worth looking at.

Literature is one of the oldest of the arts—still, not one book in ten thousand is real literature.

Music is one of the oldest of the arts—still, the immortal composers do not number a score.

Dancing is one of the oldest of the arts—still, today the world "shimmies" and "jazzes."

Architecture is one of the oldest of the arts—the masterpieces of architecture are few.

Sculpture is one of the oldest of the arts—how many Rodins, Michelangelos and Praxiteles are there?

Playwriting is one of the oldest of the arts—still, there isn't one play in a hundred that is worth seeing, and not one in ten thousand that lives.

Most books, plays, music and paintings are fit only for the ash-can—after incalculable years of work on them.

What the seven arts have achieved only at long intervals in thousands of years the Jeremiahs demand that an art barely twenty years old shall achieve every day!

No art in the history of humanity can compare for one moment with the achievements of the motion picture art in twenty years.

No art that is so essentially and necessarily democratic as the motion picture art has done more for the imagination, the intelligence, the education and the entertainment of mankind.

The seven arts existed hundreds and thousands of years before they gave birth to an Æschylus, a Molière, a Shakespeare, a Rembrandt, a Beethoven, a Mordkin, a Cervantes, an Acropolis.

And there are those who demand of the eighth art these miracles in twenty years!

Go to, my friends! Go to!

The Bachelor Hero

Photograph by Bradley Studios

Eugene O'Brien lives in the most bachelor-like bachelor apartment we have ever seen, wherein every object which meets your eye causes you to smile indulgently and to think, "Isn't that just like a man"

EVERY now and then there is a perfect fitness to things. And the day we ventured forth to see Eugene O'Brien at his bachelor apartments was possessed of just such a fitness. The park slope was that new pale green, birds were calling, and there were many riders on the shaded bridle path—one of the riders had a bunch of golden jonquils tucked rakishly in her belt—it was, all of it, like the fading scene of a love story. And we had determined even as we ventured to talk to Mr. O'Brien about—well, we trust that we too have a sense of fitness.

He had just returned from his ride when we were announced, and he took great trouble to explain that his visiting housekeeper would arrive at any moment—that she whisked things into fine shape in less time than it took to tell about it. All this probably with a deadly certainty that feminine eyes would disapprove heartily at the primary essay of comfort in his bachelor sanctorum.

And this brings us to the apartment itself. It is the most bachelor-like bachelor apartment we have ever seen, wherein every object which meets your eye causes you to smile indulgently, and to think, "Isn't that just like a man."

There are several antique pieces about, which he has picked up here and there. His desk is charming in design and huge in dimensions; a piano holds two quaint candle-sticks, in one of which the dull-blue candle has guttered down. There are deep chairs of an old-blue which correspond with the spacious lounge—all pushed a trifle out of place, perhaps. Bright cretonne hangings add an attractive note, and there is a wide stone fireplace; while a large French window opens onto a balcony which, in turn, overlooks a wide stretch of park. And there is a table, rich in books and magazines, which harbors a new photograph of President Harding. It was given to Mr. O'Brien at the recent convention, and bears a personal autograph.

But, on the whole, it is invitingly comfortable and informal—attractive—and while you enter interview-bound, planning to ask set questions in a given way, you remain to visit enjoyably and talk about everything under the sun except those things touched upon in interviews generally. And you leave captive to the quiet charm pervading.

We thought this would be a splendid time to ask him why he had never married. We asked him.

He looked at us steadily, stretched his boot-shod feet before him.

"Because," he said, a smile threatening, only to disappear, "I must admit that I like my bathroom to myself. I've never known a woman who didn't insist upon powdering her attractive nose or reaching into the medicine chest for her toilet-water when a man was shaving. Mother has been with me for a few weeks—it was just the other day that she went back to Colorado—and I used to try all sorts of things, like getting up at daybreak or waiting until noon So that I could make my toilet in peace, but to no end."

That settled that——

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Photograph by Mishkin Studios, N. Y.

Apparently there is the best reason in the world for Eugene O'Brien never having married. He has not been in love. If he had, we feel sure, he would be thrilled at the thought of a feminine face reflected in the mirror while he shaved, as have other men. The humor in his grey-blue eyes would never, for a moment, permit such a trite admission. So we asked him what type of woman he preferred. Of course, his opinion on the subject will fail to carry any weight when the future Mrs. O'Brien appears on the horizon, but still——

"A woman with brains," he said. "Lord deliver me from the other type—the ornamental and ornamental only—in man or woman."

Photograph by Abbé

Undoubtedly he is living according to the theory of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think it was, who so wisely said: "Life is a great bundle of little things." And it is because of his great realization of life that he has shadowed its greatest emotion so well upon the screen

"But men usually dont like women with brains," we persisted.

"Perhaps business men dont," he admitted. "But a great many men do. If a man has coped with problems all day, he may want to be amused and to play in the evening, but any other man wants a woman he can talk to, a woman who will talk to him, a woman who will tell him of her views on those things in which he has an interest—not a bluestocking, of necessity, but a woman who keeps abreast."

He strode over to his desk and from beneath a pile of important-looking letters and papers salvaged two boxes of delicious sweets, and a box of English cigarets which he offered on a nearby stool.

A blue-grey pigeon alighted on the window's threshold.

"He thinks we'll feed him," explained Mr. O'Brien. "I have my coffee and my sporting page at the window on the mornings when I'm not rushing to Fort Lee, the Selznick studios, and a day of picture-making, and several of the pigeons usually breakfast with me. He's mixed in his dates, that's all."

We took ourself in hand and remembered interviewing ethics long enough to learn that Colorado was his native heath, and that the shock of his family's placid existence came when he chose New York and the vaudeville stage in particular for the embarking of his career. He said that

(*Continued on page* 109)

From Chadwick to California

All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

In the first place, the Chadwicks came from England. In those days they were wealthy and built huge cotton mills in New York State. And the little town which sprang up around the mills was called Chadwicks Mills after Helene's great-great grandfather

CALIFORNIA suns breed an intimacy not to be found under New York's electrics. Perhaps that is why I find a definite woman-outlook where others vision elusiveness.

When I tell you that I kept Helene Chadwick waiting in a warm dressing-room just one hour and a half when she might have been motoring, and that she greeted me just as cheerfully as if I had brought the deed to a Stutz roadster instead of an interviewer's notebook, I think you will agree with my first impression—that she is a good sport.

"I'll tell you everything you want to know," she said, ruffling her curly bobbed locks unaffectedly, albeit a bit bewilderedly, as much as to say, I wonder what on earth she does want to know.

"Up to now, I have seldom talked intimately about myself, because I am afraid that people will either not believe me or that they will think I am bragging——"

I begged her to go on and tell me all there was to tell—not because she cared an iota about the publicity, but because I wanted to write a different interview from any that had ever been written about her.

And so it came about that she brought from her ivory dressing-table drawer some old pictures of a slumbrous country town.

"In the first place," she confided, "the Chadwicks came from England. In those days they were very wealthy and built huge cotton mills in New York State. The little town which sprang up around the mills was called Chadwicks Mills, after my great-great grandfather. Recently the Mills has been dropped and the town is called simply Chadwicks.

"For generations the Chadwicks lived in a large rambling house across the street from the

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

mills, because the men of the family wanted to be right on the job. My grandfather even gave the town its church, called St. George's Church—both my grandfather and my great grandfather were christened George. My mother and sister enjoyed the luxury of being the first family of the town. Then came financial reverses. The mills passed into other hands and turned to the fabrication of silks. My mother took my sister and me to New York to live. As soon as I grew old enough Mother urged me to try to get into pictures. Frankly, it was up to someone to fill the family coffers. I had to make money, you see—and lots of it—and the films were the only fairy prince I knew. I am glad I was too young to remember the time when we were *the* Chadwicks.

All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

When it was up to someone to fill the family coffers, Helene Chadwick turned to the films. They were the only fairy prince she knew

Helene Chadwick is like a butterfly which has just burst from a cocoon . . . She seems to be primitively enjoying her first flights in life

"It is so hard to come down — when one has once had everything. As it was, I thoroly enjoyed my early struggle in pictures and the slow but sure advancement, while —I imagine—sacrificing the position they were born to was real torture to my mother and sister.

"I seldom speak of my origin," Helene Chadwick explained apologetically, "for fear people will misunderstand and think I am trying to make up some fake press story."

Tradition—that is what differentiates Helene Chadwick. She possesses a poise which can only come from a background of generations of well-bred forebears.

Her experience in pictures has broaden-

(*Cont'd on page* 94)

Days of June

Days of June—mating time; hollyhocks in vivid bloom. And thru the June days "Youth" wanders, loving "Love." Dick Barthelmess is "Youth," and Marjorie Daw "Love," and the scenes are from the Fitzmaurice production, "Experience"

Photograph by
Evans de Gaston

Presenting - - -

. . . Jackie Coogan, who has brought to the screen, in the title rôle of "The Kid," one of the finest and most natural characterizations ever shadowed

Fulfilment

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Today the verdict of the Fame and Fortune Contest is more than being justified, for Virginia Faire has been given the coveted rôle of Ameera in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale, "Without Benefit of Clergy"

FIRST, the bud with its rich promises, then comes the glory of the blossom—fulfilment. So ran my thoughts as I watched the lovely Virginia Brown Faire carefully patting on her make-up as we sat chatting in her dressing-room at the Brunton studios in Hollywood.

All will recall that she was one of the four winners in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Fame and Fortune Contest in 1919, and having attracted the attention of the film world with her unusual merits, she was given a contract by Universal, and so began, what is destined to be, a brilliant career.

It seems such a little while ago that I greeted her and her mother on their arrival in Los Angeles, tho Virginia says it is *fourteen whole* months—a long time when one is but seventeen.

She was merely a child then—very, very beautiful, with perfectly sculptured features, warm coloring, and eyes—dark and luminous—that looked at life expectantly. Now, there is a soft touch of maturity, a new poise which includes both mind and body. To the eyes there is added a profounder depth of feeling, while an alluring feminine charm intensifies her marvelous beauty.

Today the verdict of the Contest is more than being justified, for Virginia has been given the coveted rôle of Ameera in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale, "Without Benefit of Clergy," which Robert Brunton is filming for Pathé, and which will undoubtedly be one of the year's sensations.

"Happy?" repeated the girl, to my question. "Oh, I'm *terribly* happy. I dont suppose terribly is the correct word, but I just cant think of any other *strong* enough. They tried out thirty-two girls; it didn't seem possible that I could win, and after a week of hopes and fears I nearly *died* of joy when I was given the part."

As she talked, I recalled what Randolph Lewis, who is supervising the production, had told me a few moments before. He said that during his last conference with Mr. Kipling in England, the author repeatedly declared that everything depended upon the girl who would play Ameera, saying she was the very life, the heart of the story, and he urged that much care be given the matter of her selection. Mr. Lewis feels that Virginia Faire absolutely fulfils every qualification emphasized by Mr. Kipling. She is the child-woman, gentle and timid, with quiet dignity and very sweet, yet possessing the power of great emotional strength, while her dark beauty becomes that of the ideal held in India.

"The test," Virginia was telling me, enthusiastically, "was the wonderful scene where Ameera's baby dies and I was so carried away with the pathos that I cried and cried as if my heart would break."

"Yes, and you had everyone on the set blinking," added Mrs. Brown, her own beautiful eyes shining with pride as she helped drape yards of filmy scarf about her daughter's slender shoulders, fastening one end into the black hair smoothed back from the low forehead.

Having finally completed her costume of scarfs, beads, bracelets, rings and anklets, which clanked against her slim feet, Virginia was ready for work, and we descended to the stage where several interior scenes were to be filmed.

Every effort is being made to retain the charm and allure of the Kipling story intact, and Dr. Maddock, who lived in India for many years and knew the Kipling family well, is technical expert. James Young is directing and, re-

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

membering his own experiences both as director and actor in Calcutta and Bombay, he has slipped into the spirit of India, enthusiastically carrying his players with him.

Thomas Holding was selected for the rôle of the English lover, John Holden, which is as it should be, for Mr. Holding is a splendid type of manhood and his good looks add greatly to the pictorial value.

With the orchestra back of the cameras sobbing the passionate strains of "Madame Butterfly," Virginia and Mr. Holding enacted a touching love scene. Seated

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

"Some day I want to go to India," Virginia told me, as we waited for the next scene. "Tho each day I *feel* I am there. I think and live Ameera so vitally that it is hard to believe there is really no such girl. Some day, too, I shall visit Japan. Did you know I had won a popularity contest over there? A Japanese girl wrote asking for my picture, saying she was going to enter it in the Contest of American Film Actresses, and the next thing I knew I was notified I had won the prize, a wonderful doll."

Tho only French

(*Con'd on page* 87.)

"I want to go on," said little Virginia, "until I become a big, big star—not what I call a floating one, here today and gone tomorrow. I want to make each picture a real feature, something that will stand out because of special merit"

on a red lacquered couch before the latticed windows, thru which could be seen the twinkling stars above the house tops beyond, they lived the tensely keyed moment preceding Holden's departure for the mountains.

Ameera's primitive passion, the faithfulness, loyality and the overpowering love which has made this fictioned character so compelling, were fully brought out thru the intense imaginative power of the young actress, and I could not help wondering what Mr. Kipling's sensations will be when he beholds her interpretation of this masterpiece.

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Title Technique

By
JOHN EMERSON and
ANITA LOOS

The chief thing to remember about titles is to make them short. It is necessary to allow approximately a foot of film for every three words in a title, and that eats up a lot of space. Also, too many words in one title bore the audience fearfully. A good dramatic situation can always be precipitated with a word or two; only the weak

(*Continued on page 82*)

There is such a thing as "screen English" and when you have written a few titles you will learn to speak it. "Screen English" means the use of language which *looks* well—when flashed on the silversheet—rather than that which sounds well. Left, John Emerson and Anita Loos studying scenes for "locations"; and below, adjusting the ever-important studio lights

LITERARY style does not help the body of the scenario to any great extent, except inasmuch as it makes clear the writer's meaning. The man who reads it is looking for a plot, not for rhetoric. There is only one place where the ambitious author can write his head off and that is in the titles.

The titles are the written inserts which appear on the screen. Sometimes they are known as "subtitles," and sometimes as "captions." There are anywhere from one hundred to two hundred of them in the average continuity. You can put titles in your synopsis—always setting them off on separate lines in capital letters—and, if they are clever, they will help to sell the story.

There are two ways of looking at the matter of titles in a photoplay. The divergence of opinion is best illustrated by the story of the two famous playwrights, whom we will designate as James and George. James had just seen one of his best plays mangled in a film adaptation and was loath even to discuss the movies; but George, who had never had anything produced in motion pictures, was full of good ideas on the subject.

"The ideal movie," said he, "would be one which was all pictures and no titles."

James shook his head dolefully.

"Wait till they produce one of *your* pet plays," said he. "Then you'll know that the ideal movie would be one which was all titles and no pictures."

There is much to be said for both theories. It all depends upon the story and the actors. Charlie Chaplin has developed an extraordinarily clear pantomimic style: his stories resolve themselves into the simplest situations, without any attempt at an involved plot; and so pictures like "The Kid" need practically no titles. On the other hand, a subtle story like that of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" needs many titles. In our own stories we use a title wherever it is necessary, without attempting any arbitrary limit. "Red Hot Romance," for example, has one hundred and seventy-six titles.

The Girl From Nowhere

By DONALD CALHOUN

"HE is as crazy about her," marveled the cynical, "as tho she were somebody else's wife, instead of his own!"

"It's hardly *respectable*," sniffed the conventional, "for married people to be so much *in love* with each other!"

"It's like those poor, dear what-d'-you-call-ems," sighed the sentimental. "Tristan and Isolde—or do I mean Castor and Pollux? Anyway, it's *so* romantic to watch them dance together! My dear, she positively blushes when he whispers in her ear!"

Now it's a well-known fact that love stories should *end*, not *begin* with "and so they lived happy ever after." But, you see, nobody knew exactly how the Jimmy Ryder's story began, which added interest and the glamor of mystery to the every-day, commonplace happiness of the young couple afterward—after, that is, Jimmy brought a pale timorous, absolutely unexplained bride late that June evening to his big, lonesome house on the boulevard.

The reporters never got very far with their assignments on that story. Of course, a famous polo player and the matrimonial target of all the mammas of marriageable daughters in town cant get married without attracting attention. But when Jimmy was asked what his wife's name was, he answered curtly: "Mrs. James Arlington Ryder!" and there was something so coldly dangerous in the blue gleam of his eyes that the reporters had discreetly departed, to question the driver of the taxicab that brought the honeymooners from the station.

"... l," that worthy described the bride, "kind o' drabbled and washed out. Been crying, too, and *he* acted as tho he was afraid someone would see her, and bundled her into the taxi in a hurry. No, I couldn't describe her exactly—she had dark hair. Maybe when she was fixed up the way ladies do with red stuff on her face she wouldn't be so bad."

"A girl from nowhere!" buzzed the society set, with delicious shudders. "Perhaps she is an—an adventuress! Or an anarchist—or an actress! Shall we call? Or cut her? Still—you cant very well cut ten million dollars!"

According to the Code of Our Best People, marriages might be made in heaven, but not until after the proper procedure upon earth in the shape of calls, candy, flowers, horseback rides, more calls, a solitaire, linen showers, white satin, orange blossoms, bridesmaids, and the voice that breathed o'er Eden. Any other method simply wasn't done, that was all.

Still—you *couldn't be expected* to cut ten millions! So when Jimmy Ryder gave a reception and invited the whole world to come and see his three weeks' bride, the whole world put on its best and went. The women went to scoff, the men remained to pray.

Mrs. Jimmie was small, and slim, and vivid. Instead of being dark, her hair was the exact shade of her orange-colored gown, and her eyes were the green of the jade she wore. A small mouth, curved like flower petals, a nose that tilted ever so slightly, with arched and sensitive nostrils, and—strangest of all—two pink, dainty ears, in a year when women were not wearing ears—the ladies were dreadfully disappointed. Jimmie had com-

"He is as crazy about her," marveled the cynical, "as tho she were somebody else's wife, instead of his own!"

mitted the deadly sin of not falling in love with any of them, and capped it with the positively unforgivable sin of bringing a beautiful woman to a town where the men at the best did not go half around.

Dorothy Whitman-Grosscup, who had engaged herself to Jimmie once on a time for his broad shoulders and inches of good looks, and afterwards thrown him over and married old Samuel Grosscup who had five millions to Jimmy's one, said spitefully that Mrs. Jimmie probably had a past. Which gave her the final touch of attractiveness, for a woman without a past is as flavorless as an egg without salt, as old Cappie Carteret remarked at the club, when they were talking Mrs. Jimmie over.

"If only Jimmy weren't so damned healthy!" grumbled Carter Van Loan, semi-humorously, "what a widow she would make!"

The general verdict was that polo wasn't the only thing young Ryder was lucky at; and the women settled down to wait hopefully for the scandal to leak out, the rift to appear in the lute and so forth. But after an entire year the Ryders still gazed into each other's eyes, pressed each other's hands under the table cloth, and monopolized each other at dances. Which brings us back to the conversation at the beginning of the story.

The most mysterious part of the mystery about Jimmy Ryder's wife was that Jimmy himself did not know who she was! And the joke of his answer to the reporter's curiosity about his wife's name was that Jimmy did not *know* her name! It would clearly never have done for him to say quite honestly "her maiden name? Well, it begins with Mavis, but she never mentioned the rest of it."

There is no doubt but that men like to be mystified; that is why a man will leave his lawfully wedded wife, who puts on her complexion before him and keeps part of her hair in her top bureau drawer, and fly to the chorus girl whose complexion and coiffure he still wots not of. It was part of the secret of the fascination which Mavis had begun to hold for Jimmy on the evening when she emerged from her chrysalis of plainness and became a beautiful butterfly with the shimmering wings.

He had left, in the morning, a red-eyed, drabbled, limp little person with dark, stringy hair; he had returned to find a vision in a jade frock, with piled masses of shining, blazing hair and lips that pealed pretty laughter at his amaze. "I thought you might prefer to divorce a pretty wife!" Mavis told him, demurely. "It will be so much more effective in the court-room scene!"

"Divorce!" snapped Jimmy. *"Divorce"*—just as tho he had not talked to her about it the night before, and thought about it all day. "Two weeks married, and you talk divorce!"

That's a man's idea of being reasonable for you!' But Mavis did not remind him of what he had said, in the way most wives do. Instead she deliberately flirted with him all the evening, until at the end of it Jimmy would have sworn that he had been in love with her all the time, from that very first startled moment when he had come up the mountain trail to find his keeper dragging the small, woe-begone boyish figure out of his hunting lodge. He had cherished that belief ever since. "Love at the first sight,

wasn't it, Mavis?" he sometimes said sentimentally. "Lord, that was a wonderful week, just you and I on the top of the world, you wearing my old clothes. Do you remember the amazement of that old circuit rider that married us? And the way I used to sneak down to the village and get provisions for us? And the open fires in the evenings with the tree frogs shrilling in the darkness——"

Mavis remembered. She remembered other things, too, which she had been trying for a year to make Jimmy forget, but she would not let herself remember them when he was around. For they brought queer, tense lines to her face, and a desperate hunted look to her gay green eyes, and for a moment you would have thought Mavis wasn't pretty at all but a piteous, terrified, desperate little fugitive thing.

Sometimes when she was all alone—which wasn't often—the remembrance of that first week on the mountain would wash over her mind in a sick wave. Jimmy was right in one thing. It had been love at the first sight for her, but not for him. Oh no, no! He had been merely a clean-hearted, gallant souled knight errant going to the rescue of her distress, because she was a woman, and in some great trouble, and afraid. Tall, and splendidly broad in his rough shirt and corduroys that made him look very virile and masculine, he had stood looking down at her gently, patting her bowed dark head with clumsy little man-pats, telling her it would be all right and no one should hurt her.

The three dreadful days of her flight had almost beaten her. The poor little lie she had just told the game-keeper, when he found her in the Ryder hunting box, faltered abashed and discomfited before the unexpected confrontal with the truth. She had been pleading that she had a right to be there—she was Jimmy Ryder's wife—and then there stood a big, astonished-looking stranger whom the game-keeper was excitedly addressing as "Mr. Ryder, sir!"

"So this lady says she is my wife?" said Jimmy, slowly, meeting her miserable, pleading, guilty gaze very steadily. "Well? And why are you man-handling a lady who claims to be my wife, Beckett? Take your dirty paws off her and apologize before I half kill you!" How his blue eyes had blazed! He had been so strong, so protective—how could she help falling in love with him?

"I didn't know—I couldn't believe," stammered the man. Under his humbleness lurked a cunning doubt. "We haven't heard about your marriage, sir, up here. And this young woman got into the lodge thru a window. I found her asleep on the couch, and she screamed when she saw me. It wasn't until I threatened to turn her over to the authorities that she said she was your wife, sir."

"No wonder she screamed—you're enough to make any woman scream!" thundered Jimmy Ryder, playing desperately for time. And as he spoke to the guide, his eyes, searching, probing, questing, were fixed on the girl's white, tear-swollen face. "Why, you couldn't have treated her any more roughly if she had been a *thief*——"

The white face had quivered at the word, but Mavis met his gaze proudly, and quite suddenly Jimmy Ryder decided to do the quixotic, absurd thing that he did do. "My wife? Of course, she is my wife! If anyone asks you, tell them we're on our honeymoon, and want to be left alone. If you let any meddlers up here you're fired. Now get out, do you hear? And *stay out!*"

He had taken her, then, into the cabin, very gently, closed the door. She stood before him, in her tumbled, dust-stained suit, silent, because she had no words to thank him. "I thought," he told her, matter-of-factly, "that maybe you didn't care to—to see people for a little while. That's

"Lord," he said, "that was a wonderful week, just you and I on the top of the world—you wearing my old clothes—and the open fires in the evenings with the tree frogs shrilling in the darkness"

It had been love at first sight for her, but not for him. Oh no, no! He had been merely a clean-hearted, gallant souled knight errant going to the rescue of her distress, because she was a woman, and in some great trouble, and afraid

why you came up here, wasn't it—to be alone?"

She nodded, still silent. Jimmy had said nothing more for a long while, moving about the cabin, starting a fire, breaking eggs into a skillet, opening cans, while she sat, sunk in a chair, and watched him in a paralysis of weariness. When, however, he filled two plates and two cups and motioned her to come to the table, she began to shake from head to foot. "I must tell you—" she had whispered thru dry lips, "I must tell——"

"You must eat!" Jimmy said cheerily, and she did eat with the eagerness of half-starvation. When she was finished he pushed back his chair and rose, standing above her, very big, very gentle. "Now, get this straight!" said Jimmy. "I dont want to know anything you dont want to tell me. It's none of my business what brought you here, all that is my business is what's going to happen now that you *are* here. I cant leave you here alone, and you dont want to leave either, for a while. So we'll get married and stay until it's safe—until you are ready to go back to town."

"You'd do *that?*" she whispered. "You'd do a thing like that for a girl you never saw, for a girl who was a thief, maybe, or even worse? And I thought that men were all wicked!"

That sentence was one of the things Mavis had been trying to make Jimmy forget. It was not the kind of a thought a woman likes to have lying about the mind of the man who loves her; it might mean so many things!

If the editor of that sneering little gossip sheet, *Town-Talk*, had guessed what Jimmy Ryder's wedding had been like, he would have paid any sum for the story, and, perhaps, in spite of the ten millions, the maids and the matrons of society would never have gone to the reception three weeks later. To the old circuit rider it meant a fat fee; to Jimmy Ryder it meant an annoying and unpleasant duty; to Mavis it meant—what every girl dreams of, her big moment, her acropolis.

Then when the strangely wedded couple went back to the cabin, Jimmy cheerfully punctured her roseate bubble. "Lucky, divorce is as easy to get these days as a cocktail, if you know the way to go about it!" he had declared. "Cheer up, little lady! In two weeks' time you'll be out of this scrape, and it will all be as tho it had never happened!"

Love at the first sight, say you, Jimmy? Nonsense man! Dont you remember what a hopeless little creature you thought her, with her tremors, her white face and her eternal tears? Dont you remember how, nights, lying wakeful under the pines that your queer little, undesired

bride might have the cabin to herself, you groaned at your own impossible, impulsive folly and counted the moments till you could get your release from the claims of chivalry?

"He mustn't remember!" Mavis told herself sometimes, passionately. "I'm not the same woman. I'm the woman *he* made me. If love can prevent it, he shall never know what I was before. He shall never lose his faith in me——"

Love is a woman's first child. It means pain to her, and sacrifice beyond all knowledge of men, and the blood of her heart and the flesh of her white body. Mavis would have guarded her love with her life. The dread of harm to it was ever present under all her smiles, like a hidden crater under the serene surface of her happiness. At any moment it might break thru and spread desolation and ruin over the landscape of her life.

Every woman who knows love, knows love's pain. To some it is the fear of losing youth and beauty, to some it is the dread of the mysterious other woman who may some day smile into her man's eyes and lead his thoughts away with her. To Mavis Ryder it meant the time when Jimmy should ask questions, and she must answer them. So, desperately she put off that time with all the pretty foolish, futile woman wiles she knew, coaxing happiness to stay a little longer.

As everybody who *is* anybody knows, the Conroy's costume ball is the event of the social year in town. Tho why it is that all the dowagers dress sentimentally as Juliet, and coyly as Little Bo Peep, and the boniest wears the skimpiest costume, while the stoutest wears Marie Antoinette skirts——

But, as we were saying, it was to be expected that the young Ryders would be invited to the Conroy palace on the Hudson for the ball. Jimmy had told his wife to get something that would dazzle 'em, but when he saw the vision of a Colonial lady that stood in the doorway of Mavis' dressing-room, bewitching, alluring, he himself gasped. "Oh, I say!" he started, "you look devilish pretty."

Mavis laughed.

Under a thousand blazing lights the ballroom was a merry rout that mocked at life in all its guises and in every age. The masked figure of a Pompadour, ablaze with mock jewels and wearing a great emerald of flawless fire above her forehead, led the grand march on the arm of a fleshy Romeo. After them streamed devils arm in arm with nuns, milkmaids with courtiers, kings, beggars, flower girls, and knights.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken!" said Herbert Whitman, and laughed softly as he drew Mavis aside.

"Easy, my dear," mocked the suave voice, "unless, of course, you care to introduce me to your friends as your almost-husband."

"Thank God you are not my true husband," said Mavis is a low, quivering voice. "Thank God that

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THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE

Fictionized, by permission, from the Selznick production of the scenario of Sarah Y. Mason, based on the story by Bradley King, and directed by George Archainbaud, starring Elaine Hammerstein. The cast:

Mavis Cole	Elaine Hammerstein
Judge Cole	Warren Cook
James Ryder	William B. Davidson
Herbert Whitman	Huntley Gordon
Lady Pennerton	Louise Trussind
Lord Pennerton	Colin Campbell

"Hush!" Mavis admonished —the music had grown softer. "No one knows —I have another name now. I am married"

The Clearing House for Kicks

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

WE hear much these days of the problem of the movies. In spite of the fact that the picture business is fourth in importance of our American industries, most of the films of today are a failure when judged from every angle. The exhibitors, the producers, the artists and trained workers in the industry and especially the long suffering public realize this fact with the result that they all are clamoring that something be done to stabilize the industry. Exhibitors want fairer treatment. Independent producers want relief from existing market conditions. Actors and writers are looking for more impartiality. The moving picture patrons are dissatisfied with the films. All are talking, criticizing, going about in endless circles without doing any thing or getting any place in the solution of the great problem of the rehabilitation of the movies.

Look for this seal on the productions shown at your theater. It is the Merit Seal, awarded by the M. P. T. Association when a picture is voted exceptionally good

This was the situation as John A. Quinn, president of the M. P. T. Association, saw it about two years ago. Mr. Quinn was at that time an exhibitor, the owner of a chain of theaters in the West, already famous for his slogan, "fe:::er and better pictures," and for his everlasting hammering for co-operation and fair play. He was of the day of picture beginnings—five cents admission on week-day afternoons, ten cents in the evenings, perhaps fifteen on Saturday afternoons and evenings. For this, one saw a "feature," a comedy, a news picture and were also favored by one or more "solos" or other entertainment. Families went, in a body, to the movies and, as a rule, there was nothing to offend. In fact, the exhibitor tried conscientiously to show films that were equally fit, suitable and entertaining for young and old.

Then came a wave of over-starred, inartistic, frequently unwhole-some drama with overdrawn sex appeal, debasing animations of crime, made then, as now, to appear worse than it really was by the lurid advertising, the superlative publicity that preceded it. Almost overnight the industry became a wild orgy of spending and mismanagement.

History shows that it is usually one man or one woman who starts a movement and sticks to it thru thick and thin, giving their time, their effort, their enthusiasm to inspire others. J. A. Quinn saw the birth of the motion picture. Saw it develop into a business that daily is influencing the masses of people more, it is said, than the combined efforts of our schools, churches and ethical organizations. He knew that the majority of pictures presented were not artistic or even entertaining—that the themes, whether of love, adventure, business, as presented were not satisfying even to the easily satisfied. That the ideals of the young and impressionable were not being uplifted by the widely exploited photoplays. And, because he, himself, was an exhibitor and had studied and observed until he knew the real pulse of the public—he knew that wholesome entertainment, whether on stage or screen, is not only appreciated and preferred by the majority of picture goers, but can be converted into bigger dividends than any other.

And thus, from one man's vision, one man's renunciation of old paths for new was born in Los Angeles, the M. P. T. Association of the world. Not a reform movement—but a constructive campaign for better pictures, better conditions thruout the industry, basing its work on the foundation of box-office receipts, proving that better pictures attract greater patronage and produce greater revenues.

From the time the M. P. T. plan was enthusiastically endorsed by practically all the local and near-by organizations both in and

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"I am with you with all my heart."—*Mary Pickford.*

"I know you have the confidence of all branches of the industry. I shall be very glad to give you my personal support."—*Jesse L. Lasky.*

"Anything I can do to help."—*Charlie Chaplin.*

"You can rely upon my full co-operation."—*D. W. Griffith.*

"You have started what we have long been waiting for. I look for big results."—*Lois Weber.*

"I will gladly co-operate with you."—*Douglas Fairbanks.*

"Best wishes for your success in attaining those ends for which we are all striving."—*Cecil B. and William C. de Mille.*

Her Mecca

By
BETSY BRUCE

Photograph © by David Berns, New York

Her mother wished her to remain in the school-room, but the dreams of Alice Calhoun were very real and the urge very great, so together she and her mother came to New York, where Alice entered the films

SOME day perhaps there will be born an interviewer who will write of people who serenely do the smaller and finer things of life; who have no hobby and who affect no pose; who think their work is the most worthwhile thing and do not unceasingly seek some hectic, elusive emotion—write of them with a clarity and understanding, making them *real* and yet not too sweet to be wholesome, Pollyannas cut from the same piece of fabric.

And if such a person comes into being, the first test I would place upon him would be to interview Alice Calhoun. Until then, she will probably be done injustice in word-pictures, for she neglects to do and does, respectively, all of the things generally mentioned above and, at the same time, she has a personality distinctly her own.

Therefore, I enter upon this interview-recording with qualms, many of them.

My first distinct shock came when I rang the bell of her apartment and decided to immediately announce myself to the "trim, white-capped maid" so she would not disdain with lofty air: "The name, please?"

But Miss Calhoun herself opened the door. I would have said it was her younger sister, had I not known that there was no younger sister, because the screen adds years to her visage.

In the living-room the Victrola needle grated at the end of a record—a new dance tune—and Alice rescued it while she explained that her mother and she had been dancing. Furthermore, she said that her mother was a duck of a dancer, but that she would not dance in public.

And she went on further to tell me at great length of her mother, while Mrs. Calhoun herself endeavored to turn the conversation into other channels.

I asked her how it felt to be a star, for her stardom was a comparatively new estate.

"Just the same," she answered. "I feel just the same. In itself it means nothing, of course—what I am happy for is the rôles I will have opportunities to create, and if I do a bit of fine work it will remain. When I first started as an extra girl I had an emotional scene and I gave everything I had—put all of me into it. The others thought it was a good joke and laughed at me for my earnestness. And then, when I saw the picture after it was completed, I knew why they laughed. My work had been entirely cut out. Stardom insures you against experiences like that," she went on, with a shadow of a smile touching her mouth. "I think that was the most trying experience of my career."

"And when you learned you were a star," I asked, "what did you do?"

She raised her eyes to mine for a moment. "I cried," she said.

I should have known. Alice Calhoun is feminine, oh so feminine—and stardom was the Mecca of her hopes and ambitions. Her cup of happiness must have brimmed over. And, like others of her sex down thru the ages, her joy was more than she could bear—and she cried.

Photograph © by David Berns, New York

The telephone rang and Alice ran to answer it. A boy friend wished her to go to some fraternity dance, and while she talked to him her mother told me a little about her life.

Mrs. Calhoun wished Alice to remain in the school-room. She felt that there was still a great deal for her to learn. And she wanted her to know about the running of a household, too. But the girl's dreams were very real and the urge very great, so her mother finally consented to her trying the films, and together they came to New York and established their new home. Even so, Alice was not permitted to give her entire time to her work. She had household tasks—the housekeeping budget was turned over to her, and for the last few years it has been Alice who has attended to the executive details—the ordering, planning, paying of bills, etc. And in between times she has been taught to cook, so that recently when Mrs. Calhoun was called away, she was able to run the house with no difficulty.

And when she would meet discouragements along the way in her film work and come home tired and blue, she would meet a tenderness and understanding, but no exaggerated sympathizing.

"She had made her choice," said Mrs. Calhoun, "and I told her time and time again that she could go back to school, but that if she wished to remain in the films she must meet her setbacks and disappointments and be brave. Always I have wanted Alice to have the heroism which is so necessary today, tomorrow and every day. In a supreme moment it is far easier to rally to a cause, but you must be brave to withstand the trying experiences which accompany a career. And so Alice met them—conquered them often—and today I am proud of her, I dont mind telling you. She is where she is because of herself. She has not shirked, and perhaps the school of experience has taught her that which could be learned in books with a practicality as well as the theory."

When Alice came back we had frappés with the most delicious syrup ever tasted and fancy cakes—Alice herself had prepared them. And we had some music, palm-reading with the help of a recently acquired book on the subject, profusely illustrated with diagrams of hands, which Alice studies diligently—and pleasant talk.

That was about all, I think, except that it was very evident that the School of Experience has not forced the growth any. Alice Calhoun is typical of sheer

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Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

The School of Experience has not forced the growth any. Miss Calhoun is typical of sheer girlhood—she has a love of romance, but not in any personal sense, and if she dreams of a debonair Prince Charming it must be in between times, for her every waking thought is dedicated to her work

Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie

By
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

IT was so Dorothy Gish invited me to tea. We were at the Hotel S— with the rest of the family when she extended to me the primal invitation, so to speak, pristine and still savoring of Hymen. Upon a bit of pasteboard, bold as bold, she scrawled her address and, with savage glee, "Dorothy Gish Rennie," then, handing it to me with a flourish, she said, "Lamp the monicker!"

On that pre-tea and toast occasion I endeavored to draw her forth on the subject of the altar, but she was derisive of my interrogation and admittedly unqualified.

"Come back in a year," she warned me, with a wicked wink, *"then* I'll have a tale to tell!"

But (not to wax sentimental, which is a temptation, ye heavenly powers!) the wink she cast at this precise juncture at, or in, the direction of New Husband was anythin' but wicked. It was as warm as it was reassurin', and as reassurin' as it was warm!

Dorothy on that occasion looked militant *à la Parisienne*. She was wearing one of her Paris gowns—a trotteur, to be correct. So was Lilian. So was Mother Gish. Paris could not sophisticate the family inclusiveness of Dorothy. What she bought, Lilian must have likewise. And again, likewise Mother.

(She *did* tell me what a trump her mother had been about their elopement.)

One could see how infinitely wise in her wisdom Mrs. Gish had been. Here was a bond created, a memory instilled, that will go with Dorothy thru the years, turning ever as her mind turns back to her wedding day, to her mother and her good-comradeship of understanding, where she might have obtruded hurts at her exclusion.

Well—we went to tea the following Sunday.

It was a jolly day.

The Rennie apartment is in a charming section of downtown New York. Mr. Rennie occupied it solitarily prior to his marriage, and it was in process of being completely renovated for the small bride.

The living-room, an immense apartment, with a capacious fireplace and many tall and lighted candles and quaint and lovely shadows, was already completed—practically——

"Except," little Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie explained, "that I'm going to have a grand piano over *there*——" She pointed a quavering forefinger in the direction of the far-end of the room, where, charmingly apart, a slender table bore tall pointed candles and the shadows congregated, shudderingly.

"I just invited everyone," said Dorothy Gish Rennie in speaking of her first tea, ". . . even to bell-hops in the hotel, doormen, waiters and taxi-drivers. Everyone I've passed in the street for the past month I've said, 'Come to my house to tea on Sunday.' Everyone in the world is coming. Now, what am I going to do?"

Mr. Rennie laughed. "Dorothy's scared to go to that side of the room," he explained; "she thinks she'll see a bogey. We'll have to furnish it up so she'll dare to venture over."

Incidentally, I had been the first to arrive at the first tea party and had come in upon Mr. and Mrs. Rennie in the midst of a tango, or something of the sort, strictly *à deux*.

A man-servant had admitted me, with something akin to dubiety in his manner.

Dorothy laughed at the dubiety, admitting it——

"We have a man and wife," she said, "and they prob-

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The Erstwhile Landscape Gardener

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"I was back in N' York las' year w'en I hear that they want me to play Julio in 'The Four Horsemen'," said Mr. Valentino, "an' I accept verry, verry queek. All the way back to California I read the Ibañez book in original Spanish, so I know Julio like my brother"

IF at the age of eighteen you arrived in New York from Italy, unable to speak more than half a word of English, and within a year you were the most popular ballroom dancer in the city, and within a comparatively short time Nazimova held up the production of a picture six weeks so that you could play Armand to her Camille, would your last year's hat fit now?

I asked myself this messy question as I was on my way to interview Rudolph Valentino, whose history in part conforms to that hypothetical query.

This young man, who looks much older than he is and who made himself famous in the world of pictures overnight for his dashing portrayal of Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is still able to wear last year's bonnet—as well as the hat he wore over from the old country, thank you. I was glad to find that this was so.

Whether or not "Valentino" is his real name, it is a handsome title, and it has been fastened to a very handsome youth. It is hard to say to what extent Rudolph (I am sure that is his real front handle, anyway) is conscious of the good looks given him, but to me he seemed most humble and grateful for the opportunities so far afforded him in America.

He was born near Genoa, Italy, and was educated at the Royal Military Academy of Genoa. In this academy there was an agricultural school, and he took the course it offered. Then, when he was seventeen, he decided to go to South America to raise pampas, or hemp, or something, but because he was the son of a very prominent Italian officer of cavalry, there was trouble about his passports and he did not go. But a year later, with much weeping on the part of his mother, he set out for America, with the determination to farm on a large scale, or to at least design beautiful gardens for rich Long Islanders.

When the boat docked, he dashed up Broadway to get a check cashed, and then promptly lost his way back to the ship. In a brief but, I should judge, lurid conversation with a well-boiled New York traffic cop, he discovered that he knew practically less than nothing of the American language, not to say English. He crossed and re-crossed the Hudson five times before he located that ship. His confidence had been somewhat punctured. Eventually, however, he found quarters at a small French pension (so called, probably, he says, because most of the inmates were pensioners of the proprietor), and there he lived for some weeks, but soon discovered that he was not learning the grand language of America as fast as he should, so he took to dining out alone in some of the big, flashy cabarets, notably Bustanoby's and Ciro's. At Bustanoby's one night he met some congenial Italian youths, one the son of a count, and what they showed the young Rudolph anent New York couldn't be printed.

When finally he found a job—landscaping the gardens of a wealthy man he met in a café—he was overjoyed, but this joy was short lived, for the man's wife returned too soon from abroad and decided that she wanted a golf course instead of a landscape, and Rudolph was jobless and quite penniless. By this time he was a good dancer, particularly as a tangoist, and almost before he knew what had happened to him, he was the affianced dancing partner of the famous Bonnie Glass. When the team of Valentino and Glass parted company, he became the partner of the equally famous Joan Sawyer.

Eventually he found himself on the road with a com-

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

pany which "busted" in Ogden, or Salt Lake City, or somewhere, and he decided to go-west-young-man-go-west, which landed him in San Francisco. This was the year 1917. He then played his first speaking stage part with Richard Dix, at the Alcazar in "Nobody Home." Personally, I think Rudy was not very at home as that kind of actor, because it wasn't long before he went into the bond business, selling gilt-edged securities instead of himself. During this time he was trying frantically to enlist in the Italian service. Failing in this on account of a serious eye defect, he tried the Canadian service, and the British recruiting office also told him there was no use. This was a hard blow for the young Italian, son of a cavalry captain and offspring of generations of military leaders.

Suddenly the bottom fell out of the gilt-edged security business, and someone suggested that Rudolph go to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles he loafed for eight months and there was no perceptible scramble on the part of the studios to grab him up. One day, when he was loafing harder than usual, Emmet Flynn spied him in the loafer's paradise (Alexandria Hotel lobby), and engaged him then and there to play a part in "The Married Virgin" at fifty dollars a week. Rudy told me this in the tone of voice and with the nonchalance and frankness which implies that he is now getting much more than this from Mr. Metro.

At Universal City thereafter he played parts with Mae Murray and Carmel Meyers. Later he was with Earle Williams at Vitagraph, and with Dorothy

(*Continued on page* 92)

If at the age of eighteen you arrived in New York from Italy, unable to speak a word of English, and within a year you were the most popular gentleman ballroom dancer in the city, and within a comparatively short time Nazimova held up the production of a picture six weeks so that you could play Armand to her Camille, would your last year's hat fit now? At the right, Mr. Valentino in the character of Julio

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

By
TAMAR LANE

MASSACHUSETTS has just completed a census of bathtubs, and the figures reveal that there is only one bathtub for every four persons. This proves how clean the movies are, for even the most casual observer must have observed that in the films there are at least four bathtubs for each person.

How can they say that the movies are immoral. Trouble with them is that they're too moral. On the screen the hero always beats the villain, poverty triumphs over riches, the heroine's honor is saved in the nick of time, and virtue is rewarded. But just try and do it in real life. Just try and do it. Mebbe the board of censors will help you out.

Hint to Scenario Writers

Dont bother trying to think up new ideas. It's hard work and unnecessary. Just wait until some company produces a big hit, then copy it as closely as possible, have your story copyrighted and sell it to any producer you prefer.

Famous Remarks

Mary Miles Minter: "I will be just sixteen my next birthday."

Thomas Ince: "I like to create new screen stars. They are so grateful."

Mack Sennett: "If women's dresses get any shorter who'll pay to look at my bathing girls."

"The Witching Hour," with Eliott Dexter, was flashed on the screen. Whereupon a sweet young thing in the audience murmured that any hour with Eliott would be witching.

A report from Paris says that blondes are dying out. Hope this doesn't spread to the movie colony. Where would we be without Little Mary, Mae Murray, Lillian Gish, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jane Novak, *et al?* But wouldn't the brunettes be happy?

Wonder What Would Happen to the Movies

If Harold Lloyd lost his horn-rimmed specs.
If Doug lost his pep.
If Gene O'Brien forgot how to love.
If Bill Hart lost his guns.

Special News Item

(*Exclusive to the "Motion Picture Magazine"*)

After much persuasion President Warren G. Harding has consented to pose for the movie weeklies. Efforts were made to have Mrs. Harding also appear before the camera, but she modestly declined.

Famous Subtitles

"You have taught me to think better of women."

"With a few weeks grooming and some smart clothes you can accomplish wonders, my dear."

"John dear, you are a nice boy, but you must realize that you cannot give me the life I crave."

"Every woman has her price. What is yours?"

No one ever told us so, but we understand that these heroes get paid for playing opposite Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, etc. If there's waste in the film business here's where it is. Imagine getting real money for such a pastime. We know a lot of fellers that would pay for the privilege.

Photograph by C. Smith Gardner

OF THE HOUSE OF KINGS

In other words, Kenneth Alexander, jr., and his attractive mother, Mollie King—Mrs. Kenneth Alexander when she is at home

Mantled With Shyness

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Grace Darmond is completely lacking the touch of hardness which in greater or less degree becomes associated with the woman who makes her own way in the world

TIMIDITY, super-sensitiveness, shyness are admirable qualities in a woman. Not only are they admirable but they are lovable as well. However, no writer ever anticipated dusting these adjectives from the topmost shelf of his vocabulary to apply as descriptive of a present-day screen star.

As a rule, people in public life, even tho born that way, do not remain so.

Yet Grace Darmond is all of these.

You will remember Grace Darmond as the statuesque blonde in Earle Williams' pictures, as *the girl* in Wallace Reid's "Valley of the Giants," and more recently as the star of the "So Long Letty," Christie comedy.

From these leading-lady rôles you probably thought Miss Darmond unusually beautiful and statuesque, but perchance you failed to realize her flesh and blood personality which is quintessentially feminine.

Miss Darmond is the type of girl that a man would instinctively choose to be his wife. She is so refreshingly sweet and dainty, so *trusting*. She completely lacks the touch of hardness which in greater or less degree becomes associated with the woman who makes her own way in the world. She is not statuesque, as one would imagine, rather is she girlish, of medium height and slender. Her skin is as white and soft as a baby's, she uses no make-up except a touch of red lipstick which somehow or other fails to lend any air of sophistication. When she is not working before the camera she wears her blonde hair parted and combed straight back and rolled softly over her ears. Her features are as perfectly modeled as those of any statue of Praxiteles. She possesses eyes which seem to have the texture of brown velvet one minute and look like purple pansies the next. They have the gentle expression that one sees in a young doe.

No anecdote of Grace Darmond's career can shed so clear a ray on the timidity she has had to fight to gain success in pictures as that which occurred when she was first appearing in front of the camera.

Grace had been sent to private school in Springfield, Illinois, and—as every girl does sooner or later—caught the fever to go on the stage. This stage fever is as inevitable a part of girlhood as the measles. Like childhood vaccination, sometimes it takes and sometimes it doesn't.

In Grace's case it was compelling enough to make her overcome her natural shyness and apply for a rôle. She was given a part in "Editha's Burglar." Colonel Selig, who was then producing pictures in Chicago, met her and asked her to play in "The Millionaire Baby."

At that time Grace was so very young that she was rather angular, she had not developed into the beautifully rounded creature that she now is. Colonel Selig was charmed by her very youth. But as it happened, the rôle she was given demanded that she put on tights and a chorus girl's costume.

Grace was petrified. I can just imagine her fair face all flushed red, even down around the nape of her lovely neck. At any rate, she arrayed herself in her costume and hid her limbs beneath a long cloak until the scene was called.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Passing Thru

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

"HE is sailing at eleven," said the voice on the wire, "so you must see him at once, if at all."

"Why is it always our lot," we rebelled, "to be assigned to interview stars who are just sailing for a holiday abroad, or just leaving for the Coast after a glorious fortnight of entertainment and shopping in New York. We must either be Pollyannaishly glad that they have an opportunity to go across, while in our heart we're consumed with fierce envy and not glad at all, or we must rejoice with them that they are departing for the Coast with fat, new contracts and enough gorgeous and expensive clothes to last them until they come again. One is quite as aggravating as the other.

However, if we interviewed Douglas MacLean before eleven, it meant a rest from the office that morning, which was something. So we met him at the Biltmore, and after two minutes we were strong *for* him, and firmly convinced that whatever he was getting, in any way at all, he had it coming to him.

Douglas MacLean has never done anything except clean plays, and never expects to. His Methodist minister father is now actually proud of him

In the first place, he reminded us of two of our favorite actors: Douglas Fairbanks, and George M. Cohan. He has the exuberance and the willing smile of Fairbanks; the ready speech, humor and restlessness of Cohan. But his personality is his own. One cant imagine him as having *affaires d'amour* or jazzing his nights away. He is the embodiment of a popular young university man, a clean-cut athlete, a loyal friend, a devoted son, a husband who will be faithful thru the years —of strong character and fine achievement in any walk of life, whatsoever.

Douglas MacLean is the son of a Methodist minister. His early life was a nomadic one: two years here, three years there, each one of the family being born in a different city. Douglas was educated at the Institute of Technology in Chicago, and was not only a fine student but well up in athletics.

It goes without saying that it was a distinct shock

A warm, wholesome affection exists between Mr. MacLean and Doris May—an affection which entirely routs the perverted idea that there cannot be a real, sincere friendship between two people of opposite sex

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr. L. A.

One cant imagine Douglas MacLean as having *affaires d'amour* or jazzing his nights away. He is the embodiment of a popular young university man, a clean-cut athlete, a loyal friend, a devoted son, a husband who will be faithful thru the years—of strong character and fine achievement in any walk of life, whatsoever

to the MacLean family when Douglas decided upon a stage career. He cultivated a wonderful gift of speech in those days, he says, trying to convince his father that he could live just as clean and decent a life in the profession of acting as he could selling bonds, which he was then doing in Philadelphia.

"All right, all right, Douglas," father would say, "you can *talk* convincingly about it, but you'll have to show us."

"And I did," he continued. "I was seven years on the stage before I went into pictures, and I have never done anything except clean plays—and never intend to. Father is actually proud of me now. Am sure he got more satisfaction out of my success in 'Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave' than anyone else did!"

Mr. MacLean had finished his picture, tentatively titled "Passin' Thru," and had come East on a vacation—the first in four years. It was a series of "passing thru," he said, They stopped in Philadelphia to see his parents and dozens of MacLean relatives, who treated him like royalty; then upstate New York to visit Mrs. MacLean's relatives; then New York and Washington. He had an appointment with President Harding, and told me with a boyish grin that he was the first movie actor the President had interviewed, and that he had a splendid time, even tho there was a mistake in the date, which made him lose one of his precious days in New York, and kept him and Mrs. MacLean from meeting Doris May and showing her her first glimpse of New York as he had planned.

"I can remember when I was a youngster," he said, "that mother, or my aunts, or sisters, were always making very elaborate plans about something and they always fell thru. It's a regular family trait. But that's just life. There wouldn't be half the zest in living if everything came out according to schedule."

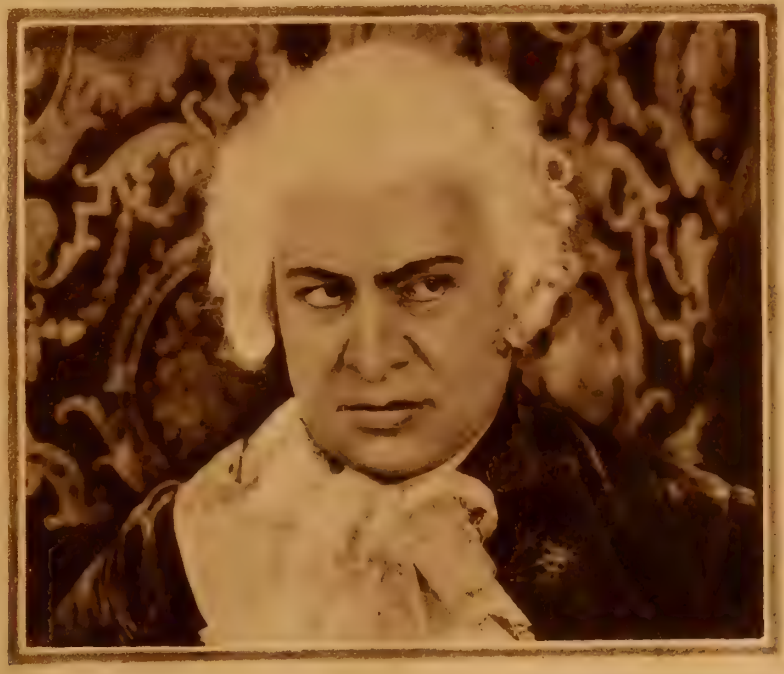
Dont imagine that Douglas MacLean was sitting quietly while we talked. Far from it. He was all over the place—friends and acquaintances claimed a portion of his time—he was paged by an enterprising photographer who wanted to take pictures of him then and there. Suddenly he gave a joyful whoop and went bounding off in pursuit of a passing small feminine figure and came leading her triumphantly back. It was Doris May. She had come to tell him that she could not get to the boat to see them off, as she must work in a street scene in "Foolish Matrons." And there they were—as we had seen them together on the screen many times—Douglas MacLean and Doris May.

It was quite evident that a warm, wholesome affection

(*Continued on page* 90)

It was "Passion," the vivid story of Du Barry, in which Emil Janning caused the public to speculate concerning him. His Louis XV., in which rôle he is pictured at the bottom of the page, is one of the most colorful film portraits shadowed

The International Monarch



It is interesting to note that Emil Janning is an American. Prior to the World War he took up his residence in Germany, and while there he entered the films

And now Mr. Janning has created another shadowland monarch. He is Henry VIII. in the latest import, "Deception," in which rôle he is pictured in the center of this page. The critics proclaim his characterization of this king of many fair charmers as true as his Louis XV. Truly, Emil Janning is an international monarch

The Literary Dynamo

Photograph by
Hoover Art Studio

MARY PICKFORD once said to me: "People are very like electric dynamos—the more they work the more energy they store up for future use. The higher rate of speed they demand from themselves, the more mileage they can make."

Jeanie MacPherson is one of those frail appearing, tiny, feminine persons of high voltage power. From her brain has sprung the Big Ideas for all the Cecil B. de Mille features; from her hand has come the completed scenarios replete with original business for the picture dramas that have stood, each one of them, as milestones in the photoplay's progress.

For five years now she has worked in an office in the main building of the Lasky studio. Her typewriter has been the last to cease its daily chatter, her light alone has been seen burning until one and two in the morning, thru the leafy pepper trees that screen her office windows. She has had no time for play, very little for recreation—she has sacrificed all the little personal touches of home life that mean so much to most women. She has practically no time to spare for the dressmaker, the milliner or shopping.

She is a prodigious author who uses the screen as her medium.

When one crosses the threshold of her office one enters what appears to be the interior of a log cabin. Rough hewn logs form the walls, the huge desk, the table, chairs and benches. There is an open fireplace of rough stone with charred embers on the hearth. There are books and books, Merrick and James Cabell. Navajo rugs and the skins of wild animals soften heavy footsteps.

Sitting in one of Jeanie MacPherson's primitive but comfortable rockers, I asked her why she did it—why she worked twice as hard as the average person. She came from behind the huge desk that practically hid her tiny feminine form and sat down nearer me on a stiff, yellow-covered bench. She crossed her dainty feet in a business-like manner, while the afternoon sun filtering thru the windows formed an aureole about her silky fair hair.

"When I was very, very young," she told me, looking at that precise moment like a twenty-two-year-old except for her air of assurance, "when I was *very* young, I made up my mind that I wanted to be successful while I was still young and could enjoy it. I wanted to reach the goal I had set for myself before I was thirty—I wanted fame and money.

"I figured that to accomplish this I must

Jeanie MacPherson is one of those frail appearing, tiny, feminine persons of high voltage power. From her brain have sprung the Big Ideas for all the Cecil B. de Mille features. Left and below, two new photographs

Photograph
by Abbé

By BARBARA BEACH

Photograph © Nelson Evans, L. A.

Jeanie MacPherson has had no time for play, very little for recreation—she has sacrificed all the little personal touches of home life that mean so much to most women. Above, planning a new story with Mr. de Mille

work twice as many hours and twice as hard as the average person. I have. While other authors gave themselves long vacations to woo inspiration, I sat and worked at my desk. I have found that if a director and a picture company are waiting for you to write a story for them, and you know that each day you delay means a wasting of their time and money, you're very apt to produce the goods. Wooing inspiration is a long and thankless pastime. For the more one woos her the farther away she flies. So I sit at my desk and work. Perhaps it is the persistent Scotch in me that keeps me at it—who knows?"

While the Scotch blood of her father has endowed Jeanie MacPherson with persistency and caution, the French ancestry of her mother has given her enthusiasm, volubility, color and imagination. Jeanie was born in Boston, but received her education in Paris at the school of Mademoiselle De Jacques, where Mark Twain's daughter was educated. While it was perfectly natural that she should become a writer—her ancestors on her mother's side all having been writers and publishers—Jeanie did not turn to the world of literature to win her pristine fame.

She went on the stage. Her first appearance was with Forbes Robertson. Then she went with Edgar Selwyn's tour of "Strongheart." Later she played the Spanish rôle of "Tita" with James T. Powers in "Havana," which ran a year on Broadway.

At that time pictures were just beginning to gain the attention of the public, and from the first time Miss MacPherson heard of them she became interested in their possibilities and had faith in their future as the coming art. She grew very anxious to get into pictures, but knew no one connected with them, nor anyone who could even tell her how to try to get in. So she sought out the Biograph company by looking up the address in the telephone directory. The now-famous D. W. Griffith gave her a trial and engaged her. She worked from "bits" to "leads," for in those days everyone served a long, hard apprenticeship with the camera before they were given the best parts. Miss. MacPherson stayed with Griffith two years and played the leads in "Spanish Gypsy," "Madame Rex" and "Out of the Shadows."

Next she joined the Edison company and worked under the direction of Oscar Apfel. From there she went to Universal. Coming out on the train from New York, she thought up an original story. At Universal her director found himself without an adequate story. Miss MacPherson told him about hers with the result that she was asked to put it in scenario form and act in it. But the director failed to get all there was out of the plot, and some time later Universal-Jewel let her do her story all over again. This time she not only starred in the picture, but directed it as well. In appreciation of her successful work with this production, Universal gave her her own company, and Jeanie MacPherson wrote her own scenarios, starred in her pictures and directed them.

At the end of six months' time she went with the manager of the Powers Brand to the Criterion Features, and again directed and was featured with Wilfred Lucas. There, too, she wrote all her own stories.

Miss MacPherson told me this story of her life in a quick, staccato manner. Truth to tell, she had a million details awaiting her attention. One of these details was Cecil B. de Mille, who was waiting for her to accompany him down-town to look over some new stage settings. Wishing to hear all there was to tell—for, being a born story-writer, Jeanie's conversation is always interesting—I hurried along by her side as she slipped into a huge squirrel coat and trotted thru the studio to her car. She does not walk slowly and sedately as one imagines great writers should, but indulges in a cross between a fast walk and a run.

"I am very thankful for all my acting experiences in pictures," she told me, in her quick, accurate way, as we hurried out, "for it taught me exactly what could and what could not be screened, an intimate knowledge which is absolutely essential to become a successful scenarist.

(*Continued on page* 81)

Along the Starry Way

- - Long Beach

By MILES HAMMOND

PICTURE a smilingly demure young lady in mid-Victorian satin. She has a wasp-like waist. Her sleeves are huge and billowy. She wears a tiny black hat, resting on a tightly-drawn coiffure.

But—her dress is ultra-modern in its shortness. Her tiny feet are in the Frenchiest of French pumps, and rising out of them are divinely modeled ankles, etc., encased in web-like stockings. Her alabaster throat is displayed to advantage by a low-cut collar. Her hand controls the antics of a Boston bull pup on the end of a silver chain.

She is a personification of Long Beach, a pearl in Los Angeles' string of bathing beaches, where all the world and his wife (film and real) come to play and (as a secondary matter) to work.

Long Beach, located twenty miles south of the Angel City, is a combination of the ultra-modern and the conservative. Thousands of sedate farmer-folk of Illinois, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska have sold their holdings and taken up residences in this California haven of at least semi-propriety. Hundreds of film-folk, attracted by the silv'ry beach strand, the stretch of bluff shore line, amusements and scenic back country, have come with their cameras and grease-paint.

Most exciting of all events of the year to the conservatives is the quoit-pitching tournament participated in by the grey-bearded representatives of rival clubs, formed from the local G. A. R. chapter. However, just a few blocks away on the courts of the Hotel Virginia, tennis stars struggle for championships of Southern California before an audience from the film studios, athletic clubs and social elite. At the band pavilion the ladies' guilds, aid societies and charity associations gather to knit, to talk — incidentally, to listen to the music, and incidentally, also, to comment upon the display of pulchritude of the scantily attired bathing beauties of the various Los Angeles

Left, David Butler goes halves with Mary MacLaren on his "hot dog"; and below, little "Dickie" Jones declares, "I got free more freckles today. I dont care, tho, so long as I dont look like that Wesley Barry. Isn't he just the freckliest thing, tho?"

Photograph (right) by Miles Hammond

Above, the Hotel Virginia; left, little Mary Pickford Rupp and her mother, Lottie Pickford, came sailing in on the crest of a wave; and below, Charles Ray tosses a medicine ball and explains: "Got to keep trim. A good boob has to be smart or the other boobs 'll catch him in this business"

Photograph (left) by Miles Hammond

comedy studios, whose companies are constantly doing "beach stuff."

How about a little trip down the "Pike" to see the sights?

We get into the enclosed flivver of the chamber of commerce booster for a run out to the Hotel Virginia. On the way, between puffs at an eloquent cigar, the c. of c. b. gives us the secret of Long Beach's rapid growth from a mere village in 1910 to a city of 55,000 in 1920. Sez he, "It's chicken feed. Yessir, plain chicken feed; not the kind you're thinkin' of, but the real, honest-to-gosh article. That's what's made us famous. We take our beans from the back country, mix um with fish-scrap, such as the dark meat and backbones and framework—shark meat—and chopped-up oranges. This gives a combination that makes the hens line up for their turn to lay, and—well, good-bye; see ya again soon."

Inside the Hotel Virginia's grounds cameras are not hard to find. In a palm-embowered nook, Wanda Hawley tearfully hears Jack Holt, in patriotic regimentals, forswear his troth to her, the beautiful princess, so that she may marry the prince of a powerful neighboring nation, and thus form a much-needed alliance between the two countries. A little farther on Ford Sterling makes fervent love to Louise Fazenda, a chambermaid masquerading as an heiress, while her suitor, the hotel chef, aims a pie at the Sterling countenance.

Film luminaries fill the lobby. The advertising manager, whose copy proclaims the hotel has "two hundred and fifty rooms, with a bath in almost everyone," flutters here and there. On the beach or in the surf in front of the hotel are other noted guests. Here are the kiddies with famous daddies and mammies. Little "Dickie" Jones, daughter of Richard Jones, Griffith's director, is having the time of her life eating molasses popcorn and making sand tunnels to roll oranges into. "I got free more freckles today," she confided, pointing them out on her nose. "I dont care, tho, just so I dont look like that Wesley Barry. Isn't he just the freckliest thing, tho?"

"Gee, Daddy, but you look funny!" Peter Gibson Gowland, jr., was having a great time encircling his father with a mass of kelp. "Ya see," he explained, "the purity squad

(*Continued on page* 98)

Between Scenes

Joseph Urban, the artist, and Marion Davies, the actress, put their heads together and designed the suite of rooms, which constitute her dressing-room, reception-room, and kitchenette, at the International studios. The above pictures give some idea of the charming surroundings to which she repairs between scenes. Indeed, Urban and Davies would be a happy combination for an interior decorating firm

The Editor's Page

Making the Movies Safe for Moral Imbeciles

The Censorship Bill has been passed in New York state by a large majority—and undoubtedly other similar bills will be submitted before the administrative bodies of other states. It rests largely with you, the citizen—and, indirectly, the maker of those laws by which you shall be governed—whether or not a selected body of three, six, or ten people, as the case may be, shall say what you shall see and what you shall not see.

After all, it is largely a matter of opinion as to what is and what is not. For instance, only a few months ago there appeared on this page a plea for dignified titles—for the retaining of the original titles when standard works were adapted to the screen. Letters came to the editor, in response, declaring that the examples quoted were not the best which could be called to mind. Some of our readers felt that "DuBarry" was more unpleasantly suggestive than "Passion," contending—and with cause—that "Passion" might mean many emotions while "DuBarry" was known to be one of the most famous courtezans of French history —that is only one instance—there were many of them and all well grounded.

Which all goes to prove that different people are affected differently by different things. It is not what is told, not what is pictured, so much as what is suggested to the individual mind which matters the most. But in the future it is the picture which chances to please the three comprising the New York Censorship Board which shall be shown the public—and, on the other hand, it is the picture which chances to displease them which shall suffer at their hands.

Undoubtedly certain producers have themselves to blame for the unfortunate censorship condition of today—they pressed such broad stories in such salacious fashion upon the public that the more conservative element rose up in arms and cried to be delivered. However, official censorship can never mean deliverance. The public is the only competent judge of what is best for it to see. Censorship deprives you of the very liberty for which this country was founded—it can do nothing else but make the movies safe for moral imbeciles, and they are so in the minority that they are not to be seriously considered.

The Oppressed Cinema

A play—we could name many specific instances—comes to the city and wins praise from the critics—the public flocks to see and to hear, and for months it plays to capacity houses. Because of the play's success, the story is written in novel form and placed on the shelves of every book shop —in the library of numerous homes.

Then the cinema producer in his search for worthy material decides to produce the story which caused a furore on the stage and won success between two covers—— He spends time, energy and unlimited funds in presenting it as truly as is possible thru the medium of pictures.

What is the result? Invariably that which was accepted on the stage and in a novel is condemned upon the screen— is then the cinema less an art than the stage, than literature——

Under such conditions the art of the screen cannot survive—it will, of necessity, become a highly commercialized product and that only——

Now is the time for you to assert your ability to judge for yourself. There is nothing further to be said!

Censorship Proves a Handicap

Already the threatened censorship has caused the art of the cinema to suffer. D. W. Griffith, the screen's great artist, proposed to bring "Faust," famous for years, to the shadows. He planned to journey to Germany that his locale might be perfect, and to seek players fitted to the rôles they would characterize. And the screen would have reflected the beauty of the written word. However, this production is now being held in abeyance because Mr. Griffith feels that he must know the outcome of the censorship bill. He will not risk the investment of large sums of money in a production that might be torn to shreds by an appointed committee.

The *Morning Telegraph,* a newspaper with a finger on the pulse of the dramatic world, quotes Mr. Griffith as saying:

"I do not feel this is the time for making 'Faust.' It is neither comfortable nor stimulating to realize that a production requiring a large amount of money and much work may be censored into ineffectiveness. It is sufficiently difficult to make it effective anyway. And we do not even know who our associates in the censorship chair may be.

"While 'Faust' is read in nearly every school-room thruout the world, and holds a high place as a classic in every library, yet the public seems to be in a sensitive and emotional state that argues against such a production at this time."

"Uninvited Letters"

Above, Nancy Jane Small, of Kansas City, Mo.; right, Harrel W. Mielkey, of Shreveport, La.; and below, Cecilia Edwards, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Photograph by Barrns, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Honor Roll for July sets a high standard for the next few months to reach. We defy anyone to find five girls with more charm and beauty than these young aspirants, or a handsomer youth than the single male winner.

The first girl is Nancy Jane Small, 138 South Oakley Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. She has had some slight screen experience already, and is a classical dancer. She has that rarest of combinations, tawny hair and tawny eyes, and the mute tho eloquent appeal of her upward glance speaks more than words for her.

Harrel W. Mielkey, 324 Texas Street, Shreveport, Louisiana, has also had some screen training. He has just about the required proportions for a movie hero, being 6 feet, 1½ inches in height, and weighs 176 pounds. We are willing to wager that no actor on the screen today has a better-looking head of hair than his.

Cecilia Edwards, 2123 Caton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a brunette. She has had no experience of any sort. She is "sweet sixteen." Her charm is aristocratic and individual, and we envy that rose. Dont you?

Gayle Burlingame, 1612 Derry Street, Harrisburg, Pa., has played the lead in several home talent plays. Her age is nineteen, her type is brunette, her height is just 5 feet, and her photograph is one of the most artistic yet received in the contest.

Photograph by Dickenson

Benigna Linn Russon, Doanbrooke Hotel, 1924 East 105th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, is an artist's model. Her luxuriant, wavy hair is blonde. She is 5 feet, 3 inches in height, and weighs 125 pounds. Her features are exquisitely clear, and the delicate line of her lovely profile is a pleasure to contemplate.

Galina Kopernak, 522 West 136th Street, New York City, has had six years in musical comedy in Moscow, Russia. She has also had a little screen experience. She is blonde and petite. Her face is extraordinarily expressive. Note the perfect arch of her eyebrows and the appealing droop of her mouth.

Last month's Contest story, with the exception of Miss Palmer's fine letter, was devoted mostly to "horrid reminders." But we had to do it. The contest manager is simply swamped with letters.

Every day we receive at least five letters from men asking us why we never put them on the Honor Rolls—there was one on last month's and here is another on this month's—ten more letters every day asking the contest

Presenting Another Honor Roll

manager to criticize their photographs and let them know what chance they stand; ten more wanting to know why they have heard nothing from their photographs; at least five every day asking when their picture will appear in the magazines, and if not, why not? Five or six letters a day asking us to mail them entrance coupons; and there is at least one every day, who has forgotten to paste his coupon on the back of his picture; five more from proud mothers telling us how wonderful their children are—they are all wonderful—bless them! Five letters every day asking us, as a special favor to them, to return their photographs if not accepted, tho every contest advertisement expressly states that "no photographs will be returned"; two or three, at least, who want to know when they will have their screen tests; and then there are, for a pleasant change, the letters from the gratified and happy winners.

It is not humanly possible for the contest manager to answer all these letters. If we tried it, we would have to have an entire office force and ten typewriters going all day long.

We know that all you who have sent in your pictures are anxious to hear from us, but you can see how it is—cant you? We do, of course, notify any winner of any honor in the contest, but we cannot notify all the losers. There are too many of them. *Everybody* cant win, you know.

The pictures are almost doubling in quantity now. Every day a stack, at least three feet high, is brought into the office.

To be chosen for any honor among so many is worth something.

Try your luck—any one and everyone—in this great contest. Send in your picture now, before the final deluge of photographs the last few months always bring. And be sure to put enough postage on it. We pay out a large sum daily for postage due on pictures.

Photograph by Gainesboro Studio, Cleveland

Above, Gayle Burlingame, of Harrisburg, Pa.; left, Benigna Linn Russon, of Cleveland, Ohio; and below, Galina Kopernak, of New York City, N. Y.

Photograph by Lumiere, N. Y.

Anyone who has submitted a photograph in the Fame and Fortune Contest may come, at his own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publications at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July 1st, for a personal inspection before the judges' committee. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following day at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges will not have one made. Only the final winner of the contest will have her expenses paid. The second day for a personal appearance will be Friday, September 2nd.

The Rival

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman

Rome in its day was mighty . . . . .
Yet I rival Rome. . . . .

Its highways proud
Were known but to the dwellers on
The Seven Hills . . . . .
While thru my streets have tramped
The armies of all centuries. . . . .
Upon my hills are built
The walls of Babylon . . . . .
The Sphinx . . . . . emotionless . . . . .
The palaces of kings. . . . .

I am
The Mirror of Creation. . . . .
Since the dawn of Time
There is no grief
No joy . . . . . no passion . . . . .
That I have not flashed
Back to the world . . . . .
No war that has not blazed
Across my hills . . . . .
No dream
That has not trembled into life
Within the heart
Of me. . . . .

To those
Who dwell within my gates
I have brought happiness
Or tears . . . . .
As it has pleased me.
I have builded Hope
And sent it crashing to the earth
Again . . . . . and I have smiled
Upon the lowly . . . . .
And have given Fame
Unsought. . . . .

Around me . . . . .
There has never been
The glory that was Rome's. . . . .

Ah, you may find me
Garlanded with roses . . . . .
Dreaming beneath unchanging
Summer skies . . . . .
The scent of orange blossoms
On my breath. . . . .
Be not deceived
For I am more despotic
Than the Cæsars!
Think well . . . . .
E'er you seek favor
At my hand. . . . . .

Rome in its day was mighty . . . . .
Yet I rival Rome.
Behold me
I am Hollywood!

A Wise Fool

By
NORMAN BRUCE

JEAN JACQUES BARBILLE was unhappy. Therefore, being Jean Jacques Barbille, he was furious with a world which obviously was made for the purpose of making him happy. Big, bearded, mighty of sinews, he stood looking away across his possessions, holding the slim stem of a sapling with one great blunt hand like a staff. Usually when he stood thus he gloated over his fair green wheatfields, his plumed corn, his cattle, and red-roofed barns, and his mill with its wheel forever turning to swell his profits, but today the savor of possession was gone.

Another man had taken something that belonged to him. At the thought Jean Jacques' muscles tightened with rage and bent the tough trunk of the tree like a reed. He had been robbed! He, Jean Jacques Barbille! He, the richest and best known man in St. Savoir's, whom everyone in all the countryside bowed to and feared. Why, even so far as Quebec they had heard of Jean Jacques Barbille; no doubt the Governor himself knew who he was.

And he had been robbed. He could no longer gaze as far as eye could reach in all directions and say proudly, head high: "Mine, all mine!" Down there under that roof there was a woman, moving about his house, wearing his name, a woman still beautiful in spite of her thirty-five years, still desirable, Carmen his Spanish wife. She had been one of his proudest possessions. He had dreamed that he owned her body and soul, even to the smallest of her thoughts, the lightest of her dreams. And now, just last night he had discovered that another man had stolen her thoughts, and he no longer owned her entirely. Not that she had been unfaithful—yet. But he shared her, and the thought lashed like a whip.

"What shall I do?" he said aloud, harshly. "Killing him is too short, too easy. He must have time to know what is coming on him slowly. He must have time to die a hundred deaths in his imagination before the end."

Once a spirited horse had refused to yield to the bridle and he had whipped it slowly to death, saying, over and over, with a maniac gleam in his coal-black eyes: "There is only one will here, only one master! And that is I, Jean Jacques Barbille!"

Everything had bent to his stubborn will, everyone had yielded to his insatiate pride of self. He had trampled his way thru life, kicking all obstacles out of his path. He had in him the greed for power of a Canute commanding the tide to recede, a Joshua bidding the sun stand still.

It was more than a love song. It was a confession. Zoe's faintly tinted cheeks crimsoned with sweet shame for all the brave, unwise, splendidly spendthrift lovers of the world

Under the roof of his house two women were speaking of him now: one, a timid, lovely girl of eighteen, hesitantly, fearfully; the other, a dark, passionate woman with the shadow of old unquenched flames in her eyes, as one speaks of a tyrant with the power of life and death.

"Why—I have often wondered—did you marry him, *Maman?*" asked the girl, laying her brown head against her mother's knee. "I should never choose to love a man like my father, me! When I marry it shall be one who is very gentle and tender to all women—like the knights in books."

"Why did I marry him?" brooded Carmen Barbille, under stormy brows. "Why do we all do what he wishes? Why does even the priest, who comes to reprove him for beating Baptiste LaFarge, bow and smirk, and tell him instead that his corn is the finest and his cattle are the fattest in St. Savoir? Why—because he is Jean Jacques Barbille! That's why!"

"But he does not ask, nor even buy, he *takes,*" said Zoe, thoughtfully. "I think he even makes his demands of God! But once he didn't get his way, and that was when I was a girl, in spite of him!" and she laughed gaily with the in-

"I'm going to marry him, Father," said Zoe. He could not believe his ears. The world should suit the will of Jean Jacques Barbille!

ability of eighteen to be solemn long.

"All his life it has been like that," nodded Jean Jacques' wife, "but it will not always be so! A man cannot play God. A man cannot command love. Love must be given freely. Love is the great gift. Love is—listen!"

She took up the guitar from the table and swept the strings, and the room was full of a splendid unease of sound. She sang in her native language which Zoe did not understand, but even the untouched, maiden heart of the girl understood the meanings of the song, thru which the strings throbbed like the beating of a heart. The plainly furnished provincial room was suddenly wide as the world, small as the heart, filled with all the pain and all the joy of the ages. It was more than a love song. It was a confession. Zoe's faintly tinted cheeks crimsoned with sweet shame which was not for herself to whom love had not yet come, but for all the brave, unwise, splendidly spendthrift lovers who had counted the world well lost that they might have each other. The blood that ran thru her young veins was cool, unhurried, but it was the fierce blood of two nations of fierce lovers, and there was latent in her the possibilities of a Thais or a Melisande.

She did not know why, but she was frightened—for her mother, for herself. She clutched the older woman's knees. "*Maman,* what do you mean? What is it?"

The golden fires flickered in Carmen's eyes, went out. "It is nothing, child." Eighteen years she had lived in this dull house in this strange, dull land where the rioting roses of her native Seville would have been chilled and blasted by the cold Northern winds. Eighteen years, for her father's sake, she had denied her heart, starved her nature, hungered. Eighteen years! They had given her Zoe, to be sure. But she was not content to be merely a mother. She was still young, still able to awaken love.

She touched the soft hair at her knee. "Zoe," she said fiercely, "Zoe, if you ever have love offered you, take it! No matter who would refuse it to you. It is your right, it is the reason for your being in this world. It is beyond all laws, beyond all other rights. If love comes to you, take it! Do you hear?"

At supper that evening the master of the house was silent. Under the great, strong beard his jaws were set grimly, and a vein in his forehead twitched. So he always looked when anyone had dared oppose him. The women had learned to know that it meant trouble for someone, that look. They too, sat silent, Zoe trembling, her mother brooding on something very far away, until, finally, he pushed back his chair with a great, rude scraping noise, and said to his wife, without looking at her, roughly: "Tell Bienville to go the rounds tonight. I am going to town. I shall not be back until very late."

A friend from the next farm called to take Zoe to the movies. The great house grew silent. Lights winked among the outbuildings and disappeared. Carmen Barbille smiled very softly and set a candle in the window of the parlor. Then she sat down beside it to wait.

Eighteen years. She had met Jean Jacques Barbille on the ship coming from France. He was a new thing to her, the sea was new, and the life before her thrilling, glamorous and unknown. She could hear her father moving about his room overhead. A grandee of Spain, but the hero blood had grown sluggish in his veins. He whined and whimpered because life did not give him his due. He had urged his daughter's marriage with this wealthy French provincial, with a greedy eye upon an easy chair and plenty of tobacco for the rest of his life. And Jean Jacques was not an uncouth figure; a great, virile, masterful creature with a laugh like a bull's bellow and sanguine blood ruddy in his cheeks. So she had let herself be taken. Eighteen years! This stupid, pent-up life—no music, no color, no dancing! And he had not loved her; merely possessed her, owned her as he owned everything else as far as eye could see.

And now there was the sound of footsteps in the darkness. A man's figure, slim, boyish, young, loomed out of the shadows. Carmen laughed low. "Georges! The candle brought thee!"

George Masson caught at her hands. "Carmen! This

cant go on——" For the first time she saw that he was panting as tho he had been running, and his face was white and oddly thin as if from some sharp pain.

"It shall not go on longer, my beloved," said the woman in a throbbing tone. "It shall end tonight. We will go away together—the world is wide. There are places where even the great Jean Jacques Barbille is not known!"

"Tonight. Yes!" stammered the man. "Oh God! Dont look at me like that Carmen, or I cant tell you. You make me weak as water! I must go away from St. Savoir tonight—alone."

Carmen withdrew her hands, clenched them on her bosom. "Alone! After all you have said!"

"He—your husband has discovered our plans. Today, when I was mending the flume at the mill—" the man broke off to wipe his beaded forehead. "God! I shall never forget his face, like a devil's. But he smiled, smiled with his black-bearded lips, and told me very softly that in ten minutes he would open the gates and let the water in and drown me like a rat!" His face worked in the agony of the remembrance. "Ten minutes! And I had so much planned to do—it was unthinkable! He wanted me to tremble and plead for my life, and I disappointed him. I was very calm, very unperturbed, tho my blood was like ice. I talked to him, I reasoned with him—and I convinced him!"

Her voice was thin. "You convinced him?"

"Yes! Of the folly of being hanged as a murderer, when if he would let me go he would never be troubled with me again. Oh, he was quite impressed, I tell you. But—if I broke my word he would hunt us down and torture us like a fiend. No, no! Even for you, Carmen, I couldn't go thru what I did today again. So it's good-bye."

In the shadows a darker shadow than the rest peered with grim enjoyment at the flaming fury of the woman's face, and moved silently away. "It worked," mused Jean Jacques Barbille. "She hates him! If I had killed him she would have gone to her grave forty years from now worshiping him. But such scheming is not my way!" Once more he waited in the covert of a lilac clump until he had seen the slight, boyish figure of his enemy hurrying away, with the relieved air of a boy let out of school. An American—what did such men know of the way to win a woman? They were guided by their brains and not their hearts, and had flour and water in their veins!

Tomorrow he would beat Carmen until she bled, and afterwards she would love him. He would have no further trouble with her.

In the darkness he stood on the ridge of his farthest field and looked away toward the unseen horizons. He drew a deep breath! "Mine!" gloated Jean Jacques Barbille. "All mine!"

George Masson caught at her hands. "Carmen! This cant go on——" For the first time she saw that he was panting, and his face was white and oddly thin

When he went into the house an hour later Carmen was gone. On their pillow he found a note. "You are very clever, Jean Jacques," he read, the dark vein twitching, "but you cannot expect your own way always. You have had it with me for eighteen years. That is enough. For what you did tonight I will never forgive you. I shall pray to the good God that I may never see your face again."

"Your mother?" said Jean Jacques Barbille, when Zoe questioned him. "You have no mother! Never speak of her again."

And life went on on the broad acres, and the water foamed in the mill-race, and the master of it all went about his daily rounds stern, impassive. His old heartiness was gone. He no longer slapped his neighbors across the shoulders, and smiled in a gratified way when the rich English

The bird was all of Carmen he had left, and so he talked to it, sneered at it, cursed it, as he would have done to its mistress

lord on the next estate bowed to him, passing. Everyone knew that his wife had left him—his, Jean Jacques Barbille's. Perhaps they were laughing at him behind their grave faces, perhaps—name of God! Perhaps they were pitying him! The envy of his fellows was necessary to the man, he wanted to be recognized, pointed out, known as a lucky chap. Carmen had had a subtle revenge. He wouldn't have minded hate; he rather liked to be hated. All popular, successful men were hated. But pity was intolerable. It scorched his pride. And pride was the vitals of Jean Jacques Barbille.

Then came the second blow. Zoe told him that she wished to be married. He had never quite forgiven the girl for not being the son he had wished, the son who would have done him honor, carried on his name. Now, looking down into the wistful, timid, glowing beauty of her face, he thought contemptuously: "She will have girl children! Not even a grandson——"

"Who is he?" If it were the son of the rich grain dealer, who sometimes took her riding behind his greys and stared at her during mass, it might be a good thing. It would join two fortunes, yes—it would do nicely. He began to feel that he himself had arranged the matter.

"You do not know him," said Zoe in her timid, soft little voice. "He has been visiting with the Jadelles. An Englishman, father—Gerard Fynes."

"A man from outside, eh?" Barbille's dark vein had begun to twitch. It gave him a sinister, murderous look. "That's the mistake I made, bringing a stranger to St. Savoir. You cant transplant stock. It wont do! Do you hear? It wont do!"

He spoke in a loud, blustering tone. She was a flabby creature and could be easily frightened by bluster. If he had had a son, the boy would have been of different metal.

"I'm going to marry him, father," said Zoe, in her little, gentle voice. He could not believe his ears. The world was made to suit the will of Jean Jacques Barbille! He raised his great, knotted fist. He swore with smashing oaths that she should not defy him, bring him to shame by marrying a man who didn't go to confession.

"I'm going to marry him," Zoe said, at the end.

There was something wrong with a world where things could happen like that! A world that didn't look out for Jean Jacques Barbille.

After Zoe had left the house with the red roof it seemed an empty thing, echoing to footsteps that were no longer there. Carmen's old father, Sebastian, childish and dim of brain, complained fretfully. Carmen's bird drooped, songless. The servants went about on tiptoe and whispered as tho in the presence of death. Jean Jacques sat and brooded and was sorry for himself, who had not deserved such trouble. Other men—one could understand it! Other men were fools. But he was wise—he knew how to get what he wanted, to make life pay toll to him. He owed no man a cent, he asked no favors, only his rights. And yet rascals like old Pierre Dupres, a mere nobody, without a foot of ground of his own, had a family of seven sons growing up about him! And the wife of Georges Cloque, the shiftless, worthless blacksmith, adored him!

He would not think of Carmen or his daughter! No doubt they imagined they were making him suffer—well, he would rob them of that triumph. The fools! As tho he would let things so weak and worthless as women interfere with his scheme of life! Jean Jacques Barbille had never heard of Schopenhauer and his dictate that the world was his idea. To Jean Jacques the world was what other people thought about him, and in his poor, passionate egoism he imagined that they thought about him a great deal, and discussed him, admired and envied his success.

No one should think for a moment that he cared because his wife and daughter had left him. He held his great shaggy head higher than ever, and bought himself new silk shirts and a fur hat from Quebec to wear, like a bridegroom, when he went to town.

"Ah! Jean Jacques Barbille! But you look ver' festive, *mon gar!*" shouted his friends, clapping him on the shoulders. "What a man! What a man!"

But the flavor of their

A WISE FOOL

Fictionized by permission from the Famous Players production of the scenario by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted from "The Money Master," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Produced by George Melford. The cast:

Carmen Dolores	Alice Hollister
Jean Jacques Barbille	James Kirkwood
Zoe Barbille	Ann Forrest
Masson	Alan Hale
Sebastian Dolores	Fred Huntly
Gerard Fynes	William Boyd
Virginia Poucette	Truly Shattuck
Fille	Harry Duffield
Judge Carcasson	Charles Ogle
Curate	John Herdman
Madam Langlais	Mabel Van Buren

greetings and heartiness was gone. He tortured himself with wondering what thoughts lay behind their smiling faces. He was wary of lurking insults behind the friendliest words. So he laughed more than usual and swaggered, and to reassure himself that he was a great fellow he foreclosed the mortgage on Pierre Bonton's tiny farm, beat his horses, drove his farm-hands, and scolded the women who kept his house.

"You see!" he taunted Carmen's canary. "You see! You cant come it over Jean Jacques Barbille with your wantonness!" The bird was all of Carmen he had left, and so he talked to it, sneered at it, cursed it, as he would have done its mistress. But he never abused it. There was always feed in its cup and water ready. And the canary was not afraid of him. It gazed at him steadily with unwinking, beady eyes, uttering no sound.

"I might as well be in my grave," grumbled old Sebastian Dolores, "as in this house. The one would be no silenter than the other." He wandered about the farm, wrapped in a shawl even in the July heat, for he had been cold ever since he left Spain eighteen years ago. Life had slipped away, love had passed by him, his daughter and Zoe were gone, but he had his friend still, his pipe.

On a moonless night the sky above St. Savoir was red and awful, and there was a smell in the air of burning. "Where? Where?" clamored the inhabitants. *"Ma foi!* It is from the west—it must be on the farm of Jean Jacques Barbille!"

When his neighbors came, they found the master of the place standing motionless, his great bulk silhouetted against the orange of the flames. The superstitious crossed themselves fearfully. "The fires of the pit!" they muttered. "God is angry with Jean Jacques Barbille!

A coal from the pipe of old Sebastian had fired the house, and from there the conflagration had spread to the barns and the mill. The flames leaped and swayed in a mocking dance, as tho, indeed, a company of sportive fiends were making fun of Jean Jacques who had thought himself so powerful, and now stood there, with nothing left to him of all his home except a bird cage—defeated, defied by a power greater than his. How puny he looked now! How pitiful. They tried to give him their sympathy, but he put it savagely by.

"Leave me be, friends!" he said hoarsely behind his beard. "Leave me be——"

There was no longer any doubt. He was the object of men's pity, their contempt, because he was only a creature like themselves after all. The structure he had been raising all his days, the image of a Jean Jacques Barbille, heroic, invulnerable, had fallen into pieces of common clay. The superman was dwarfed to pigmy size. From that moment he knew that inevitably the

(*Continued on page* 91)

He had nothing to give but his bird. He held it out to the old woman. "Perhaps it might cheer her to watch it," he said. "I am sorry it never sings. Once it did, but not now"

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays In Review

Above, Betty Blythe and Fritz Leiber in a dramatic moment of the Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba"; and right, Gareth Hughes and May MacAvoy in J. M. Barrie's whimsical tale, "Sentimental Tommy"

Dorothy Phillips in the recent Allen Holubar production, "Man-Woman-Marriage"

D W. GRIFFITH has set for himself a high standard. A standard so high that it is not always possible to achieve it. A year or two ago he gave the screen "Broken Blossoms," and it was one of the greatest examples of artistry known to the cinema. Then he diversed from the silver fog of London's Limehouse and produced "Way Down East," a tale of New England. This, too, in a different way, was considered an achievement.

And this last month has witnessed the première of his "Dream Street," and, like "Broken Blossoms," it is based on the stories of Thomas Burke, "Gina of Chinatown," and "The Sign of the Lamp," in particular, finding its locale in the moon-haunted, dreamy-lanterned streets which Burke describes so colorfully. But in this only is it similar to "Broken Blossoms."

The story tells of Gypsy Fair who supports her old father and herself by her dancing in the little music hall —Gypsy "gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird, with a splash of Southern blood in her veins." And there is James ("Spike") McFadden who is a favorite with women because of his golden voice, and a leader among the men because of the force behind his fist; there is his younger brother, Billie, in whose breast there flutters the melody of songs yet unsung; and Sway Wan, a silent Chink, who has made advances to Gypsy and been repulsed.

So the story unfolds. Both brothers meet Gypsy and complications follow. There is a "killing," and every escape from the Limehouse is guarded by the "coppers"—Gypsy, the daughter of a stool-pigeon, wonders what to do, while across the alley Sway Wan sits furtively at his window and watches as he wails the ancient Malayan chantey, "Love is kind to the least of men—Eee-awa—Eee-awa."

Then there is a musician whose violin sighs thru the streets, suggestive of every evil. And there is a teacher of the streets who believes he hears a God-like voice and gives a message to the world. Between these two forces the characters of the play struggle.

But when all is said and done there is a subtlety lacking even while the atmosphere of Limehouse is typical, the characterizations true. Ordinarily Mr.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Griffith respects the intelligence of his audience. Not so when he portrays the two forces of the streets. When the teacher is shown there is a flash of the Christ talking with the multitudes, and when the violin wails thru the dim alleys there is a flash of the infernal regions with brimstone and fire. This has been done times untold by other producers when it was impossible to get the point home in any other way. It is unnecessary here.

And there is such a happy ending—one scene and a subtitle clear up all the difficulties which the plot has woven, and they all live happily forever after. Charles Emmett Mack contributes a very fine characterization as Billie McFadden—one which should establish his reputation, and Ralph Graves is well cast as the golden-voiced, iron-fisted "Spike," with W. J. Ferguson, Tyrone Power and Morgan Wallace capable in the rôles of Gypsy's Father, The Sayer of Old Truths, and The Trickster of the Streets, respectively.

Carol Dempster plays Gypsy Fair with a spontaneous abandon.

Above, Corinne Griffith, with Percy Marmont in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Left, Ralph Graves and Carol Dempster in D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street"

Photograph (below) by Puffer, N. Y.

Norma Talmadge, vivid as Acacia in "The Passion Flower"

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY—PARAMOUNT

It was not easy to bring the delicately shaded whimsy of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel" to the shadows. Indeed, anyone was courageous to even attempt it—and to John S. Robertson goes great credit, for his direction has made these combined stories under the title of "Sentimental Tommy" a rare treat.

Every now and then the days in Thrums drag just a little—and every now and again you find yourself the least bit out of tune, but on the whole there is a quaint charm and whimsy which delights.

Almost everyone knows the tale of Tommy and how he was never quite sure whether it was the writer within him or the man within him who wanted things, who said things and who sometimes did things as he had cared for the orphaned Grizel, and grew up and left Thrums, returning a few years later a renowned writer, he found that he still loved to watch over her. Tommy's head was in the clouds, but his feet kept the earthly

(*Continued on page* 102)

California Chatter

Above, Jackie Coogan, Screenland's "Kid," thinks he might be a camera-man when he reaches man's estate; left, Jack Mulhall finds that being head of a family keeps a man busy around the house; and below, Harold Lloyd and his comedy partner, Mildred Davis, give their idea of what an informal picture should be like

Photograph (right) by Gene Karuman

HOLLYWOOD is going to be a sad place! Our own Wally Reid is going to leave us. Just as soon as he finishes his present picture, "The Hell Diggers," the handsome Wally will depart for New York to co-star with Elsie Ferguson in a film version of George Du Maurier's famous novel, "Peter Ibbetsen," produced by George Fitzmaurice.

Mildred Harris was two hours late for the first rehearsal for Cecil B. de Mille's next production for Paramount. What did C. B. say? That would be telling tales out of school, but I venture to say Miss Harris will never be late again. Others in the cast include Dorothy Dalton, Conrad Nagel and Theodore Kosloff.

Bert Lytell has returned to our sunny shores; also Maxwell Karger who will direct him in "A Trip to Paradise," and Virginia Valli will be his leading lady.

Nazimova is playing "Camille" out at the Metro studios with the weirdest head-dress that has yet been invented to suit that lady—lover of the picturesque. It is a tall, cone-shaped piece of wood which fits on her head and around which is wound black hair, with many black ends spouting from the sort of cornucopia opening, like a feather duster. It is said that Nazimova uses a double for a great many of her long distance shots, so that she may more closely supervise the direction.

Rudolph Valentino, who scored such a hit in "The Four Horsemen," plays opposite Madame Nazimova in "Camille."

Virginia Valli married George Lamson just prior to coming to California to play opposite Bert Lytell, so the journey served as a business trip and honeymoon all in one.

Mahlon Hamilton is fil'ing his second successive engagement with J. Parker Reed, Jr. The popular leading man now is playing opposite Louise Glaum in "R8."

Charlie Chaplin's next picture will be called "Vanity Fair," and al-

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

tho it is to be only two reels long, Chaplin is doing his best to make it equal the standard set by "The Kid."

Leaving the stupendous success of his stage career behind him, Richard Bennett has come to Hollywood.

"I'm looking for the innermost secret of screen success," said Bennett, when interviewed at the Lasky studio, "for that hidden something which makes the cinema great—and which, properly developed, will make it greater."

Out at the Brunton studio has risen India. A colorful, true copy of the original, and in its streets is being filmed Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." The lovely, hapless young wife Ameera is being portrayed by Virginia Faire, who was picked for that honor from sixty-two young actresses in a Fame and Fortune contest of the Brewster Publications a year ago.

May Allison appeared i[n] [b]eautiful pageant recently staged at the Am[bassador] [H]otel for the benefit of the Children's Hospi[tal].

King Vidor has b[ought] screen rights to "A Thing A[part]," [a] novel by Lucy Stone Terrill. [The story] is based on the famous quotati[on]:

"Man's love is of ma[n's life] ing apart,
'Tis woman's whole [life]."

C. Gardner Sul[livan] has written the story for Thomas [Meighan's] next special to follow "Lying [Lips]." The working title is "Hail the [Woman]." John Griffith Wray is directi[ng]. The cast includes Florence Vidor, [Theodore] Roberts, Lloyd Hughes, Madg[e Bellamy] and Tully Marshall.

Bebe Dani[els is] indulging in [a] these beauti[ful] Ju[ne] Co[ver] [girl] [pose]. [Bebe] [is] go[ing] [to] me[et] [with] a m[is]a[dv]e[nture] hasn[']t [a] car s[ick]ness.

"Le[t] feur d[rive] a f t e r, [I] Bebe.

Ann H[arding] had to u[nder]go an operati[on] for appendiciti[s]. She is hoping t[o be] strong enoug[h] to take the lea[d] rôle in Geo[rge] (*Continued on page 92*)

Above, Alice Lake finds fur wraps and a sunshade an essential to California picture-making; right, Sessue Hayakawa numbers among the scores of golf-course enthusiasts; and below, Douglas Fairbanks and Edward Knoblock at work on the continuity of "The Three Musketeers" at "Pickfair," the Fairbanks Beverly Hills estate

Greenroom Jottings

George Bancroft makes his screen début in "Ave Maria," a story written by a Dominican nun and produced by Hugo Ballin, who made the discovery of Bancroft's screen possibilities.

Ethel Clayton's new starring vehicle will be "The Lifted Veil," a William D. Taylor production, adapted by Julia Crawford Ivers from the play by Henry Arthur Jones.

Betty Compson, new Paramount star, is working on her first Paramount picture, "At the End of the World." Penrhyn Stanlaws directs the picture.

Wyndham Standing plays the leading masculine rôle in "Ave Maria," while Mabel Ballin takes the leading female rôle.

The absorbing life story of Anne Boleyn is depicted in the forthcoming Paramount release under the title of "Deception," which is directed by Ernest Lubitsch, the celebrated Bohemian who directed "Passion."

Helen Porten plays the leading rôle of Anne Boleyn in "Deception." On account of her great beauty and remarkable dramatic genius she is often called "The Second Bernhardt."

Philip Bartholomae, author of "Very Good Eddie," "Over Night," and a number of other stage successes and the scenario for Florence Reed's latest film production, has completed another original photoplay, "The Outside Woman," which is being filmed with Wanda Hawley in the stellar rôle.

Catherine Calvert and Director Tom Terris study the 'script of "The Heart of Maryland." Miss Calvert is shown in character and, incidentally, it was most fitting and proper that she should play this rôle inasmuch as she is a Calvert of Maryland

Percy Marmont creates the leading male rôle in the forthcoming picturization of "The Price." Marmont is known thru his work in "Dead Men Tell No Tales" and "The Branded Woman." with Norma Talmadge.

Virginia Valli, who has just become Mrs. Damarest Lamson, is now in the West making two pictures opposite Bert Lytell.

The Near East Relief has organized the strongest theatrical committee ever formed for co-operative work. The purpose of this committee will be to bring very substantial relief to the Armenians.

"Tall Timber," the first photoplay from the pen of James A. B. Scherer, former president of the California Institute of Technology, is being screened under the direction of Frank Urson. Many of the scenes of this picture are being taken in the Redwood forests of California.

"Celebrity Row" at the Lasky studio includes Sir Gilbert Parker, W. Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn and James A. B. Scherer.

In preparing the sets for "Deception," the director used fourteen polishers, two hundred carpenters and four hundred stucco workers. The result is an historically faithful imitation of Westminster Abbey.

Reginald Denny plays one of the leading male rôles opposite Elsie Ferguson in her latest Paramount picture, "Footlights."

Oswald Mack, of Selig and Goldwyn fame, is now playing heavy emotional leads with the Maryland Feature Film Corporation of the Monumental City, the newest production of which is "Dead Man's Trail."

Jackie Coogan, co-star in Chaplin's "The Kid" and star of "Peck's Bad Boy," has accepted an offer of $2,500 a week to appear in vaudeville. Jackie's income report for last year's work was made out at the rate of $1,000 a week net earnings. As the present year's income will more than double this, Jackie will have made his fortune by the time he is ten year old, just four years from now.

Notwithstanding the fact that Wheeler Oakman has appeared in seventy-seven film productions during his screen career, he announces that his best work is done in "The Half Breed," his forthcoming production.

Marjorie Daw plays the leading feminine rôle of Love in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience."

James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest have the leading rôles in "The Great Impersonation," George Melford's next picture from the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Edna Wheaton, an eighteen-year-old music student, was selected by the *New York News* as the most beautiful girl in New York and awarded the rôle of Beauty in "Experience." Miss Wheaton resembles both Mary Pickford and the late Olive Thomas. She may appear in other pictures.

Wallace Reid, since his triumphal tour to British Columbia, is at work on "Tall Timber."

Juliette Henkel, of Detroit, a seventeen-year-old girl of social prominence, was chosen as the most beautiful girl of Detroit and elected to the rôle of Charm in "Experience."

Charlie Chaplin is completing his two-reel comedy, "Vanity Fair," an original story by the artist. Edna Purviance has an emotional rôle in this comedy.

Two original screen stories have been purchased by Selznick for Owen Moore—"The Forgetters," by Will H. Houghton, author of "The Time, the Place and the Girl," and "Rest for the Weary," by Garrett Elsdon Fort.

Thomas Holding takes the leading male rôle in Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." Virginia Faire plays the leading female rôle.

Strauss-Peyton Photo

Geraldine Farrar, supreme in all the dainty arts of grooming, says of Cutex: "So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut"

Work around the nail base with the Cuticle Remover, rinse the fingers, and the surplus cuticle will simply wipe off

The delicate art of manicuring

How you can do your own nails as perfectly as a professional

For snowy-white nail tips, squeeze the Nail White directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed top

To get a delicate and lasting sheen on the nails, use first the Paste and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the hand

MANICURING used to be so complex and difficult that only a professional could do it. It was even dangerous, because there was no way of removing the surplus cuticle about the base of the nail except by cutting.

But now women who are skilled in all the arts of grooming find it easy and delightful to keep their own nails always in exquisite condition.

We no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard, dry edges of dead skin we now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just a dab around the nails with Cutex, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away, leaving a beautifully even, thin, transparent nail rim.

And, in the Cutex manicure, all the rest of the process is just as delightful. A snowy whiteness under the nail tips with the Nail White; the delicate jewel-like shine of the quick and lasting Cutex Polishes—and the manicure is complete and perfect in only about ten minutes.

The amazing results of a single trial

Your first Cutex manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through constant cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

If you will spend only ten minutes on your nails regularly, once or twice a week, and every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base, you will keep them always in perfect condition.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full sized packages, $1.50; the "Boudoir," the finest and most complete set, $3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough of everything for six complete manicures, to Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 114 West 17th Street, New York; *or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 807, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

Mail this coupon with two dimes today for complete trial outfit

Northam Warren, Dept. 807,
114 West 17th Street
New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Cutex Traveling Set—$1.50

Greenroom Jottings

Wanda Hawley and Constance Binney are starred by Realart in "The House That Jazz Built" and "The Magic Cup."

"The Wonderful Thing" will be Norma Talmadge's next picture, under Herbert Brenon's direction, and his first venture into the realms of light comedy.

Thomas Jefferson, son of the noted actor, will be seen in the leading rôle in the screen version of "Rip Van Winkle," which will soon be released.

"The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" is a new German importation in films and is welcomed as an innovation in photoplays, being reminiscent of Poe's weird, creepy tales.

"Lavender and Old Lace," the picturization of Myrtle Reed's widely read novel, includes in its cast Marguerite Snow, Lewis Bennison, Seena Owen and Victor Potel.

"Ben Hur" is to be picturized in the near future, as the film rights have been purchased by Charles Dillingham, A. L. Erlanger and Florenz Zeigfeld, Jr. An vestment of two million dollars will be made in producing it, and it is hoped by many that Griffith will be the producer.

Diana Allen, who played a leading feminine rôle in "The Kentuckians," is playing the part of Mamie Pike in "The Conquest of Canaan," Thomas Meighan's forthcoming Paramount production.

Betty Blythe came East to see the premier production in New York of "The Queen of Sheba," in which she takes the stellar rôle.

George Fitzmaurice watches Richard Barthelmess as Youth and Nita Naldi as Passion rehearse a scene for his forthcoming "Experience"

On a lonely promontory somewhere along the California coast is a lighthouse, complete in every detail. This was specially built for Betty Compson's first Paramount star picture, and it is here that the most exciting action of the picture takes place.

Wallace Reid is working on a new Paramount picture called "The Hell Diggers."

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid will co-star in a film version of George du Maurier's famous novel, "Peter Ibbetson."

Ouida Bergere is writing the continuity for "Peter Ibbetson," which picture her husband, George Fitzmaurice, will direct.

Roscoe Arbuckle is making rapid progress with "Gasoline Gus," Walter Woods' adaptation of two stories by George Pattullo. Fatty is living in overalls while this picture is being made.

Betty Compson's second starring vehicle for Paramount will be "The Ordeal," an original story by W. Somerset Maugham.

Mitchell Lewis, who starred in "Burning Daylight" and "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" for Metro just before his temporary absence from the silversheet, has an important character rôle in Betty Compson's forthcoming production, "At the End of the World."

"Married 'n' Everything" is the title of the first two-reel comedy to be produced independently by Charlie Conklin.

Louise Glaum has a remarkable supporting cast in her newest production, "I Am Guilty." Important rôles are taken by Mahlon Hamilton, Joseph Kilgour, Ruth Stonehouse, Claire DuBray, Mickey Moore and May Hopkins.

Helene Chadwick plays the leading female rôle opposite Richard Dix in Mary Roberts Rinehart's first original scenario, "The Glorious Fool," directed by E. Mason Hopper.

Hazel Daly plays opposite Tom Moore in the Goldwyn photoplay, "Beating the Game."

"Hail the Woman," by C. Gardner Sullivan, has an all-star cast, including Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy and Tully Marshall.

Wilfrid North, a well-known stage and picture actor, portrays the rôle of J. Rufus Wallingford in "The Son of Wallingford," and is therefore the screen father of Tom Gallery, who takes the rôle of Jimmie Wallingford.

Black Beauty, the beautiful horse which played in the Vitagraph production, has won a pension for life thru his performance. He will never be sold. After he has served for a few years as the saddle horse of W. S. Smith, manager of Vitagraph's Western studios, he will retire to the three thousand-acre ranch recently purchased by Albert E. Smith, president of the company. Here he will spend the rest of his life as a pet.

The first picture of the Marion Fairfax Productions will be "The Lying Truth."

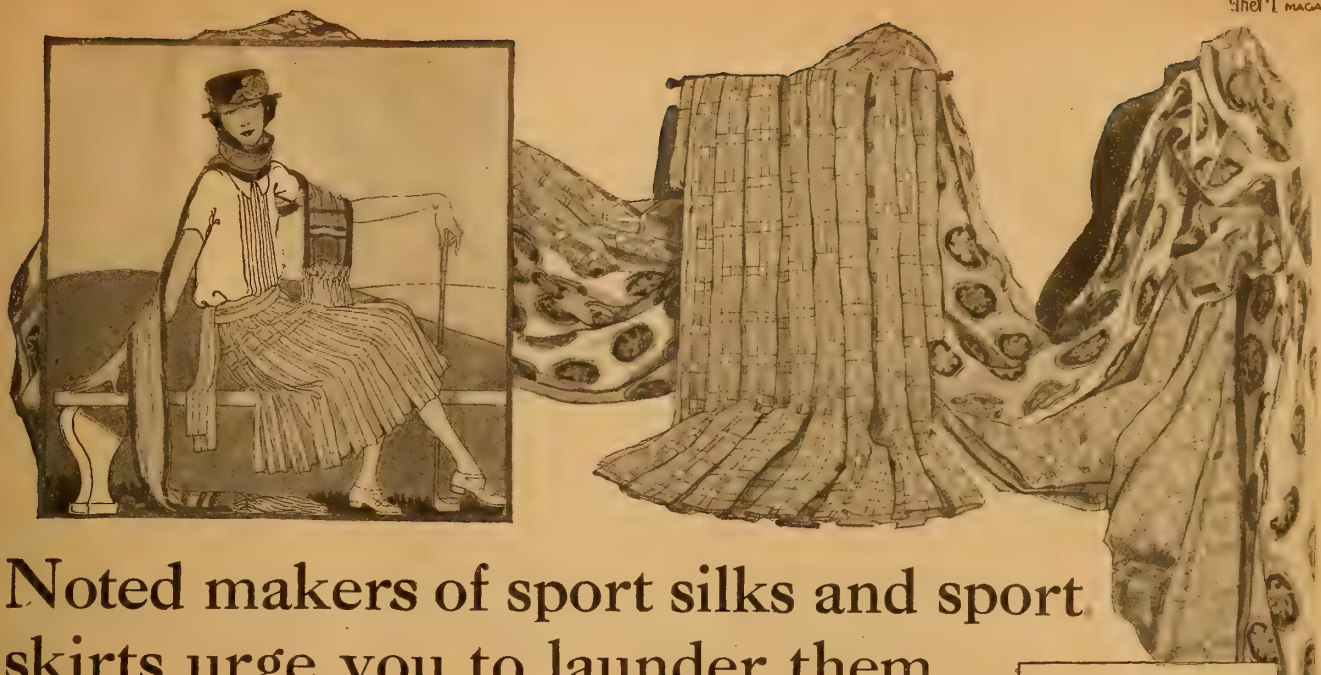
Corliss Palmer's first starring vehicle since the forming of the Corliss Palmer Productions, Inc., is "In the Blood," a story of love, mystery and heritage.

Marguerite Clark is seriously considering "Peter Pan" as her next starring vehicle, in which she will probably be directed by Arthur Griffith, who directed her in "Scrambled Wives."

James Rennie plays opposite Hope Hampton in "Star Dust."

Shakespeare's "King Lear" is to be filmed by John M. Stahl. Both Jimmie Grainger and Lieutenant Jim Anderson are aspirants to the leading rôle.

Clara Kimball Young's latest production, "Straight from Paris," is declared the liveliest and most versatile production of this artist. Thomas Jefferson, Bertram Grassby, William Carleton, Betty Francisco and Girard Alexander are in the cast with Miss Young.



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful silks have an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVID CRYSTAL of New York makes many of the good looking sports skirts of crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes which you find in exclusive shops in almost every city. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring.* Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

Belding Bros. & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Sport silks receive such strenuous wear that it is necessary to launder them frequently.

We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

Another thing which recommends Lux to us is the fact that the flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. The thick lather makes rubbing unnecessary and also eliminates any possibility of particles of soap sticking to the silk and yellowing it.

We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROS. & COMPANY

David Crystal & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We estimate that one of our silk sport skirts in constant use is washed several times in the course of the summer. The skirt should, of course, look as well after the last laundering as when it was new, if the washing is properly done.

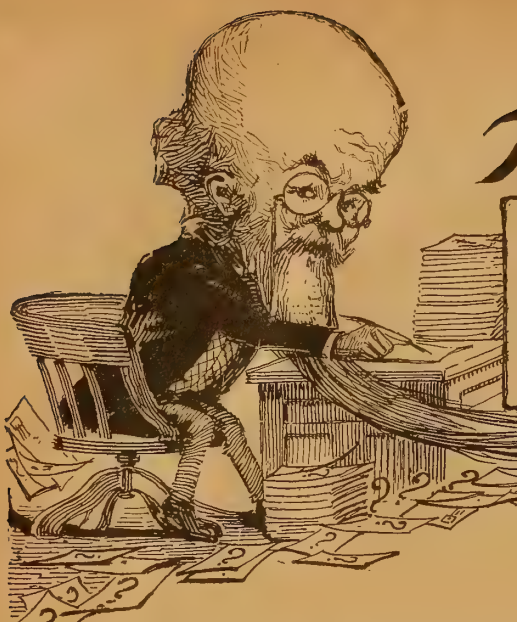
We are urging the use of Lux in washing our sport skirts because it does preserve this new look. We find, for example, that threads do not fuzz up, fray or split when the garment is washed in Lux. Rubbing soap on silk, or allowing small particles of undissolved soap to stick to the fabric inevitably yellows it and makes it wear out more quickly.

Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.

DAVID CRYSTAL & COMPANY

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

ALICE O'WONDERLAND.—Glad to see you on this bright, warm day. So your greatest aim in life is to get into pictures. Your number is 98,476. Stop in and see me next time you are in this neighborhood, and bring the Walrus and the Carpenter with you. Thanks.

POUVRE GUSSE.—So you take exception because I said there is no Swanee River. You say it is in Florida and runs up into Georgia and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Thank you, I'm willing to be corrected. I know the song, but not the river. Let me hear from you again. A five-reel feature contains about five thousand feet of film—one thousand feet to each reel. But they always "shoot" many times that in the taking. Griffith shot about seven hundred and fifty thousand feet on "'Way Down East," and "The Four Horsemen" required about five hundred thousand feet.

D. S. WESTON, Sydney.—Your letter was very chatty, but it was more of a letter to the editor. Did you intend it for publication? I agree with what you say. Constance Binney, in "The Magic Cup." Eva Novak, in "The Smart Sex," for Universal. Mary Thurman and Monte Blue, in "Johnny Cucabod."

THELMA F., Louisiana.—You're right, but the secret of success is to be prepared when the opportunity comes. You can picture me any way you like, handsome or otherwise, but if you would be accurate, make it the former. You can reach Monte Blue at the Lasky Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. *Je vous remercie.*

MIRIAM.—Say, what kind of a department would you call this? You want to know if Palm Olive soap is really made from palm leaves and green olives, but it is fine stuff, whatever it is made of. No; neither is grape-nuts made from grapes. You refer to Fred Burton in "Heliotrope" and Gina Reilly in "The Face at Your Window."

MYRTLE, Australia.—Many thanks for the booklet of Australia.

PRUNES.—Cheer up, Prunes; there's lots worse off than you are. Everybody has troubles, and everybody thinks that his are the worst ever. The trouble with you is that you are inclined to mistake a present pleasure for a permanent happiness. In meditating pleasures, you should always prepare to accept the after-consequences. There is no such thing as a long happiness. Yes, Doris Kenyon really writes poetry herself. Thanks for the verse.

PAUL B.—Heap much thanks for the pretty pouch filled with tobac. I shall put it in my pipe and smoke it. Yes, I saw Griffith's "Dream Street" on the opening night. You know, all the critics, editors, players, directors, etc., are invited on the first night, and Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, her husband, sat in front of me. Richard Barthelmess and his mother were there. Carol Dempster sat in a box. In fact, the theater was filled with celebrities, including myself. I enjoyed watching their private sentiments. Mr. Griffith made a speech, thanking the audience for their kind reception. It is another Limehouse Night story, but not nearly so good as "Broken Blossoms."

MARGARET.—No, child, I never lie. I am eighty, light complexion—that is, my whiskers are grey, silver I mean—mild temper, gentle and kind, and I never carry a cane. I wear number eight shoes. No, I am not married. John Harron, Robert's brother, is playing in "Thru the Back Door," Mary Pickford's next picture. He is eighteen and resembles Robert very much.

BOBBED HAIR.—You must be standing on your head, because you see everything upside down. Miriam Cooper, in "Evangeline."

VANDA.—I suppose the reason that so many people tell me their troubles is because they haven't anybody else to tell them to. Misery loves company, but company does not love misery. Yes, Irene Castle is going to play in pictures again. Picture hasn't been announced yet. No, I dont use Corliss Palmer's face powder, nor any other. I dont believe in powder except in war.

CURIOUS.—You enclosed a stamp, but you must send a stamped addressed envelope if you want your answer by mail. Think of all the time you would save me by addressing your own envelopes, and look at all the saliva you would save me by licking your own stamps. Have a heart!

SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER.—That's it, come right in. Fools rush right in and get there, where angels fear to tread. How do they take pictures under water? It's a long story. I'm in a hurry now. Going to the country over the week-end.

FULLA PEPP.—So am I. Went down to Long Island for a couple of days. Oh, I carry a fire extinguisher with me so that when I smoke my whiskers will always be protected. Priscilla Dean, in "Reputation." William Farnum, in "His Greatest Sacrifice." So you can put two and two together—Priscilla's "Reputation" and William's "Sacrifice." *Coup de grace.*

LILY M.—Yes, but we love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, so we ought to love our friends in like manner.

ANKENY.—Hoot, mon! Your letter didn't seem ever to end. You want me to tell you all about Clara Young's private life—also Anita Stewart's. Ah, thereby hangs a tale! Ralph Graves, in "The Home Town Girl." Fred Thompson, as the spy in "The Lovelight." Your other forty questions will have to wait.

J. M. J.—Answered yours by mail.

HELEN B.—My dear, never find fault with a person when you know that he is doing his best. Yes, Marguerite Clark is playing. Gareth Hughes is playing opposite Viola Dana. He's a homely lad, but very charming and clever. Hazzard Short, opposite Constance Talmadge, in "Beauty or Brains." All right, you may call it repartee, but I call it insult with its dress suit on.

SNOWDROP.—Corliss Palmer won first honors in the last contest, Allene Ray second. But the best doctor I know of recommends rubbing vaseline or olive oil into the scalp every night for preventing the hair from falling out. Look at my picture and tell me if you are willing to take my advice on how to prevent baldness!

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all

over the scalp and thro[illegible] entire length, down to the end[illegible]r.

Two or three teaspoonf[illegible]e an abundance of rich, cream[illegible] This should be rubbed in thorou[illegible]kly with the finger tips, so as[illegible] the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will

find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A

boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Answer Man

MITCH.—It may be wide and deep, but I'm afraid it's empty. I have been answering these questions for the last eleven years, and I live to tell the tale. Yes, I think "'Way Down East" is the best thing that has been done in a long while. Yet, if you take the ice scenes out, it wouldn't be so wonderful. Wyndham Standing and Mabel Ballin, in "Ave Maria."

JUST ZACK.—Thanks for the fee. You want to know all about Margaret Severn and Mlle. Phebe, who played in "Greenwich Village Follies." Cant say, old man; cant say—I go in for movie answers.

W. C., Hongkong.—You do ask peculiar questions. You want to know the measurements of a wren's egg. I give up. You also want to know what is meant by "full-mouthed," mentioned in character books. Hardly think it means filled to capacity. I dont happen to know the price of a *Police Gazette* Diamond Belt used by pugilists. You also want to know who owns the most fabulous jewels among players. Do you want me to be scalped? Your wants are as numerous and elusive as the sands of the seashore.

SPHINX.—You write a very witty letter. Wish I could write as witty an answer. Perhaps I will run down to the Navy Yard to see you. I'm afraid that idea you have would be interesting, but would it be a lesson or have a moral? Write to me again, and then again.

ERNEST J.—I'm afraid you are in league with "Sphinx" up above. June Caprice is in California. Yes, about Gloria Swanson. Norma Talmadge is playing in "The Sign on the Door." It is from a stage play. Yes, I liked her in "Passion Flower" immensely. Best thing she has done in some time. Eulalie Jenson and Courtenay Foote were also great. It seemed like an old Vitagraph cast.

ISABEL R.—Yes, indeed, Jean McIntyre was in "Ramon, the Sailmaker." She is a very pretty, lovely little girl, and we all liked her here.

IAD ORU.—Do you? Congratulations. Your joke was good and your letter very interesting, but where's the questions? Write me again.

HAPPY DOROTHY.—You say there are about 99,799 kinds of fools. Some people try to be all of them at once. I'll be looking for that candy and flowers. Why, Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union. Your letter was a gem. After reading my department for ten years, this is your first letter. You must write oftener than once every ten years.

ALIVE VIOLET.—See the June CLASSIC.

MIRIAM F. H., St. Louis.—And your letters are always so cheery. You say, what a difference a few hairs make—*a la* Agnes Ayres since she joined De Mille. Romaine Fielding promised to come and see us, but hasn't as yet. Hope Hampton is doing another picture, but at this writing she is sick at her home, 131 Riverside Drive. She told me she reads every word of every letter she receives, and usually answers them.

G. S. W.—Dont know what I would do without a letter from you every month. Since you insist upon knowing, my beard turned grey before the hair on my head, altho the former was about thirty years younger. I suppose it was because I worked my jaws more than my brains.

EMIL.—Good news! You say the dues in the Photoplay Club have been reduced from two dollars a year to one dollar a year. That's the spirit. (But I hope they dont reduce my salary from ten dollars a month to nine dollars. I really couldn't get along now on any less than ten dollars.)

MARGARET H. B.—Good stuff in yours. Why, Anetha Getwell has signed with the Pantheon Pictures and Charles Miller will direct her. Grace Darling, in "Every Man's Price." Just like any institution, the doors of Opportunity are marked "Push" and "Pull." Mostly *pull!*

GANG DRY.—Your letter was brilliant. No, I never swear. It is a habit with some men and an art with others. Yes, I believe Mae Marsh has written a book called "Screen Acting."

ELEANOR P.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was terribly long. Your terminal facilities are defective. Why, Wanda Hawley, in "The Outside Woman." Curwood's "Flower of the North" is being done.

DIMPLES, Michigan.—That's what I'm here for, so go ahead and ask.

ALFRED N.—We had a chat with Mary Miles Minter in the May issue. Yes, she has been in New York. King Baggott is going to direct for Universal. Why, the Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and it took him the greater part of four years to do it.

H. H. S.—Thanks for yours; write to me again.

WILHELMINA.—Hello, Minnie! Yes, Von Stroheim is married.

JAZZ KID.—Yes, it is true that Mary Roberts Rinehart is, or was, interested in the position of secretary of public welfare. Why, Eugene O'Brien, in "Gilded Lies." You're wrong. My principal vice is advice. Yes, I believe Wallace Reid is a very good husband, but I would hardly call him a model husband. The only model husband I know of is made of wax.

ELVA AND EDITH.—Thanks for them kind woids! You do, dont you? So you think you would like Conway Tearle's kisses, and you want to see a picture of Joseph Schenck. I'll try.

AGNES L.—You say you were sent home about ten years ago for reading this department. How did you ever have the nerve to read it again? Well, we have been friends for ten years. Why, Flossie C. P. is probably married now. It's quite the thing among girls, isn't it?

GODDARD W. S.—Thanks, old man; that's a fine letter of yours.

GEORGENSON.—Yes, Hope Hampton, at 131 Riverside Drive, New York City. I am quite sure she will send you the photo.

KITTY LOU.—Come, come, cheer up and take a good grip on the joys of life. Albert Roscoe was Shirley in "Her Elephant Man." Yes, Raymond McKee, in "Love's Harvest." Peggy Hyland is now on the Coast doing a picture.

H. T., Sacramento.—Why, as I understand it, Marshall Neilan happened to pick Wesley Barry from a group of youngsters he saw in the street. He is always a delight on the screen. Viola Dana is known as the Peter Pan of the screen, and Maude Adams of the stage.

M. MC.—Be a sport; dont be so serious. Have a sense of humor. Hale Hamilton has been married three times—first to Jane Oaker, who is now on the stage; then to Myrtle Tannehill, and now to Grace La Rue.

GREY EYES, Toronto.—You can reach Herbert Rawlinson at Los Angeles. Why, that's nothing. Central Park, New York City, has over thirty miles of walks. Oh, yes; there is a difference between talent and tact. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. Talent is wealth and tact is ready money—therefore, give me plenty of tact. Why, Owen Moore is following in Tom's footsteps. You know, Tom married Renee Adoree.

FESSLER F., WALLIE ADMIRER, GUSTAVE W., NANCE O'DAY, BEULAH D., CANADIAN 17, VIRGINIA A. G., FRANCIS H., RUTH Q., C. H. and LINA E.—Sorry I cannot give you a personal answer.

DAISY C.—See above about King Baggott. Thanks, I always like to hear the good things about my department. You are worse than the little girl who asked her mother what a slip-on was, and who replied, "A banana-skin." George Arliss was born in London and he is fifty-three years old.

CHUAN TSENG KU.—You say you are a Chinese, and not a Chinaman. Beg your pardon. I am always glad to hear from your part of the world.

LETTICE W.—Here are the addresses you want: Bessie Barriscale, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Nazimova, care Metro, Hollywood, Calif.; Thomas Meighan, Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Calif.; Norma Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth St., New York; Katherine MacDonald, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Calif., and Marguerite Clarke, 50 Cen-

(*Continued on page* 95)

Three Chances for You

THESE three "movie" stars are fortunate in having good teeth. Can you guess their names?

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it to us. If you get the name of *even one* of these three "movie" favorites right, we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's has for years been the choice of people who want a dentifrice that *cleans thoroughly* and is *safe.*

Colgate's contains no harmful acids; the flavor is delicious.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon: Do this today, and learn the pleasure of cleaning your teeth night and morning with the dentifrice that is recommended by more dentists than any other.

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Dept. 14
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I know who's smiling; please send me the trial tube.

No. 1 is.....

No. 2 is.....

No. 3 is.....

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

EVA NOVAK
Lovely Universal Star

prefers the dainty Bonnie-B Hair Net because it wears *three times longer* than any other and is soft, delicate and lustrous as her own hair.

The Bonnie-B is the most economical of all Hair Nets because:
—They are made of the finest grade of human hair, specially processed for strength and invisibility.
—They are hand-woven, full-size, free from defects.
—They have all the elasticity of your own hair—do not split or fade.

Bonnie-B
IMPORTED
HUMAN HAIR NET
15c—2 for 25c
Extra Large, 20c
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With each Bonnie-B Hair Net you will receive "Artistic French Coiffures" by Cluzelle—a booklet which shows you how to dress your hair in the newest, smartest modes.

Get a Bonnie-B today, and see how much lovelier your hair will look. No more straight ends—no ugly wisps. Arrange your hair as loosely as you please—the Bonnie-B holds it lightly in an invisible mesh.

Do you know the fascinating Bonnie-B Veil—imported from France—or the dainty Bonnie-B Powder Puff, "VEL-VA-DAB," so soft and delicate to the touch? Ask for them.

THE Bonnie-B CO., Inc.
222 Fourth Avenue
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Bonnie-B
Products are sold at Drug, Dep't, Dry Goods and Notion Stores

Ideal Cast Contest Proves Popular

Many Readers Praise Contest Wherein All Players Share Equally In Glory

Since the Ideal Cast Contest differs in many respects from other similar contests, it has been welcomed by our readers as an innovation, and numerous letters have come in congratulating us upon our "bright idea."

To begin with, it gives everyone a chance to express his convictions concerning the appropriateness of certain rôles for certain stars and what favorites are best suited to the rôles required for a big production.

Then there is the additional opportunity of winning a prize yourself by casting another ballot absolutely independent of, and perhaps entirely different from, the first ballot cast. The first ballots decide the names of the players you think ideally suited to the various rôles, while the second ballots decide whom you judge will finally be the victorious ones.

To be explicit, the movie stars and directors who receive the greatest number of votes will be the winners. And, of course, there will be ten of them, as the ballot arranges a vote for leading man, leading woman, villain, character-man, character-woman, male comedian, female comedian, child and director. These ten winners will rejoice in the gratification of having been elected first by the readers of our magazines, and the resulting popularity and publicity that will be theirs.

For the voters, however, a reward in dollars is offered in the following amounts:

First Prize—$250.
Second Prize—$100.
Third Prize—$75.
Fourth Prize—$50.
Fifth Prize—$25.

Do not forget that if you wish to be a winner you must vote a second ballot, giving in each rôle the name of the star that you believe will receive the greatest number of votes. Remember that, while your two ballots may be identical, it is not necessary for this to be so. They may be absolutely different or they may possess similarities and differences. Simply vote the first ballot according to your convictions and the second ballot according to what you think will be the conviction of the greatest number of people. This second ballot is to be of your own making, and to read, "I, the undersigned, desire to name those I think will win the Ideal Cast as follows." You will then list the players and director in the order in which they appear on the voting ballot.

At first it was ruled this ballot must be mailed not later than August first. The date has now been changed to August fifteenth.

Also the Ideal Cast Contest will close with a ballot in the November issue, running six months instead of five, as originally planned.

Whether or not there is any change to be anticipated from the contest, there will at least be the pleasure of speaking your mind about your favorites as well as guessing who the winning ones will be. And there is the possibility of winning one of the prizes yourself.

However there is the possibility, even the probability, that it will result in elevating to higher places some actors, actresses and directors who are not yet fully appreciated by a complacent public.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Letters are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules of the contest, which are as follows:

1. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter to be considered.

2. In voting for the Ideal Child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

3. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your Ideal Leading Man, also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.

4. All ballots must be addressed:
Ideal Cast Contest Editor,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cut out the ballot that follows. Fill it out and mail it to the above address. We prefer that you use the printed ballot, but will accept a similar ballot of your own making.

JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

The Literary Dynamo

(*Continued from page* 55)

"I faced death several times. Especially memorable was my experience while playing the leading feminine rôle in Jack London's 'Sea Wolf,' produced by Balboa. Henry King and I had a scene where we were lowered in a lifeboat from the stern of a schooner. The rope broke, tossing us into the middle of the Pacific. The schooner was sailing at full speed. Mr. King could swim a little and I not at all. Our small lifeboat had lost its oars and was drifting bottom-side up, farther from us every second. The schooner was leaving us rapidly. I had hit the water 'flat,' as the saying is, and had so completely lost my wind that I wasn't able to think very clearly, but I did sense one thing—the thing that every well-trained 'movie' remembers on all occasions—the camera. To those on the schooner's stern I indicated 'turn the crank,' and while the captain was busy trying to reach us with a rope, our alert little cameraman caught it. It was just the sort of scene we needed, and I can vouch for its realism! We were finally hauled to safety, but very, very wet."

Jeanie's last screen appearances were under the direction of Cecil B. de Mille, with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and with Mabel Van Buren in "The Girl of the Golden West." From her pen have come "The Dream Girl," "The Golden Chance," "The Heart of Nora Flynn," "The Love Mask," "Joan the Woman," "A Romance of the Redwoods," and "The Little American" for Mary Pickford, "Male and Female," "The Whispering Chorus," "Old Wives for New," "Dont Change Your Husband," "For Better, for Worse," "Something to Think About," "Forbidden Fruit" and "The Affairs of Anatol."

It was because she decided—especially with the advent of multiple reeled films—it was better to specialize, she chose the scenario end of the business.

"I shall always be grateful for Mr. de Mille's assistance," Jeanie MacPherson told me. "He is a hard taskmaster and he demands that a thing shall be perfect. He used to scold me and show me where my scenarios were wrong, and we would work them out together. It was hard, but it taught me that anything worth doing at all was worth doing perfectly."

Now Miss MacPherson writes all her own business into the scenario, knowing that Mr. de Mille will never change it—that he has perfect confidence in her.

WHY?

By Florence C. White

She is the sweetest thing
I've ever seen,
My Movie Queen!
My angel of the celluloid; ah, me,
Why isn't it my destiny
To be
The one to bring
A million hearts to rapt idolatry?

He's the divinest thing!
Of course I mean
Upon the screen;
My hero of the cinema; ah, me,
Why isn't it my destiny
To be
The one to cling
Around my idol's neck in ecstasy?

Silky Texture and Satiny Gloss

—*Olive Oil is the secret*

Hair with a glorious gloss, soft and silky in texture—how much more alluring than when dry and flyaway. And how easy to attain if you only learn the secret. For such attractive becoming hair isn't a gift of Nature but a charm every woman can attain. Palmolive Shampoo will give your hair the gloss and silky sheen which transforms dull, lifeless hair into a "crowning glory."

The olive oil shampoo

Palmolive Shampoo is the blending of olive, palm and coconut oils in scientific combination which produces a real beautifier as well as the most thorough cleanser.

The olive oil penetrates the roots of the hair and combines with the cleansing qualities of Palmolive in dislodging the clogging scales of dead skin and dandruff from the scalp pores and hair cells.

By lubricating and softening it allows normal vigorous blood circulation, which stimulates the growth of the hair and gives the beautiful natural gloss of health and good grooming.

The right way to shampoo

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly in warm water. The wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers. This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dead skin and dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the lenger of the hair in this thick lather and then begin rinsing. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo easily, without any danger of leaving soap traces. This process must be twice repeated—the trial bottle contains enough for two thorough lathers.

Send for trial size bottle

Contains ample quantity for one luxurious shampoo

Sent absolutely free, accompanied by booklet No. 250 which explains scientific home treatment of the hair and scalp.

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the Common-sense Way

FOR immediate results use De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid. It devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, most cleanly, convenient and simple to apply. Wet the hair and it is gone.

To know the difference between De Miracle and other methods use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover, return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

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At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

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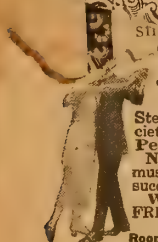

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New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

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Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
117-C West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Title Technique

(*Continued from page 30*)

ones need long explanations. And remember, too, that as the action gets faster, the titles should get shorter.

A second important rule in writing titles is to avoid forestalling a scene by giving it away in the title. For example, if you write, *"That afternoon Jack received an important letter"* and then show him receiving the letter, you have ruined the scene. What you should do is to *foreshadow* the scene by hinting at it with some such title as *"That afternoon the unexpected happened,"* which interests your audience and holds their attention upon the scene in which the letter is received.

The titles and the scenic action are not two separate things. They are an integral part of each other. Some writers make the mistake of working up scenes simply to give occasion for a clever title—"illustrated subtitles" is the studio term for this type of picture. Others make their titles mere commentaries upon the action, which tells the story in itself. The whole point of both titles and scenes is to *tell a story*. That is what these writers forget.

That brings us to still a third common fault among amateur title writers. Many people seem to think that a comedy title should be, in itself, a joke, which might be taken out of the picture and framed like a wall motto and hung up to be laughed at. No matter how funny your epigram may be, it is ruinous to use it unless it exactly bears upon the situation and is *necessary* to tell the story. The titles which get the biggest laughs are seldom funny in themselves. They are usually ordinary and meaningless remarks, such as *"Good morning, Uncle Joe."* It is the situation which the title precipitates and not the title itself which is funny.

Titles are divided into three main classes: the lapse of time titles, such as *"When midnight arrived"*; the change-of-locale titles, such as *"At Amy's home,"* and the speeches, which are usually given in quotation marks as the character speaks them, as, for example, *"How did that man get here?"* There are, in addition, a few explanatory titles, covering lapses of action or elucidating the theme.

The best titles are always the simplest, especially in the speeches. Make people say exactly what they would say; never use flowery language, unless the character would use it. But there is always the danger of making the titles *too* threadbare. The simplest variations of the lapse-of-time titles, for example, resolve themselves down to *"Two hours later,"* or something of the sort. One must invent ways to avoid this repetition of bare fact.

Make your titles as simple and natural as possible. Dont use big words and cumbersome metaphors; they stiffen the titles terribly—and besides, if they are supposed to be spoken by the characters, they are usually the last thing on earth that person would really have said. An inappropriate word or phrase can ruin a title. And try to avoid the use of dialect, which, for some reason, does not seem to be very effective when seen instead of heard.

There is such a thing as "screen English," and when you have written a few titles, you will learn to speak it. "Screen English" means the use of language which *looks* well—when flashed on the silversheet—rather than which *sounds* well. There is a distinct difference between spoken English and visual English. The best example of this—altho not an "English" example—is the way that foreign names react upon the audience. The name Yvette Beauvais, for example, is easy to remember when once you have heard it pronounced; but a movie audience could not keep it in mind for half a reel, because to the eye it is only a jumble of letters. The same principle applies to strictly English words which have the same effect because of their visual construction.

You should spend nearly as much time in trying to eliminate titles as you have spent in writing them. An overtitled picture drags horribly. Sometimes you can eliminate a rather obvious lapse-of-time title by fading out and then fading in directly to the next scene, which—if the meaning is otherwise clear—denotes a lapse of time. Sometimes you can eliminate a change-of-locale by having a sign or some other clue as to the whereabouts of the action in the scene. For instance, if your audience already knew that your characters were going to meet at the Weehawken Hotel, all you would have to do would be to open the scene with a long shot of the hotel with its sign over the entrance. There are a thousand ways to eliminate titles, all depending upon the exigencies of the particular situation and the inventive powers of the title writer.

Illustrations upon the title cards have come to be an important factor in telling the story. You should plan them as you plan your titles. You can always establish the mood of the scene with a good illustration, and often you can bring home the point of a title with one, without being too obvious in your phraseology. In a recent comedy, the hero was playing sick in order to win the girl's sympathy; in fact, he so alarmed her that she called a doctor. The doctor, sensing the situation at once, said meaningly, *"There's only one sort of tonic YOU need!"* and at the same time a small bottle of "Nerve Tonic" faded into the corner of the title card. The words and the illustration carried the point across very effectively.

There are usually not more than twenty title-card illustrations in the picture, but they are repeated over and over again, as a theme is repeated in an operatic score. Indeed, they call attention to the fact that the theme of the plot or of a character is again coming to the surface in the play. In "Red Hot Romance," which we are titling and cutting at this very moment, there is a Washington politician whose conversation is at all times ninety per cent. buncombe, and whenever he talks, the head of a bull appears on the title-card beside his speech.

There are many tricks that can be played with titles in comedies. They can be moved forward in perspective, so that they shoot into the very face of the audience, as one of the characters shouts his speech. They can be made to rock from side to side, as they did in the seasick scenes in Fatty Arbuckle's "Brewster's Millions." An important sentence can be flashed in a word at a time; the letters can be moved about erratically as some intoxicated person speaks, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A picture can be made or ruined by its titles. One very bad picture, produced by a famous director, was turned over to a title-writer, who changed the whole story and the relationship of all the characters in his titles, making the unsalable melodrama into a salable burlesque comedy. But to work these wonders, the titles must always be handled from the standpoint of the story, not simply as clever phrases to be in-

(*Continued on page 86*)

$1.00 Down — 20-Year Guaranteed Aluminum Set "Lifetime Ware"

An amazing value. Each utensil is stamped with the manufacturer's brand, "Lifetime Ware." Each piece is made of heavy gauge pressed sheet aluminum of a grade never offered at this price before. **Seamless.** Not thin like ordinary aluminum ware. Will not crack, chip, or peel. Heats quickly. Polish can't wear off. As easy to clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes better than any other kitchenware. **All pieces (except pie plates and bread pans) are highly polished, made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.** Yours for $1.00 down, $2.25 monthly. Price $21.90. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

Notice! Be careful in buying aluminware. Some sets offered for sale are made of cheap, soft aluminum which bends easily, dents with every fall or knock and is not durable. Insist upon genuine, heavy guage, hard, sheet aluminum. The set offered here is made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, heavy and extra hard, guaranteed 20 years.

30 Days Trial

Just $1 with the coupon brings you this set for 30 days use in your own home. Our guarantee protects you. If not satisfied after 30 days return the set at our expense and we'll refund your $1 plus any freight or express charges you paid.

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If satisfied, pay balance of rock-bottom price on small monthly payments. **Almost a year to pay!** We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D. Easy terms on everything in our big bargain catalog.

Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum — 27 Pieces

Combination tea kettle and double boiler (3 pieces) 5-quart size, 8 1-4 inch inside, with a double boiler, 2-quart capacity; one Colonial design coffee percolator (2 pieces) 8-cup size with welded spout, dome cover, fully polished, one roaster, consisting of 9 pieces, measures 10 1-2 inches wide and 6 inches high. These 9 pieces have dozens of different uses, including bread or bake pan (7-pint capacity), stew or pudding pan (7-pint capacity), pudding pan or mixing bowl (4-pint capacity); egg poacher, 5 eggs at a time; muffin pan; biscuit baker with 5 custard cups or jelly moulds; deep locking self-basting roaster; double boiler cereal cooker or triple steamer. This outfit also includes 6-quart preserving kettle with cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip stew pan (1-quart capacity), 1 lip stew pan (1 1-2 quart capacity). Combination cake and pudding pans (2 pieces), consists of 2-qt. pudding pan with cake tube; two 9-inch pie plates; 2 9 1-2 inch extra deep cake pans; 1 collander with 9-inch top, 5 1-8 inch bottom and 2 1-4 inch depth (can also be used as a steamer). Shipping weight about 15 pounds. **All pieces (except the pie plates and bread pans) are highly polished, made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed 20 years. Order by No. A5439JA. Send $1.00 with order, $2.25 monthly. Price of 27 pieces, $21.90.**

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 27-piece Aluminum Kitchen Set. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay you $2.25 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

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Plain, Unattractive Eyes Instantly Beautified with

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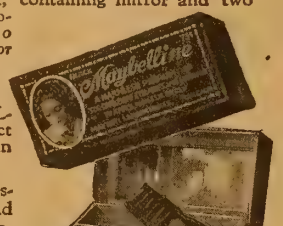
NO MATTER how unattractive your eyes may now be, "MAYBELLINE," like magic, will beautify them instantly.

Just a touch of the little brush with "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin, uneven eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby bringing out the hidden charm, beauty and soulful expression of the eyes.

The marvelous beautifying effect of "MAYBELLINE," was first discovered by Stage and Photoplay Stars. However, it is now being offered to the general public and many thousands of beautiful girls and women in all parts of the world use it regularly with the most delightful results.

Please remember that "MAYBELLINE" is entirely unlike other eyelash preparations. It is absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not smear or spread on the face.

"MAYBELLINE" comes in a dainty purple and gold box, containing mirror and two brushes for applying. *Two shades, Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes.* Price 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us in plain cover.



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The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at $15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

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Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.

Lilac, Crabapple $1.50
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Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

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305 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The Girl from Nowhere

(*Continued from page* 35)

among the other misfortunes you brought upon me, at least I was spared that one."

The cloak of music shielded their words. There was a little rigid smile on her lips, she leaned to him almost caressingly. So thought Jimmy Ryder, watching the two from the balcony with a queer, hurtful leap and plunge of the heart. Who was the fellow? What was she saying—why were they so intent upon each other's words?

"You are narrow-minded," Whitman reproached, with a sneer on his thin, pale lips. "Self-preservation is the first law! If you had not been in such a hurry to leave your—ah—temporary quarters, you would have found that I did not desert you, but on the contrary would have freed you——"

"Hush!" The music had grown softer. "No one knows—I have another name now. I am—married."

"Congratulations!" he sneered, debonairly. "And what is the name of my more fortunate rival?"

She repeated it, with the scorn of desperation. "If you are here to blackmail me, you would find it out anyway. But you can tell him nothing except lies, and they cannot hurt me if I tell the truth!"

"Is it a lie that Mrs. James Ryder had planned to elope with a man she had known only three weeks, and that on the way she was arrested by detectives for having a bracelet in her pocket that came from another lady's hand?" asked the Cavalier, softly. "Is it a lie that for two days Mrs. James Ryder was in the country jail awaiting trial? Is it a lie that she escaped and is still a fugitive from justice?"

"It is true that I was fool enough to trust you and believe in you," the Colonial lady said, smiling the same fixed, rigid smile, "but you know how that bracelet came to be in my pocket! You are a thief, Herbert Whitman, which is bad, and you are a cad, which is worse!"

"You lost step then," rebuked her partner, drawing her close against his brocades and laces, "and to lose step at a ball is the worst crime of all. Come! What's the use of being enemies? I swear on my honor I didn't know you were in this part of the world when I came from Baltimore to attend the ball!"

"On your honor!" said the woman bitterly. "Then, why are you here? It can be for no good reason. Are you planning to take another bracelet, perhaps?"

"I came because my sister, Mrs. Grosscup, was good enough to get her dear brother an invitation," he replied, moving her more smoothly among the swaying couples. His tone grew gloomy, acrid. "Look at her! That emerald she is wearing is alone worth a fortune, and she hasn't so much as given me a box of cigarets since she married old Grosscup, who's rotten with money!"

Jimmy Ryder had often watched his wife dance with other men, but the sight had never filled him, as now, with pure primitive rage, and the desire to kill, to kill with his bare fingers, to kill bloodily. There was something intimate in the way they spoke, something significant. "And I thought that all men were wicked"—she had said that once. *What had she meant?* How had he forgotten such a thing? Why hadn't he found out long ago the mystery of her being in the hunting lodge?

Yet, obviously, he couldn't very well go down there on the floor and throttle a man because he danced with his wife. The bars of civilization kept the beast out of polite society still. But he must find some salve for the hurt of his thoughts, and, man-like, it came to his mind to repay one woman for the crime of making him love her by making love to a woman he didn't love at all. And that suggested the sumptuous Mrs. Samuel Grosscup, who was obviously rather tired of her husband's senile adoration and had cast soft eyes upon her former suitor more than once lately.

Which explains why, when Mavis Ryder hurried into the conservatory an hour later, seeking a shoulder where she might lay her desolate orange-colored head, and a strong arm to gather her close to a broad shirt-bosom, she found the strong arm already occupied by a lady with a white wig and the full flowing skirts of the fascinating Pompadour. Mavis did not wait to hear what Jimmy was saying to the lady. It didn't make a great deal of difference, really. Like holding an autopsy over Love's poor, bleeding body to see what he died of. She went upstairs to her room, took off her costume and crept into one of the twin beds. It was all over. Jimmy didn't care for her any more. Of course he would care still less when he heard the whole story about Herbert Whitman and the bracelet.

"I wish," whispered Mavis to the darkness, very tiredly. "I wish I could go to sleep and never wake up any more. What's the use of living when your heart's dead?"

But she must think of Jimmy. She must make it easy for him to get free—there was still something she could do for Jimmy. Tomorrow she would leave him and go home to the grim, silent house in Baltimore, where her grim, silent Judge-father sat, unforgiving among other people's sins. And if her father didn't want her she would find something to do. She pretended to be asleep when, long afterward, Jimmy tiptoed in.

Footsteps creaked in the corridors, doors opened, closed softly, whispers, a scrap of laughter, the sound of a kiss, a rustle of silks. Then, gradually silence, a silence full of sounds to Mavis' sick imagination. The Conroy house was filled with guests. In the next room she could hear old Samuel Grosscup's asthmatic breathing. In the room beyond she could picture his young wife taking down her hair, smiling softly, reminiscently——

A scream tore the stillness into fragments. An instant later a door crashed wide. "Help! Thieves! My emerald——"

Jimmy had bounded out of bed with the first thin edge of sound. He was swearing in the darkness as he bumped about trying to locate the switch, and Mavis felt a hysterical desire to laugh clutch at her throat. She wrapped a thin silken dressing gown about her and followed him to the hall, where the other guests were gathered, a merrier masquerade in wire curlers, wrinkle plasters and cold cream masks, than that of a few hours earlier. Mrs. Grosscup, clutching her lace nightrobe at her breast, was shrilling her tale. She had brought her emerald upstairs during the evening and locked it in her trunk. Now it was gone. Someone had come into her room while they were all below dancing—she whirled upon Mavis Ryder, pointing a polished finger nail that glittered in the electric blaze.

"*You* came upstairs early! *You* knew where I kept it because I showed it to you with my costume this afternoon. Nobody knows who you are! You—you——"

"Hold on a moment!" said the voice of Jimmy Ryder sternly. "You're making a mistake, Mrs. Grosscup. If there's anyone here who doesn't know who this lady is,

let me tell them right now that she is *my wife!*" He stood beside Mavis, one arm about her waist, looking, despite the pink-striped pajamas, uncommonly commanding and dignified. "That is, I think, enough!"

"Gad!" said old Cappie Carteret softly, "it's like a damned Belasco play!"

As tho in answer to his cue, the butler appeared, puffing, his gilt-braided uniform coat hurriedly buttoned over his night-shirt. "If you please, Ma'am," he bowed to the panting Mrs. Grosscup, "if you please, we have caught the thief. There was two of him, Ma'am. The upper footmen 'as them tied hup in the garage ready to be took to the 'Astings jail tomorrow morning, Ma'am," and he laid the missing emerald, winking like a malicious eye, in its owner's hand. "One of the crooks' name was Snag-Toothed Bill," added the butler, evidently proud of his position as informant, "and the other wouldn't give 'is name, but 'e 'ad letters in his pocket haddressed to Mr. Herbert Whitman——"

One would have thought that Mrs. Grosscup would have exhausted all her powers of screaming, but the sound she emitted now made them all jump. "My brother!" she shrieked. "What shall I do?"

There being no suggestions forthcoming, she fainted as the best way out of an embarrassing situation.

"Jimmy," said Mavis, in a voice that tripped over tears, when they were alone once more in their room, "Jimmy, I'll tell you everything."

And she did, from the grim Judge-father who didn't believe in girls being girls, her romantic infatuation for the flashy Herbert Whitman, who was accepted everywhere because he had plenty of money, which he didn't do anything to earn; the interrupted elopement and all the rest. She told it in a tragic tone, and was naturally somewhat surprised and affronted at the end to hear Jimmy chuckle.

"You weren't listening!" she cried stormily. "You didn't hear anything I said!"

"I heard every word," Jimmy assured her, "and, to tell you the truth, Hon', I'm rather disappointed! It isn't half so bad as I've imagined." He grew serious, looked at her with a queer humbleness. "I acted like a darned fool this evening, Hon', because I was jealous; but when I heard that old hen cackling at you in the hall I knew that nobody on God's earth could make me believe anything against you!"

"And—you love me?" Mavis whispered.

"I've loved you since the first moment I saw you!" said her Jimmy in all honesty—and perhaps he had.

"But what were you laughing at just now?" Mavis persisted, after a satisfactory interval, usefully employed.

Jimmy chuckled, reminiscently. "Did you see that bunch of frumps in the hall! I was just thinking how lucky I was to have the kind of a wife that a fire in the middle of the night, or a burglar-alarm was becoming to.

A FAIRY TALE

J. R. McCARTHY

A little girl I chance to know
With cherry lips and skin of snow,
Was asked one day if she would go
In movies for a year or so.

Five thousand dollars every week
They offered for her satin cheek,
But she—she would not take their kale!
Which terminates my Fairy Tale.

"We Pay Him $100 a Week!"

"Looks pretty young for the Manager's desk, doesn't he, Jim?

"He is, too, according to the standards you and I used to go by. But it's the day of young men in big jobs. I honestly believe this department is in better hands today than at any time since we've been in business.

"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time Gordon, there, was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away at a small job. But when I started checking up around here I found he was handling that job to perfection.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. Prepared his lessons in the evening and during noon hour.

"I kept him talking for nearly three hours and I found that in actual knowledge and training Gordon was years ahead of any man in the office.

"So I gave him the job. We pay him $100 a week, and I have an idea it's the best investment the house ever made!"

HOW do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Is there any reason why he should select you?

Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money. For now, more than ever before, the big jobs are going to men with special training.

You can get the training you need right at home in spare time. For thirty years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men out of routine drudgery into work they like—helping them to win advancement, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life. More than two million have taken the up road in just this way. More than 130,000 are now turning their spare time to profit. Hundreds are starting daily.

It's the day of young men in big jobs—and you'll never be a day younger. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

The way is easy. Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark the coupon and mail this coupon.

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- CIVIL ENGINEER
- Surveying and Mapping
- MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- STATIONARY ENGINEER
- Marine Engineer
- Ship Draftsman
- ARCHITECT
- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- PLUMBING AND HEATING
- Sheet Metal Worker
- Textile Overseer or Supt.
- CHEMIST
- Pharmacy
- BOOKKEEPER
- Stenographer and Typist
- Private Secretary
- Business Correspondent
- Commercial Law
- Cert. Pub. Accountant
- Railway Accountant
- ADVERTISING
- Window Trimmer
- Show Card and Sign Writing
- SALESMANSHIP
- CIVIL SERVICE
- Railway Mail Clerk
- AGRICULTURE
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Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

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THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie

(*Continued from page 39*)

ably think we're just the least bit—you know"—she tapped her forehead with significance—"they follow us about with scared expressions, and they just *know* I'm going to do the wrong thing today. I think I am myself," she added with a sigh. "Why, oh why, did I attempt this!" "Everyone in the world is coming," she told me, in a whisper. "I just invited *everyone*—even to the bell-hops in the hotel, doormen, waiters and taxi-drivers. Everyone I've passed in the street for the past month I've said, 'Come to my house to tea on Sunday.' Now what am I to do?"

Dorothy departed to return with salvers of crisp salted almonds and fragrant fudge. "I'm domestic!" she announced; "I did these myself—and burned my ten fingers!"

Then the guests began to arrive.

Dorothy was a flutter of blue flounces and ribbons.

Lilian appeared first, with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clifton and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr.

"Where is mother?" asked Dorothy.

"She didn't dare to come," Lilian said, with sisterly candor; "she was afraid you would do something wrong."

Dorothy groaned. "*She* knows!"

But nothing went wrong. Everything went right. Everyone came, too, for to admire and for to see.

And Dorothy, behind the blue and silver tea service, was completely sufficient. She juggled lemon and tea and cloves and sugar and cream proficiently. She passed cake and repartee and looks at her husband with a dexterity born of inspiration. She was gracious and hospitable and naïve and humorous in as exactly the same proportions of rightfulness as her fudge.

When, at the end of ninety-nine years, their lease expires, I'll dare to say that should Time be so constituted, she could be neither more finished nor more graceful nor more adequate than she was at that first tea party day in her young blue dress with the snood of ribbon quaintly in her hair and the spirits of the dance of life and love in her feet and in her heart.

Title Technique

(*Continued from page 82*)

serted to distract the audience's mind from the weaknesses of the picture.

Dont write titles. Write a story.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In submitting your communication, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis.

The coupon below or a similar one of your own making must accompany all communications.

COUPON

I { am / am not } sending with this coupon a 300 word synopsis of my story. I desire John Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the following question:

.....

.....

.....

(If no story is attached, question may relate to photoplay writing in general. Send stamped and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that your answer and your story, if you sent any, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

.....

.....

.....

Fulfilment

(*Continued from page 29*)

blood flows in her veins, Virginia was born in Brooklyn, New York. Her mother had been on the stage, and so the child seemed destined from the first for a dramatic career. And it is not surprising to find she was studying dancing and playing bits in motion pictures at the early age of fourteen.

"My good fortune really started when I sent my picture to the Fame and Fortune Contest; the rest is just the Cinderella dream come true," Virginia declared, solemnly.

After nine pictures at Universal, where, by the way, she was given the name of Faire, thus becoming Virginia Faire, and one with Will Rogers, the girl qualified for this important rôle of Ameera, which is perhaps just another way of saying she had improved every opportunity that came her way.

Later, as we walked thru the picturesque street of old Lahore, faithfully reproduced from photographs and pen and ink sketches sent by Mr. Kipling, and in which many scenes of "Without Benefit of Clergy" will be filmed, and then on thru the lovely courtyard of the nest where the Englishman hid his "Queen" from the world, Virginia told me of her daily life, her hopes and plans.

She is a sweet, wholesome girl, enjoying the companionship of girls and boys of her own age and confessing that she "adores dancing."

Under the guidance of a private tutor she is keeping up her studies, especially along dramatic art lines, for she takes her work very seriously and is preparing herself for the big things she is so sure will come.

During leisure hours she loves to garden, sew and *cook!*

"You may tell the world I am happy in California, with its flowers, ocean, lovely hills and wonderful climate—all its *beauty* thrills me."

"The future?" I asked.

"To work until I become a big, big star—not what I call a floating one, here today and gone tomorrow. I want to make each picture a real feature, something that will stand out because of special merit."

"Then?"

"To go right on just as long as the public will let me, for I love motion pictures and can not think what my life would be without them."

"And the stage, do you never dream of that?" I further questioned.

"I haven't planned that far. You see, I must succeed in pictures first. I never like to leave things unfinished. Make good at one thing at a time, is my motto, or I might get into that dreadful habit of drifting."

So, while developing the halo of romance and imagination in her screen life, Virginia Faire is unfolding into the beautiful blossom of her great promise.

Her Mecca

(*Continued from page 38*)

girlhood—boys have no significance for her. She enjoys them at dances and at the theater, but would much rather her mother accompany her. She has a love of romance, but not in any personal sense, and if she dreams of a debonair Prince Charming it must be in between times, for her every waking thought is dedicated to her work. Until now it has sufficed—but then, the woman within her has not awakened.

She is splendidly all-girl—and this in itself holds rich promise for the woman.

Try This Way

See how your teeth look then

Here is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Combat it daily

Dental science has now found ways to daily combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them. They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

Its five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

See the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before. Mail coupon now.

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A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free G15

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

"To the winner belong the spoils!" Mr. Hart is felicitated upon his winning the Popularity Contest.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please let me send congratulations to Mr. Hart thru the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for having won in the late contest conducted in your famous magazines; I was delighted that he won. I consider Mr. Hart absolutely *peerless,* and he should be ranked with the Barrymores, if not ahead of them. Think how he could act "Dr. Jekill and Mr. Hyde," also Petruchio in Shakespeare's immortal "The Taming of the Shrew." I grant you that the interpretation would not be stereotyped, but original and intellectual as all of his work is. May God spare him to the movies for many years yet to come, if Mr. Hart so desires.

Wishing you and the "Great Three" magazines continued prosperity,

Believe me, sincerely,
ELIZABETH TUCKERMAN FREEMAN.
424 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Was Enid Bennett raised among the aborigines? And how old is Norma?

DEAR EDITOR:—As a follower of "Letters to the Editor," I would like to voice my opinion upon some of the movie stars.

To begin with, I would like to know where and what part of Australia, Enid Bennett first saw the daylight? In a recent interview with her, I read that she hadn't tasted kangaroo steak for a few years. I'd just like to know if Enid was raised among the "Aborigines." For I can assure you, Editor, that they perhaps are the only people out here who eat kangaroo steak.

Another thing. What are the Talmadge sisters thinking of? Norma Talmadge gives her age as twenty-three, and Constance, a couple of years younger! Now, you know Norma must be suffering from loss of memory, because we all here remember her a good few years back and she was not a child then. And please, oh please, tell me when Mary Miles Minter is going to be more than sixteen or seventeen?

I think I have said all I wanted to, so I'll finish now and would like to tell you that we folks out here, would like to see more of such stars as Viola Dana, Katherine MacDonald and Vivian Martin. Also I would like Mary Pickford to make more productions like "Daddy Long Legs" and Pollyanna."

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
RUBY MAY GOODYEAR.
26 Hardie St., Darlinghurst, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Fans who live in far-away countries are learning much about American customs and the trend of American affairs thru the cinema and the magazines. In return, this Filipino girl gives us some real news of pictures in Manila.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am only one of the ardent readers of your magazine and the purpose of this letter is to tell you how pictures are going on here in Manila. We have here several first-class movie houses, only we do not know if you would consider them first class. The Lyric is the foremost of these, giving as its entertainments the Paramount Artcraft pictures; then comes Lux, giving Pathé films; the Sirena, showing Fox films and some other brands from Europe; the Ideal, showing Universal pictures and sometimes Metro; the Empire, also giving Universal, tho most of them are Western pictures, played by Pete Morrison, Art Acord, Hoot Gibson, Jack Perrin and others, and serials played by Miss Walcamp, Eddie Polo and others; and, lastly, the Savoy, showing Paramount pictures. In almost every district there is a movie house, but the films are always first-class ones.

We can assure you that, tho we are far from the film manufacturing country, we are the most ardent lovers of motion picture plays. Everybody here has his favorite stars, but Doug, Mary and the funny Charlie are included among the favorites of any Filipino.

When new magazines arrive here, every lobby in the city is agglomerated by those who want to get them at once, for the magazine, especially the *Motion Picture Magazines,* are exhausted in a few days.

Wishing every future success to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the screen stars, I am, Yours sincerely,

PRUDENCIO DE GUZMAN,
Magallanes 199, W. C., Manila, P. I.

The versatile Wally! Equally at home with his hands on the steering wheel or with his feet on the dancing floor. Wally can drive like a demon, dance like an angel, and smile like a demigod!

DEAR EDITOR:—Just a word of praise for Wallace Reid's dancing in "The Dancin' Fool." I think he is a wonder. No matter what he tries to do, he is always a success. He has made his name as an actor, but I really believe that his dancing is a thing that will always be remembered, especially by those who love a good dancer.

"The Dancin' Fool" was witnessed privately by four of Sydney's leading teachers and exponents of dancing, and the opinion of each was that his was a wonderful exposition of the art.

With kindest regards and my very best wishes for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. Sincerely yours,

ANITA K. PHAIL,
312 Jones Street, Pyrmont,
Sydney, Australia.

We hereby accord the "mention" to "Anna Ascends" and "Opportunity" which the writer of the following thinks they deserve.

DEAR SIR:—May a devoted "fan" and constant reader of your magazine ask why it is that among the "Stage Plays of Interest" you have omitted to mention Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends," and James L. Crane in "Opportunity"? I saw both of these plays before I left New York, and in my estimation they are worth while seeing. But I see you have "Ladies' Night," a very daring affair, recommended as a play of "interest," which I was forbidden by both my brothers to see.

"Anna Ascends" and "Opportunity" are plays that should be listed as "Plays of Interest," for I have recommended them to my many friends, who, having seen them, quite agree with me that they are "plays worth while seeing."

I sincerely hope that in your next edition I will see these plays mentioned.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours truly,
MARY SURRIDGE,
5336 Monte Vista St., Los Angeles, Calif.

That "things are not what they seem" is often true of the stars of the silversheet. Naturally, make-up and good photography enhance an actor's appearance, but fans should remember that actors are mere people, after all, and thus protect themselves against the disillusion that comes upon actual acquaintance with celebrities.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I add my bit of comment and criticism? First of all, I must tell you of my disappointment a few days ago when our fair city was honored by the presence of Eugene O'Brien and Thomas Meighan. And as I looked at Eugene's much-advertised beauty I bade farewell to all my dreams that he would be like his pictures. He actually had a red nose, and his only redeeming feature was his hair.

The girls here in this city made themselves particularly disgusting by insisting on kissing him, and he looked as tho he was bestowing a great favor on the poor females. I am a girl, but I dont go in for that stuff. Thomas Meighan came up to all expectations, and I take my hat off to him. He is a real man.

A few for Roy Stewart now. There is another real man. Why, in Heaven's name, dont we see some portraits and interviews of him? He ought to be a star instead of Fairbanks or O'Brien.

I am waiting anxiously for "The Affairs of Anatol" or "The Five Kisses." I understand both Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres are in it. I think Miss Ayres is away ahead of Gloria Swanson, because she has expression, which is sadly lacking in Gloria.

And who dares to say Mary Pickford is losing her hold on the hearts of the public? She isn't and never will! "America's Sweetheart" will be remembered when all the De Mille beauties are dead and gone. Her "Pollyanna" will never be forgotten.

Speaking of stars, blindfold me and kindly lead me away from Nazimova. I cant see her at all. She has the most horrible taste I ever heard of. She isn't being original or different. Probably she would look just as bad in real clothes.

I saw Olga Petrova in vaudeville not long ago, and I still hear her wonderful voice. She is my ideal of a woman. She is perfect.

I wouldn't miss your magazine for anything, and if I had thirty-five cents between me and starvation, I'd go straight for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely,
PEGGY DELANEY,
137 Scio St., Rochester, N. Y.

What Every Girl Wants

is a Beautiful Complexion

Face powder is as necessary as soap and water, and no face can appear beautiful without it. A face that looks shiny, muddy or "made-up" is anything but beautiful, and good face powder is the only preventive.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

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WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Peals of Laughter with Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells"

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The Brewster Publications

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York

Passing Thru

(*Continued from page 52*)

exists between these two, and it was very lovely to witness it. It entirely routs the perverted idea with which some beings are possessed that there cannot be a real, sincere friendship between two people of opposite sex. Mr. MacLean has been married several years to a woman adored and adoring. And Miss May is very much in love with and soon to marry Wallace McDonald—yet the comradeship between these two co-workers of other days is very real.

"Dont wear' yourself all out in New York, Doris," he said. "I never was so tired in my life. I have had social and business engagements—two or three a day. I have seen eighteen shows in less than two weeks. When I get on the boat I shall sit down and see if I remember the names of some of them, and what they were about."

"How wonderful to be sailing for Europe," we said—and meant it.

"I'm not," he grinned. "I'm sailing for California by way of New Orleans! We will be five whole days on the boat, and, thank Heaven, there will be no place to go and nothing to do but rest. How New Yorkers stand the life, and how they ever get any work done, is beyond me.

"So I'll soon be on the 'Home Stretch,'" he said, "which, by the way, is the name of the next picture I'm to make. It's about horse-racing, and intensely thrilling, I believe."

Douglas MacLean is a born comedian, and clever enough to make the most of it. Those who have worked with him say that he has an almost uncanny sense of humor that enables him to take a scene and bring out bits of humor that no one else would have thought of. Not only that—he makes the whole cast see it and helps them to make the most of their rôles. An ideal star!

And while I was considering the fact that he had not said that he wanted to direct a great picture or play Hamlet, he gave a quick look at his watch. "The boat leaves for California in seventeen minutes," he said. "Hope I will have more time for you next time I'm passing thru."

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

By WALTER E. MAIR

Suddenly cold—consumed of its own fire—
The crimson sunset falters, purples, dwindles;
Then splashes up, a failing funeral pyre,
Like summer's own, that, with a witch-torch kindles
On every peak new flame amid the pine-trees' blackened spindles.

Quenched softly by the sea-wind, by and by,
Each false glow dies: afar, in silent glory,
The virgin moon imperious, from on high,
Summons to night-patrol the mountains hoary . . .
Hark, down the shadowy vale wan Summer breathes her farewell story!

* * *

"Seasons may come and go from earth's broad breast;
Days fade, nights pale, and flowers perish, weeping:
Seek not beyond the hills, for here is rest—
Peace in her arms, when you are fain for sleeping.
Summer departs, but love endures, safe in the ages' keeping."

A Wise Fool

(*Continued from page 67*)

ending would come. It was as tho a Greek Doom was upon him and he could not escape. First his family, then his house, then his acres. His crops failed, his orchards were blighted—these things had happened to other men, and he only shrugged his great shoulders and thought that they were fools. Now they happened to him.

On an evening in autumn when the air was dank with coming rain, Jean Jacques Barbille stood by the sapling that he had bent with his strength of rage and fury of pride a short five months ago and gazed somberly over the lands that were no longer his. He could not see them, but the eyes of his mind spread them upon the darkness, sere and brown, with the blackened ruins where red-roofed buildings had stood. Once again the great form straightened haughtily. Once again he flung out his mighty, blunt hands in a gesture of defiance.

"No man did it!" shouted Jean Jacques Barbille. "It took God Himself to humble me!"

"It was his last boast. Thereafter he grew silent, avoiding his fellows, preferring night to day. Old Sebastian had died soon after the fire, and he was quite alone, except for Carmen's canary, who shared his mean lodgings in the village, above the blacksmith shop of Georges Cloque. Sitting in his window, Jean Jacques often watched the sturdy, red-cheeked wife of the blacksmith bring him his luncheon and sit close beside him while he ate, looking at her man with eyes of admiration and faith. Cloque was a ne'er-do-well; he had made no money, he owned nothing save the miserable cottage where he lived and this smithy, and no man pulled their forelock and ducked when he passed. Yet this woman loved him and admired him. Strange!

He thought, with a curious shyness, of Carmen, as a man thinks not of his wife of many years, but of his bride. Eighteen years—and she was a stranger to him. He had thought of her always as something that belonged to him, a part of his greatness. Now he knew that she had never been his at all.

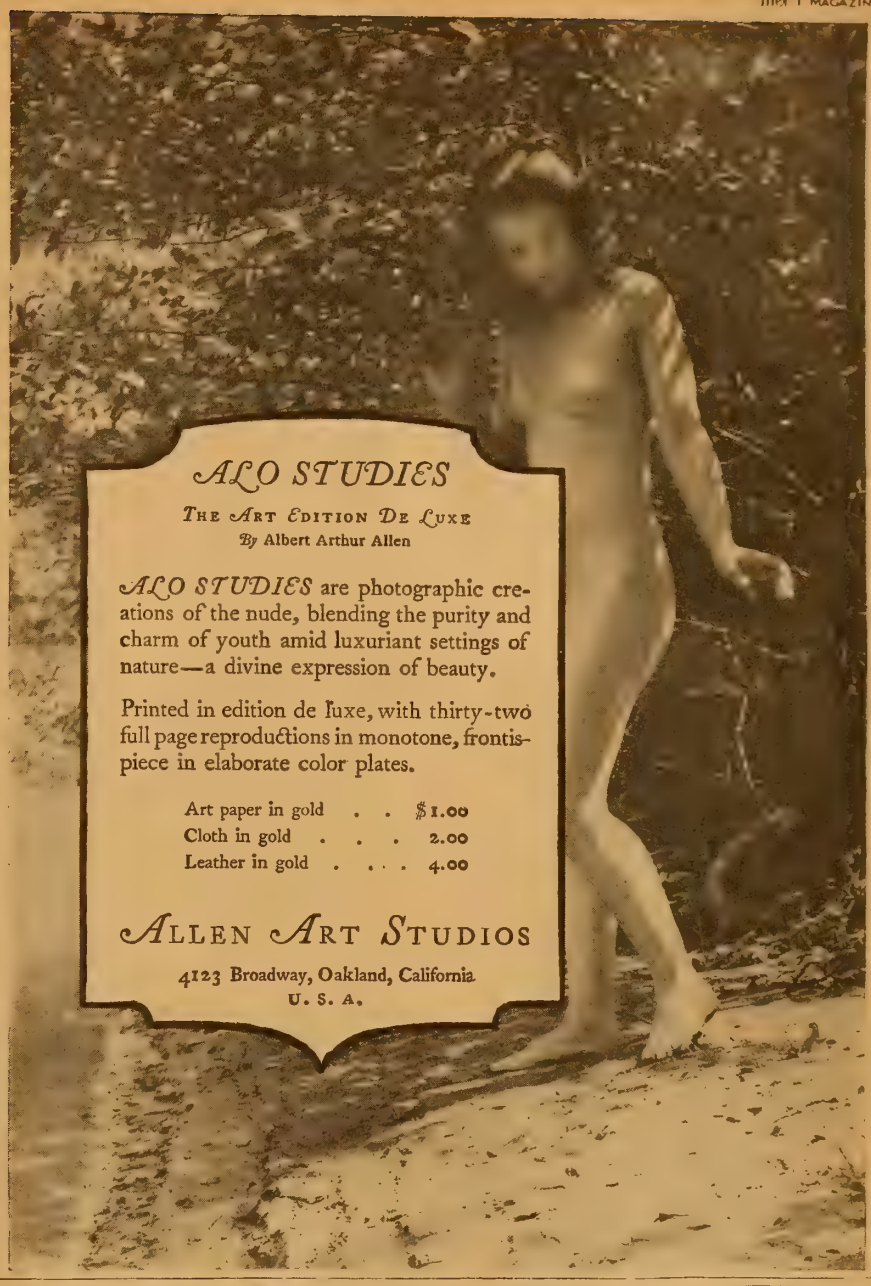
One morning before the village was awake, Jean Jacques took his bird-cage and strapped his poor bundle of clothes to his shoulders. The sun was just rising when he strode from the village. No one marked his going. No one called him a farewell or wished him luck. He might have been a chance wayfarer passing thru an alien place.

For a long time Jean Jacques Barbille wandered, seeking some word of the woman who had left him in her hot humiliation, the woman he had robbed. For he saw that now clearly. She was one of those born for love, and he had not loved her, for love is selfless, and he had been Self. And when, in her hunger for what he denied, she had given her heart into the keeping of another man he had forced that other to drop it and break it.

In Montreal he came upon his first clue. Carmen had been there. She had found a poor place as an actress in one of the shabby stock theaters where she had played adventuresses and lost women for the pleasure of street-walkers and pickpockets. The manager, a greasy Hebrew with bald, slanting forehead, glowered angrily when he told Jean Jacques that she had been discharged three months before "for impudence"—it was easy to guess what the impudence had been.

Jean Jacques' eyes glowed red, but he

(*Continued on page 96*)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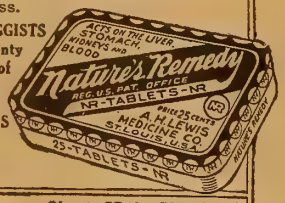

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The Erstwhile Landscape Gardener

(*Continued from page* 41)

Gish. I think his real chance came when he played the part of the young Italian nobleman in Dorothy Phillips' picture, "Once to Every Woman." In this he shot Dorothy with a revolver from the stage box, and then tumbled out of the box after shooting himself in the head. It was a good part.

So, you see, this Italian valentine did not get mailed directly into fame via the "Four Horsemen" picture. He served a fat term of apprenticeship. As this is written, he is playing Armand—oh, girls, girls! —to Nazimova's Camille, and from some of the scenes I saw them make, it is *muy caliente*.

Yesterday we lunched together at that funny little cafè across the street from the Metro Hollywood studios. Rudy's olive complexion was thickly covered with pink paint, and the blackness of his eyes was emphasized by blue-black pencilled shadows over them. The finely-chiseled lines of his patrician nose and mouth were *au naturel*. I wonder if I can transcribe a suggestion of the very charming Italian accent which lingers in his ultra-modern American speech?

"W'en I firs' come to thees co'ntry it was mos' hard for me to accustom myself to the American food. In that little French *ponsione* in New York they give me American food like cabbages an' corn-bif, which I could not eat, but I would sit at that boarding-house table to hear those pipple talk Eenglish an' then I would go out an' eat my dinner in Italian.

"I was back in N'York las' year, w'en I hear that they want me to play Julio in 'The Four Horsemen,' an' I accept verry, verry queek. All the way back to California on the train I read that Ibañez book in original Spanish, so I know Julio like my brother. W'en I play that part sometimes I ask Meester In'ram, the director, to have played for me the overture to 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' This music is a ver' strong influence in my life. It is, I theenk' the mos' beeautiful expression of my people in Southern Eetaly. I come from them, an' they are verry, verry emotional, of a natural, rusteec temperament. That 'Cavalleria Rusticana' means 'rustic chivalry,' of course you know."

Yes, young Valentino—he is twenty-five now—is essentially emotional, and I think, voluble; but American repression has rubbed off on him, and he cloaks his natural warm-heartedness and expressiveness under a veneer of reserve. Just as he has curbed the natural Italian tendency to expression with eyes, hands and body, so he has curbed his natural tendency to friendliness in his efforts to become Americanized. When you come to know him better, as I have, you learn that he is naturally naïve and charming in a boyish way, which is not true of some of our young native-born American stars.

There is something reminiscent in Valentino of the little peak-eared marble satyrs you see in Italian gardens. His well-shaped ears are the least bit peaked at the top, too.

His private life out of the studio also concerns us, and I asked him how he preserved thè splendid muscles that ripple over his back and biceps. Did he box, or swim or gymnasiumate?

"I do not make pretense to be an athaleet," he answered; "maybe because I have not the time. Because I dance once for a living, some kin' pipple say I was loungelizard, but I do not theenk so, because I mus' dance or starve in America. I like better to dance. Now, I cannot swim much at thees California beach, because I am very dark in complexion, an' the sun it burn me too black for pictures. I become like a neegroe.

"But I like to ride an' to steeplechase, an' I walk much."

He walks two miles every morning to work at the studio, and two miles back to his apartment at night. Whenever he gets a few hours off in the daytime he climbs around on the Hollywood hills, or else he rents the best horse he can find and goes galloping off thru the San Fernando valley, like Julio in the South American pampas.

The stars seem very favorable toward this young, very Americanized foreigner, and after "Camille" is finished he should be well up the ladder to that mythical top. Shake Wallie Reid and Tony Moreno up together and you get an idea of Rudolph Valentino in real life, so far as looks are concerned, but Rudy always keeps the muffler on.

His sleek, blue-black hair got all mussed up when he was playing the sea-captain hero with Alice Lake in John Fleming Wilson's "Uncharted Seas." This pleased the young man mightily, as he has an ingrowing horror of being thought a lounge-lizard.

"I like that rough sea captain," he told me, letting go of some real, native enthusiasm, forgetting for the moment his veneer of American repression. "These pipple who say, 'Oh, that Valentino, he is lounge-liz',' will get to see my hair it is not always so sleek. I am glad."

But Rudolph is sleek by birth, not to mention slick, and I usurp Herbert Howe's prerogative for a moment in predicting that he will achieve his most notable successes in manly, bandolined rôles, if there are such things.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 71)

Melford's production of E. Phillip Oppenheim's story, "The Great Impersonation."

Herbert Rawlinson sat beside me at a very beautiful dinner party the other evening. He combines all of the qualities of the ideal American with none of the affectations of "some" screen actors. He misses New York, but is happy anywhere he goes. At present he is playing opposite Clara K. Young in "Chartered."

Enid Bennett, the lovely young wife of Fred Niblo, expects a new arrival in her family soon.

Jack Pickford plans to return to the screen himself at the head of his own company as soon as he finishes helping Alfred Green in the direction of his sister, Mary, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." His first picture will be "Garrison's Finish."

Charlie Chaplin is said to be engaged to May Collins, the seventeen-year-old actress who came to California from New York to win success in the films. Neither of the two will affirm nor deny the rumor.

Eric von Stroheim has built so many Monte Carlos and spent so many dollars on "Foolish Wives" that we hope good, kind Mr. Laemmle, who has advanced all the money, will not be included among the foolish ones. Von Stroheim has been working eight months, during which time his leading man died and he had to find a double. Last week he shot scenes in

which five hundred extras participated for one straight week.

The best bit of news we know is that Mary MacLaren has been given the leading rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' production of "The Three Musketeers." Marguerite de la Motte and Barbara Le Marr will also have leading rôles.

Tod Browning's production of Edna Ferber's famous story, "Fanny Herself," will have Mabel Julienne Scott as Fanny, instead of Priscilla Dean.

I met Renee Adoree, the new little wife of Tom Moore, out at the Goldwyn the other day. She is petite and peppy—striking-looking rather than pretty, and with a perfectly charming accent when she talks. She is so full of fun and enthusiasm that I can very well imagine her bringing a great deal of happiness into Tom's life.

The screen is to be given another glimpse of Shakespeare's genius. John Stahl, who makes the Stahl Productions for Louis B. Mayer, announces that he will film a version of "King Lear."

Johnny Walker and Edna Murphy, who made such an impression in "Over the Hill," have arrived in Hollywood to make a Fox picture, entitled "The Live Wire."

Speaking extemporaneously at the Friday Morning Club, Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, said:

"Men about the studios are the most embracing males I ever knew. It is their profession. They are a catching lot, and they catch you on every occasion. Mr. Goldwyn is the best seller I ever knew, and I know a lot about best sellers. That is my business. He can sell anything to anybody. I admire him hugely. All of them can give the kindest, sweetest compliments. I like them, even if I dont believe them. I was asked to talk to you about my life history, but that would take too long. Still, the San Francisco fire burned the record of my birth, so I am still young enough to be embraced, and when things go well with your picture—oh, then is the time for embracing!

"I'll never again sign a contract which gives the producer the right to entitle it. Someone at the studio who knew how took my "Perch of the Devil" and wrote the continuity for it. I wouldn't know my own brain-child. I couldn't get anything out of it. My producer said all good continuities are flat. Then I said my play would be a huge success, for could anything sound flatter than that continuity?

"But it wasn't a success. So I wrote the scenario of a new play, tho that wasn't in my contract. But again flattery won me. Everyone said it would be a great success. I wanted to call it "Noblesse Oblige" or "Honor," but they wouldn't listen to that. This is the huge fly in my ointment. They called it "Dont Neglect Your Wife." I asked William de Mille when I met him socially if he couldn't get out an injunction on them for infringing on his lovely movie titles like "Dont Change Your Wife," *et al.* He said he would ask Cecil.

"But Cecil said they might be able to get out an injunction as a trade-mark, but not under a copyright law. So my story with the scene laid back in the days of old California, 1868, went on with the modern title, "Dont Neglect Your Wife," which even I couldn't remember, and it was variously called "Dont Forget Your Wife" or "Dont Neglect Your Husband," and I never made myself so disagreeable to a human being in all my life as I made myself to Mr. Goldwyn. But it was just because I dont understand the movie game. You see, I am too highbrow, or something, for them. But fancy a publisher changing the title to my book. Why, I'd go down and brain him."

May Allison's Eyes

Posed by May Allison, Metro star

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The Clearing House for Kicks

(*Continued from page 36*)

out of the motion picture industry at Los Angeles, the organizing for activity on a nation-wide scale has been going on. The organization now has its headquarters at 32 West Forty-seventh Street. Mr. Quinn is active president. Frank Bacon, an example of what really good business there is in good, clean, simple drama as evidenced by his homely portrayal in "Lightnin'," now playing its third year on Broadway, is vice-president. And, since the enthusiastic house cleaners—from moving the furniture about the house and making the family generally uncomfortable to their comparatively recent entrance into public affairs—are women, so in this movement for better pictures a great many club and society women are interested. The membership includes artists, authors and actresses, business men and women. And a long list of clubs and organizations are giving support to the work.

The M. P. T. is a service organization chartered under the New York State board of trade article relating to membership corporations. It has no stock and can make no profits. The money it receives for membership fees and from other sources must be turned to the purpose for which it was formed.

The M. P. T. proposes to discourage the production and exhibition of objectionable pictures. To work for the elimination of waste and extravagance—which will result in lower admission prices. To work for the elimination of misleading and untruthful advertising. To encourage and help in a practical way the production and exhibition of pictures founded on good stories properly constructed, well acted by artists who fit their parts, intelligently directed and titled—the kind of picture the whole family can enjoy. This, they firmly believe, means good business for everyone involved—the producers, exhibitors, actors and the public.

Public opinion is the supreme court of appeal in a democracy, and the M. P. T. is counting strongly on public opinion. Can they find out what public opinion is? And how are they going to get it?

By maintaining various departments of service, research, statistics and information, the association hopes to become a clearing-house for kicks, suggestions and praise. They will have their own projection rooms for showing pictures. Representatives from various organizations and individual members of the association will be notified when the pictures are to be shown for recommendation or for the award of the M. P. T. Merit Seal. Cards will be passed thru the audience upon which the persons watching the pictures may write their opinions. These will be collected and noted. If the picture is agreeable, it will receive the O. K. of the M. P. T. If it is exceptionally good it will receive the award of the Merit Seal. The association will have also its own reviewers of pictures, who will go without prejudice to the showing of pictures and judge them. The opinions thus arrived at will be communicated to members in bulletins which will be mailed periodically.

The M. P. T. is now organizing its "chapters." They will, in course of time, have one in every town and city. Each chapter will have lists of O. K.'d pictures and those stamped with the Merit Seal for the guidance of the public and the information of exhibitors. This will be of incalculable value to the exhibitors thruout the country, many of whom have no way of knowing exactly what the picture is before they receive it and it is projected in their own theaters. If the advertising is inaccurate in its description of a picture to be released and it is not what the exhibitor wants when he receives it, he must refrain from showing it and lose money—or face the displeasure of his patrons. In small towns especially the blame is attached to the person nearest at hand. Therefore the exhibitor is blamed for showing objectionable pictures.

The big idea back of the organization is that people are eager for good, wholesome entertainment. That the success of pictures like "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill," productions without sensationalism and lavish expenditure, prove this. And, while there are some motion picture people who have kept faith with the public and their responsibility, it is the purpose of the M. P. T. to make those who have slighted their responsibility see it by proving to them that the public will stand behind them if they go in for sound, wholesome pictures.

From Chadwick to California

(*Continued from page 25*)

ed her outlook, made her self-reliant, able to make her own living—but she has never attained that self-sufficiency which is such a deadly drawback to a complete sympathy with the modern bachelor business girl.

About her clings that air of femininity, so charming in girls who have been sheltered from all ugly aspects of the world by an ever-present family—but to this lovable mark of the gentlewoman has been applied the torch of necessity. A flame of personality illumines her with a radiance of having found her individuality, which would have been lacking had she not come in contact with the world.

To me, Helene Chadwick is like a butterfly which has just burst from a cocoon. She seems to be primitively enjoying her first flights in life thru perfumed California breezes.

She gives the impression of being tall, of being poised for some great event. Her face is as radiantly fresh and free of make-up as the heart of a dew-washed rose. She does not give that appearance of super-grooming so popular with cinema stars today. She seems to wear clothes impersonally. Helene Chadwick is beautiful because she is Helene Chadwick, not because of her gowns.

"Girls should not rush into matrimony when they are so young," she told me, "but it's no use to tell them so—each one has to learn thru experience.

"Personally, I am afraid of marriage—one sees so many shipwrecks.

"I had a rather terrifying experience when I first came out to California. I arrived under contract with Pathé and Mr. Gasnier. Something went wrong between them and Mr. Gasnier broke his contract, which left me stranded here. I didn't know what to do nor where to go. Finally I met Mabel Condon and she took me around and introduced me to people, with the result that I got an engagement to play in several Lasky pictures. Then they offered me a contract, and so did Goldwyn. The latter had more inducements, so I signed with Goldwyn, and I have been very, very happy."

And all the time she was talking I was revelling in the happy visionary light which shone in her wide eyes.

Helene Chadwick is, I think, in love—with life.

ASK

Your Theatre Manager To Show

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THE new single reel motion picture de luxe, produced and edited by A. D. V. Storey, formerly editor of "Screen Snapshots," and including scenes at Home, at Work and at Play with Stars of the Stage, Screen, Vaudeville, Dance and other Arts.

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Scenes from the Frenchy Broadway musical comedy, "Afgar," of Leon Errol, star of the Ziegfeld show, "Sally," and of Madge Kennedy in the Broadway success, "Cornered," are also included; also Bert Levy, the international vaudeville star; Charles Hackett, the American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House; Guiran and Marguerite, the dance sensations of the Century Roof, and others in dramatics, musical comedy and vaudeville.

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— or —

Shadowland Screen Review

17 West 42d Street, New York

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

tral Park West, New York City. You're very welcome.

MERRY CHERUB.—You are indeed a clever child. The poem of the "Cid" is the oldest epic in any of the romance languages, consisting of three thousand lines, and is a valuable picture of the manners and customs of the eleventh century. Let me see, Mary Pickford's first picture was entitled "The Violin Maker of Cremona," produced by Biograph, but I believe she was with Imp before going with Biograph.

BAR LE DUC.—You bet I like you on crackers with cheese. You want to know if grey stockings are going to be worn any longer. I doubt it. Instead of going up, they are coming down. More than one hundred tons of wood are consumed daily in the form of matches. You say Conway Tearle ought to write a book called, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Why pick on Conway? There are others.

U. R. A. CRAB APPLE.—No, Agnes Ayres and Gloria Swanson are not the same. Our Managing Editor here says that one feature about the short skirts is that they make five city blocks seem like only one. Carlyle Blackwell has been playing in "My Lady Friend" on the stage.

RICKEY.—George Larkin is back with Universal, playing in a serial. You can reach him, Universal, Los Angeles, Calif. Cedar, my dear. Half of all the lead pencils in the world are made from American-grown cedar.

MARY.—I dont know how to advise you, because you do not seem to fit the place where you work. When you are working for a concern, dont always be watching the clock. If you dont get into the habit of doing a little more than is expected of you, you will some day find that you have got into the habit of doing a great deal less. Try to make yourself indispensable to your employer and some day you will move up. Anyway, you wont move out. Write me more about your affairs, Mary.

M. A. P.—Thanks for the clipping. No, I am not an artist—that is, with the brush. The true artist creates men and women. He does not please the public, but he holds all the people who think. Yes, I saw Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latch-key," but I certainly did not care for the story. She is beautiful, nevertheless.

MASS. FAN.—Yes, I can eat meat, but only once a day. You see, you save the wear and tear on your system by being a vegetarian, because the average heart-beat of a vegetarian is fifty-eight times a minute, and that of a meat-eater is seventy-five. But you cannot deduct for depreciation when making out your income tax returns.

OMAR.—My humble thanks for your good wishes. Write me again.

L. J. B.—Just take a look at the ads.

PLAIN FAN.—Of course Corliss Palmer writes the beauty articles. She's clever, all right—she even makes her own face powder. That's right, but some women are a blessing; the others—keep you guessing! You say, if a fox is cunning, a woman in love is a thousand times more so. Hobart Bosworth, in "A Thousand to One."

JUST JACK.—No, there was no collection for Olive Thomas. She was buried in New York.

LITTLE NEW ZEALAND SPORT.—Glad to hear from you again. You sure do write a corking good letter. Well, the blooming age for a horsechestnut tree would be in-

(*Continued on page 97*)

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Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

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OLD MONEY WANTED—$2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1895. Keep All Old Money. Send 10c for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. You may have coins worth large premiums. Get Posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 99, LeRoy, N. Y.

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(*Continued on page 104*)

A Wise Fool

(*Continued from page 91*)

kept his hands off the man. He was no longer lord of life and death. "Where did she go?" he asked in a low voice.

"How the h—— should I know!" snarled the manager. "The airs of her! As tho she were the Queen of Sheba, and not so much for looks after all. She was getting old! They's plenty of young ones——"

Getting old. Yes, that was what happened to women's young, softly curving bodies, fresh lips. It was tragic. Life was very friendless. Always Jean Jacques Barbille had been sufficient to himself, but now he was lonely, with a cold, deadly loneliness that ate into the bone.

He found a room at a cheap boarding-house and a sunny window where he could hang Carmen's bird. Then he began his search anew. He hunted hospitals, agencies; he went into the dank, dread morgues and lifted the sheet from terrible, still things that some men had loved, perhaps, and fondled once on a time. He walked the streets, peered into cafés and even sought among the train of painted midnight women who passed along the streets like sorry shadows for a glimpse of a dark head and eyes with fires in them.

At the end of two months he was hopeless, defeated. He sat in his poor room and stared ahead into the days to come, seeing only this ache of loneliness that seeped into his soul like bilge water. What was the use of it? Why go on? He had lost even the reason for living——

In the sitting-room of his landlady Jean Jacques paused to say farewell. He had hardly spoken to her, but he longed intolerably for a friendly word, something warm and human to take with him. She was an old woman in a placid dress, with white at the throat and wrists, and she smiled at him pleasantly.

"Good-bye is an ugly word, my friend," she said. "I hate to say it. You might not believe it, but even landladies have hearts. And just now mine is very sad. The sick woman in the little room in my attic is worse. I think it will soon be good-bye for her also."

Jean Jacques' heart lifted strangely. It had been long, very long since he had thought of other people and their troubles apart from himself. It was good to feel this way, good to be sorry for someone. It was good to give——

But he had nothing to give—except his bird. He held it out to the old woman. "Perhaps it might cheer her to watch it," he said humbly. "I am sorry it never sings. Once it did, but not now."

"You are a good man," said the landlady. "There are few enough of them in the world, *mon brave*. Come, let us both take the bird to her. I think it might cheer her—she has some sorrow on her heart that is slowly crushing the life out of her. I know her sickness—I have been a woman sixty-four years."

In the mean little attic room a woman lay on the narrow bed, straight as tho she were stretched in her coffin. There was something awful about the rigidity of the sharp outline under the bedclothes, something unearthly in the persistent stare of the dark, hollow eyes.

"See, my dear," said the landlady, "this gentleman has brought you something." The woman turned her head slowly. Jean Jacques Barbille gave a great cry. "Carmen! My wife, oh, *my dear wife*——"

In the cage which the old woman was holding, the canary hopped upon its perch and began to sing.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 95)

fluenced a good deal by the condition of the soil, and the care the tree had. In poor soil the tree would blossom sooner than in very rich soil, because the rich soil would favor leaf growth at the expense of flower growth for reproduction. However, this is a long way from the subject.

THELMA, PEGGY, TERRY, LA VEEDA, BETTY CAROL BAILEY, NORFOLK, VA., MAURINE, BOBBY W., MURRAY HILL, FRENCHIE, IRENE, OH BY JINGO, GASTON GLASS ADMIRER, NATHLIE, JERSEY CITY, M. J. L., IMINLOV, GERALDINE FARRAR, L. M. Z., A LILLIAN GISH FAN, JAZZ AND JELLY BEANS, BOBBIE, MARY ANN, KISS ME DOLL, BERTHA H., DOROTHY DALTON FOREVER, THELMY-JANE, ALBERT R., EDITH C. S., FATHER ZEUS, DOLORES, JUST TWENTY, BLUE EYES, IRENE, JUST ME, IMA MYSTERY.—Sorry I cannot answer each of you. But better luck next time.

RACHEL V.—No, I do not wear pinch-back coats and belted overcoats. You say the coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. A player is only half himself—the other half is his expression.

DAVID F. H.—You must be a human dynamo, you say you write two scenarios a week. I see! What do you do with them after you write them? Something wrong somewhere, David.

MARIANA.—G. K. Chesterton says the artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. Yes, Hobart Bosworth is married to Mrs. Cecil Percival. Antonio Moreno went to the Honolulu islands for a vacation.

HELEN O.—Take no stock in it. In fact, dont buy any kind of stock just now.

DUESY.—You must learn to make use of your knowledge. Education is the means, not the end. Charles Ray, I believe, is coming to New York next December. He keeps postponing it. I wonder if he is afraid of New York. I have him framed right in front of my desk, and he smiles at me every day. He is playing in "Midnight Bell" now.

BYRON I. D.—You want to know the strongest man in pictures. All whom you mention are equally strong. Well, I am not absolutely sure of these figures, but every week within the borders of London approximately 4,000 children are born, 2,400 persons die and 2,600 begin wedded life. Anita Stewart has brown hair.

BETTY F., HELEN K., C. W. LATER, DOROTHY K., LEE W., PAN CAKE, JIMMY F., MINNIE LOOSEJOINTS, A. C. L. B., MRS. S., EDDIE POLO FAN, ANGELO POLO, DUESY, L. G., H. S., K. BROCK, J. B., T. H. H., T. D. M., MATTY K., JIM ZEFFINILE, ZEZIKLE, GREENUP, DOT AND DICK, ADELINE R., ELIZA JANE, J. J. O'B., BABY BLUE EYES, CATHERINE F., DOT T.—See above for your answers.

NAVY NURSE.—Of course your letters are always interesting to me. Sorry you didn't get your raise. Edna Goodrich and Evelyn Nesbit dont seem to be in the limelight just now. Write me again.

NEW READER.—Welcome! Plenty of room at the top. Scarcity of scenarios? I should say not. More plentiful than hen's teeth. But real good ones are rarer than fleas on a brass monkey. Constance Binney is not married. Casson Ferguson is twenty-nine. Harrison Ford has brown eyes and brown hair.

MAE C.—*Bien dit.* We want to know what you like and what you dislike about our magazines.

HERBERT RAWLINSON FAN.—Yes, John

(*Continued on page* 111)

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Along the Starry Way

(*Continued from page 57*)

here says ya cant wear bavin' suits wivout apruns on; so I'm just fixin' Daddy up so he'll pass the censors. Let's go eat!"

"Whupee, look out, we're a-comin'!" Little Mary Pickford Rupp and her mother, Lottie Pickford, came sailing in on the crest of a big wave. Their surf-board was the top of an old trunk washed up by the sea.

Lila Lee, her mother, "Little Sister" and "Little Brother" watched the sport and munched ice-cream cones.

A little farther on, Charles Ray in white flannels was tossing the medicine-ball. "Got to keep in trim," he explained as we passed. "A good boob has to be smart or the other boobs'll catch him in this business."

In direct contrast to all this was the scene in which were Edwin Stevens and Alfred Allen, veteran character actors and bosom friends, and Mrs. Stevens. She had just laid aside her knitting and joined in the discussion of one of the late novels. Mr. Allen, one of the actors in this peaceful scene, was the hell-snorting wild-west saloonkeeper, otherwise known as Hell Morgan in the picture, "Hell Morgan's Girl." Mr. Stevens plays equally villainous rôles, such as unscrupulous ward bosses, smuggler chieftains, Turks, *et al.*

Monty Banks and Jack Warner, with their company, are cutting their comedy capers before a large crowd. In the mass, as most interested spectators, watching the bathing queens, however, are several leaders of the ultra-conservative faction of the town. They have subscribed to and supported the following program adopted by the Board of Education to regulate women: "No paint or powder. No extreme hairdress or large, fancy combs. No immodest openwork or lace stockings. No fancy garters conspicuously worn. Only Cuban or low, straight heels, and a suitable dress with a modest neck-line of a modest length."

It might be said that the modern faction care little how many resolutions the conservatives adopt, just so they dont try to enforce them.

Monty Banks and "Little Hippo," baby elephant on the payroll of a local theater, are in competition for the attention of the kiddies and grown-ups. Hippo was taking his daily ocean bath, an event awaited with anticipation by beach visitors, while Monty was doing a hula with a skirt of kelp to carry out the effect.

"O-o-o-o, lookie!" shouted one of a crowd of embryo Charles Rays, Chaplins, Barrymores, Blacktons, Griffiths, *et al.*, pointing to a zipping line of foam trailing behind a racing launch. Hippo and Monty were forgotten in the excitement of the new thrill. It was Marie Prevost, one of Mack Sennett's sea comediennes, riding a surf-board yanked along at a forty-mile-an-hour clip by a seawasp, whose nose careened skyward, while its tail plowed the ocean into foam.

In the amusement section carefree and happy crowds surge daily. On Sunday the "Pike" (as the amusement zone is called) is a "den of iniquity" to the blue Sabbathites of the town, while the moderns regard it as a haven of recreation and relaxation. Movie cameras turn out their plots thruout the day in films requiring crowds and the amusement-seekers serve as enthusiastic extras. Many a girl and swain from the wilds of Yale Station, Kansas, or Griffin Junction, Iowa, whose ideas of moving-picture making have been gained from the sophisticated daughter of the local "Picture Palace," whose dad "knows all the movie actors and vampir-r-res," find themselves taking part in an animated scene before a real moving-picture camera, and with the crowd gleefully and perspiringly pursue the beach villain most of the afternoon, in anticipation of seeing themselves on the screen at home.

The Derby Racer, the Joy Wheel, Valley of the Moon and Dodg'em are some of the concessions. Mounted on "Bonnibest," Harry Pollard competes with Alf Golding, his director, and two pretty feminine members of their company on the Racing Derby and the captive airplanes. Harold Lloyd and Viola Dana, Dorothy Phillips and Tom Moore bet bags of peanuts and popcorn on the outcome of miniature auto races, in which monkeys are the drivers.

Passing on, we view one of the commercial features of the town. It is an ocean-wave motor, presided over by the town inventor, Alva L. Reynolds, for turning out electricity. He has been operating his motor for six years, until it has become a fixture of the town. The town council has arranged with him to mount on top of the pier a searchlight with power furnished by the waves, and every night it flashes up and down the beach to rout tardy spooners and romantic strollers, much to the displeasure of the younger set of the town and to the delight of the "conservatives."

Long Beach, despite its conservative element, is becoming a motion-picture city. Following the footsteps of the Balboa Company, Milburn Morante has established his studio here, and soon scenes of this beach will flash on the nation's screens as backgrounds for the devilish plots of home-brewed beach vampires, villains, sirens and heroes.

Despite her conservatism, her ancient quoit pitchers, her Middle Western leanings, her reformers (who banned licker decades ago and are now hot on the trail of the vile weed, the shimmie and modern undress), Long Beach has her moderns with their boat races (on Sunday!), yacht clubs, tennis fiends and movie studios. All these combined help to strike the happy medium, and with all her mixture of the ultra and sombre, Miss Long Beach is a most charming and engaging hostess, and we all love her!

LOVE'S FAREWELL
(*Apologies to Drayton*)
By
IVY KELLERMAN REED

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
And hold that pose, cling tenderly to me!
Be sure to register a broken heart:
The first reel ends with both of us set free.

Now tho of course we cancel all our vows,
You meet me in the second reel again;
Romantic sacrifice has marked our brows,
But youth's idyllic passion we retain.

The plot moves on without a pause for breath,
While in the villain's teeth are cast his lies;
The way he seeks to cause my tragic death
Will certainly make people wipe their eyes.

For final fade-out use our first pose over:
What this brings in will let us live in clover!

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This is an advertisement. Not a very long one, to be sure, but an advertisement.

It has a most unusual purpose — to advertise advertising. The message is this:

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They make good reading just from the news and educational standpoint alone.

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They help you to save.

They protect you from fraud.

Don't miss the advertisements.

They are guideposts to better buying.

Thru the Back Door

(*Continued from page* 50)

white rose, all besmattered by a world that rode by on silly ponies and talked of silly things. Billy-Boy was called the "young poet." His family joshed him for being "soft." He didn't worry about that. He knew that he wasn't soft. It was being soft to scoff and laugh and pass by the things of life his set passed by—the tender, precious things. One of them, he knew now, was a girl who worked so hard she had to wear rough gingham and torn shoes and be laughed at by him and his. He tethered his horse and told the others to drive on; he was going to stay. He did stay, and Jeanne, longing for understanding, told him about Conrad and Constant and how she had brought them from Belgium and how she tried to keep them hidden and feed them and keep them happy—and that she, Jeanne, was waiting, waiting for something magical and beautiful, but she couldn't tell him what.

Billy was impressed. Jeanne *talked* like he *thought*. He hadn't known any girl *could*. What did her dress matter? Huh! Dresses were *easy*. He told her he'd help her. His family owned the adjoining estate. They'd halve the care of Conrad and Constant. "A fellow," he said, with some superiority, "can give 'em some advice, too."

Jeanne agreed. She went back to the scullery and lo, the prismatic sun made it an enchanted spot and every little prism was a bright and boyish face that didn't laugh when a girl fell into a mud puddle, a girl in tattered gingham with ugly, gaping shoes.

That week Jeanne was promoted to assistant housemaid. She wore neat black and white and she felt that now the time was coming when she should reveal her identity. She still had the letter, of introduction so to speak, that Marie had given her. She might place it on her mother's dressing-table and let her mother make the first advance. She pictured it variously—her mother would come to her at night, when she was sleeping, in the narrow iron bed. She would draw her into her arms, white and scented, and hold her close, so close till all the lean and hungry years had fallen away and then she would bring her into her own room and they would lie close together all the night and in the morning—what a new world it would be——

She could comfort her mother, too. There had been all sorts of talk in the servants' hall. Mr. Reeves, it seemed, had been assiduous in his attentions to Miss Brewster for some time past. Gradually an open scandal was brewing. The young lady was there with her brother and apt, it seemed, to remain there indefinitely. It was the opinion in the lower circles that Mrs. Reeves was too quiet and sad-like. Mr. Reeves demanded more life, more sparkle. He was seeking it in Miss Brewster.

The day after her promotion to assistant housemaid Jeanne was relegated to Miss Brewster's room to assist her in preparing for the night. She was in the clothes-closet when Miss Brewster and her brother came in, arguing rather badly. Jeanne remained still. She didn't know why. It seemed to her an act outside her own volition. In the next ten minutes she had ascertained the amazing fact that the Brewsters were *not* brother and sister, but husband and wife, and that they were on the Reeves premises for the purpose of blackmailing the wealthy Elton. Brew-

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Choose your favorite color and order your tam *now*. Your dealer can supply you—or write direct to the factory, enclosing only $2.50—the price of the hat. We shall be glad to send your Priscilla Dean Tam immediately upon receipt of your order. We pay the postage.

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New York

ster was upbraiding his wife for the slowness of her procedure.

Jeanne remained the night in the clothes-closet. She dared not reveal herself, let them know that she had overheard. In the morning she went directly to her mother's boudoir, only to hear her mother tell Reeves that she was leaving him. Jeanne burst in upon them. She felt strangled by the import of what she had to say. Suppose—suppose it were she would give her mother back her happiness? She blurted it out, what she had heard, her night in the clothes-press, everything. Reeves laughed contemptuously and made to shut the girl up. But her mother interfered. "I believe her," she said; "let her continue."

Reeves heard her out, then turned on his heel. "Kitchen gaff," he pronounced.

When he had gone, Jeanne showed her mother the letter Marie had given her, and her baby trinkets and told her all about what Marie had done because she was angry and, most of all, she told her what she had been thinking all these years about mothers and how she had come across the seas, confident and happy, because she knew what was to greet her at the journey's end.

When Hortense Reeves fingered the golden hair and looked deep into the soft, brown eyes and held in her hand the battered little blue shoe her own fingers had last tied on, something tight and cold and terrible seemed to break within her. She was what Jeanne had thought about, like some white statue shattering to bits of broken rose. She held Jeanne to her breast and it seemed as tho she could never hold her close enough, or know her dear enough. "Ever since she told me you were dead," she whispered, "I have been dead, too—so strange and dead inside. Baby-girl; so cold, oh, darling"—and then she couldn't say anything, but the words baby and darling and my little one, my sweet—and Jeanne didn't want her ever to stop.

After a great while her mother said to her, "We'll go to town together. We'll live alone. Just you and I. I'm going to make it up to you, precious. You shall see."

Jeanne wore a wrap of her mother's about her and they left swiftly. "We shall live alone," her mother said, "and find happiness together. When I think of what I have given up for what I have—Jeanne, if I can teach you *valuation*——"

In the garage they found that the housekeeper had discovered the greedy presence of Conrad and Constant, and was in the very act of venomously ejecting the small pair. Jeanne fell on her knees and gathered them to her. She buried their scared little faces on her breast. In the background Billy-Boy stole in upon the scene, bearing, furtively, his daily offering of cake and fruit. Jeanne told her mother the story she had told Billy-Boy, and also the additional facts of Billy. All the time she was talking, Billy was looking at her. His eyes were twin dreams. The mother looked at both of them. Something between smiles and tears touched her. She turned to the housekeeper. "These lads are protégés of my daughter's," she said, "and will go to town with us." The car swept out of the garage, leaving the housekeeper flattened against the wall, and Billy smiling happily after it. Now Jeanne would come out of the kitchen. Now the world would see her as he had seen her, Cinderella awaiting the fairy godmother.

Jeanne had a luxurious day. There were dainty frocks and dainty hats and capes and cloaks and lingerie. There seemed nothing left on earth to buy when her mother had done. Then they went to the

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SIR JAMES BARRIE

By

FRANK HARRIS

This fascinating article on the noted author is one of the reasons why all readers will enjoy the July number of this magazine. It is one of a new series of contemporary portraits by the well-known writer.

Sinclair Lewis wrote "Main Street." Since then everybody has been writing about Sinclair Lewis. **Frederick James Smith,** interviewing the celebrity, discovered the clarity and strength of his views on various conditions in America and presents them in a story of unusual merit for the July SHADOWLAND.

HERMAN ROSSE

By

OLIVER M. SAYLER

is an article on the personality and career of this artist and scenic designer who has just come into the limelight.

Also exquisite color plates in

——The July Issue of——

SHADOWLAND

ves town apartment, and there they nd awaiting them Elton Reeves. For first time, Jeanne liked his face. It, e her mother's, seemed broken up, but ru the pieces shone something finer than ad been there ever on earth before.

"My dear," he said to her mother, "the tle girl was quite right. The—ah—Marret Brewster is what she is accused of ing. I have been a fool. I make no exuses. I have been lonely and I have ought a fool's consolation."

Jeanne's mother was silent. "I have been lonely, too," she said, "but I am not so any longer. This is my own little girl, Elton."

Reeves turned to Jeanne and his eyes grew wet with tears.

"Please dont," Jeanne said.

"I have so much to be forgiven," Reeves told her, "more than you can find in your heart, my child, I know."

Jeanne shook her head. "I find more in my heart than you'd *think*," she said. "I think you loved my mother very much. You didn't want me to take some of it from you. *I* know how that would feel."

"I still love her," the man said, gravely, "but I have always used wrong ways of proving it, of treating it. Lately—the last years—there has been something terrible between us——"

"My baby," his wife said, "dead—you see—but that is over now. I *am* sorry for you, Elton, because I am so happy."

"Then forgive me for everything," the man said, "and try to love me a little——"

"I have never stopped loving you, dear," his wife said. "You see, that's been the trouble with me all along. Inside, I never do stop loving the thing I have once loved —Jeanne, sweetheart, go dress all up and we'll go out to dinner——"

Jeanne dressed and topped it off with three of Elton's high hats. "Mother," she called into the next room, wherein had been reigning a velvet silence, "mother—may Billy come, too?"

The next day they all went out to the country and Billy came over and they walked, and on the walk Jeanne told him of the wonderful thing and how it had come true, and of what they were going to do for Conrad and Constant, and how life was like a fairy tale after all——

"Do you think," said Billy, "that we'll *all* live happily ever after——?"

Jeanne looked at him. He looked at Jeanne. She sat down on a bench and, leaning against a tree, he looked down on her.

"I dont think," she said, "I could be happy if it wasn't *'all'*."

And in her happiness Jeanne stopped to remember the days—when she had dreamed of this, her Great day—when she was wearing the black and white uniform of a maid—a uniform, however, which had never seemed to matter very much with Billy-Boy.

CAPTIONS

By Thomas J. Murray

I like the captions on the screen,
Conceived by clever writing men;
This one conveys enjoyment keen—
AND THEN.

No reel can well be termed complete,
If friends like these they dare to slight;
Think how we'd miss this lyric treat—
THAT NIGHT.

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, and for the benefit of their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

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LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

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125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 69)

path. It is an irate schoolmaster who saw only his head in the clouds and christened him "Sentimental Tommy," a name which he never outgrew.

But in the end of the story, T. Sands—for that is the name under which Tommy writes—the man part of T. Sands loves finely, deeply, all the more so because the writer is within him and because the writer loves, too—has always loved perhaps.

The atmosphere of the misty village where the days glide into one another, where the soft sunlight dances on the housetops and where the Painted Lady lives at the end of the town with her daughter, Grizel, is perfect. It is all just as Barrie has painted it.

And Gareth Hughes *is* Tommy—no more can be said for him. He is Tommy bucked up over something he has done; the man Tommy well pleased with himself; then he is the dreaming Tommy to whom make-believe is so vivid that it is almost real, and he is the perplexed Tommy who is wondering which he is at that particular moment—which Tommy he is, so to speak.

We like Mabel Taliaferro's Painted Lady, too—you feel so sorry for her, with her brain that is not quite well—and in your pity you love her.

May McAvoy plays Grizel, and in this, one of her first important rôles, she has created something which will always reflect credit upon her. Miss McAvoy is beautiful, but more, her work denotes a deep knowledge of life, exceptional in anyone so young.

You will enjoy "Sentimental Tommy" while he dreams on the screen, but you will enjoy him even more in retrospect.

MAN-WOMAN-MARRIAGE—FIRST NATIONAL

Allen Holubar's "Man-Woman-Marriage" is one flash-back to times prehistoric and times medieval after another. And we are one of the few who have not read H. G. Wells' "History of the World," so we hesitate to criticise the authenticity of those other times. However, we do know that these flash-backs have cost thousands of dollars, for some of the scenes are stupendous and they show all of the six thousand people the advertising matter has talked about—and we do know, too, that they have nothing whatever to do with the story, and that they are ruinous to the continuity.

The story in the main is simple, telling of a sincere young woman who marries a struggling lawyer, only to have him sacrifice his ideals for the god Mammon; to eventually suffer defeat and finally return to the better things of life.

Naturally the story in itself would have caused no comment—it would not have been heralded as a super-feature or whatever they call motion pictures which have consumed whole fortunes in their making. Nevertheless, we would have believed as much in Mr. Holubar.

In fairness, we wish to say that the scenes of other ages and those depicting lavish orgies in modern palaces were in many instances very beautiful and efficiently handled—often spontaneous with what we have come to believe the spirit of their time. But undoubtedly they would be more appreciated if they did not postpone the fate of the girl Victoria and her very human husband.

Dorothy Phillips, who, incidentally, is Mrs. Allen Holubar, has been entrusted with the leading rôle, and in it she is ver attractive. There is a soft shading to he work as well as an understanding. Jame Kirkwood is able as the husband.

WHAT'S YOUR REPUTATION WORTH— VITAGRAPH

"What's Your Reputation Worth?" an average screen story, which would nev er have been produced if there was not a scarcity of good story material, telling about a stenographer who has fallen in love with her employer and who, therefore, accepts his offer to act as co-respondent in his divorce case when he realizes his wife would be happier with her freedom. So employer and stenographer spend a few winter weeks at his farm, occupying different wings of the house, of course. They go sleighing and skiing together, and when you learn that the stenographer is Corinne Griffith you realize that no man could resist her, so you discover that Percy Marmont as the employer finds that life still holds interests very worthy.

Webster Campbell has directed this picture with a sure touch. He has a dramatic as well as a story sense.

As for Miss Griffith—she is, in our opinion, the chief and only reason for the production. Her ravishing wraps and gowns are not just the models that stenographers achieve, but perhaps she had some legacy which the story does not mention that went into a wardrobe. At any rate, when anyone looks as she does in costly clothes there should be some means arranged whereby one may secure them.

THE PASSION FLOWER—FIRST NATIONAL

It has been some months since Norma Talmadge's followers have seen her in a new production, but her characterization of Acacia, the title rôle of the screen version of Jacinto Benavente's play, "The Passion Flower," which Herbert Brenon directed, is well worth waiting for.

Miss Talmadge portrays Acacia from her early girlhood, when she rebels at her mother's marriage to Esteban. Her desire to leave her stepfather's house causes her to accept Norbert as her fiance. Then, when he apparently jilts her, she becomes betrothed to Faustino. Slowly a suspicion of her stepfather grows in her mind, but she does not speak, even when her name is bandied about on common lips because of a song his servant wrote and sang of her in sodden moments.

Acacia suffers actions and reactions for Esteban and does not understand herself until an old servant forces her to see the light. To go further into plot detail would be to spoil the suspense and the story itself for those who have not seen the play. Suffice it to say that the final revelation is skilfully handled.

Norma Talmadge makes Acacia colorful. There is a great love intermingled with a deep hate. She does not mince or pose in close-ups. Close-ups are used only when necessary, and not to display her as the beautiful star—rather, to reflect conflicting emotions.

Courtenay Foote is Esteban and Eulalie Jensen, Raimunda, mother of Acacia and wife of Esteban. Both are well cast, as is Harrison Ford as Norbert.

LYING LIPS—THOMAS H. INCE

Some pictures give the impression that they have been ground out of some per-

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Also scenes from the picture of Rudyard Kipling's story, "Without Benefit of Clergy."

THE JULY NUMBER
—of—
Motion Picture CLASSIC

fectly good studio—there's nothing wrong with them in any flagrant sense, neither is there anything to recommend them. Such a production is "Lying Lips," which is the latest offering from Inceville.

The story is melodrama, and while it contains two or three thrills and some suspense, it is not rich in those artistic touches which make a mediocre story good to look upon. The title-sheet tells us that it was personally supervised by Thomas H. Ince, and apparently Mr. Ince did little supervising, while the director probably felt that any credit would revert to Mr. Ince, and conserved his ideas for another time.

Again we are told that English mothers expect their beautiful daughters to marry a human check-book. Nancy Abbott's mother did, and Nancy saw no reason why she should do otherwise, until she met Blair Cornwall in the Canadian woods—then she knew people—some people—occasionally married for other reasons. But she knew that she couldn't—that even in the face of her love, money mattered most. And so she wanders thru thrilling shipwrecks, excursions and even a good part of her wedding, endeavoring to decide which man she had better accept.

Personally, we have no aversion to melodrama now and then—nor do we mind shipwrecks very much, but then, producers have developed *such* a fondness for shipwrecks lately.

Florence Vidor is Nancy Abbott, and we repeat what we said of her in "Beau Revel." She is attractive in appearance, but more than that, her personality is not easily forgotten. House Peters, popular for these many years, plays the Canadian and is likable, while Joseph Kilgour characterizes the wealthy William Chase.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—FOX

The mystery of tropical nights, the sky a black canopy hung low, with myriads of silver stars; royal palm trees bending in the breeze as they keep the lonely vigil of the lovers' hour——

Women, fair to behold, jeweled with precious gems and bathed in rare and costly perfumes——

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And the Queen of Sheba, fairest of all women——

And King Solomon, wisest of all men.

J. Gordon Edwards has captured the all of it—and more, he has passed it on to his public in the new Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba."

Undoubtedly a fortune, many fortunes, have been expended in the making of this production, but it has all been for some purpose. It has given the cinema Court of Solomon a glory commensurate with that which has been sung of it down thru the ages.

The scenes are among the most sumptuous ever filmed, while the chariot races, staged for the entertainment of the Queen of Sheba during her visit to Solomon's land, are all that they have been said to be.

Frankly, we went to "The Queen of Sheba" with misgivings. So many productions which have been announced with the fanfare of trumpets have fallen short. So many colorful stories of other lands and other times have failed because of a piece of scenery somewhere in the background which swayed in the breeze or some other lack of attention to detail. But our fears were groundless.

And we wish to give due credit to Virginia Tracy, who prepared the screen

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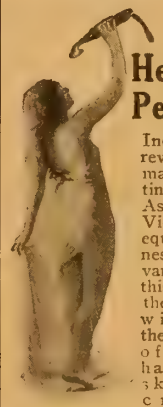

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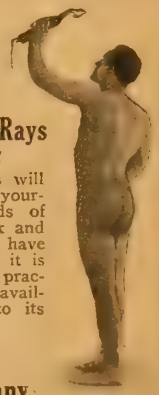

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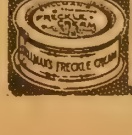

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adaptation. The story is at no time secondary to the lavish presentation. It is the gem perfectly set.

Betty Blythe, well-famed for her beauty, and Fritz Leiber, renowned for his royal impersonations, are cast as the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon in this tale of romance on a throne, wherein they sacrifice their mutual love on the altar of their kingdoms.

Both are splendid, with Mr. Leiber fulfilling every promise which has been made of him in kingly rôles. As for Miss Blythe, we doubt if there is another who could essay this characterization more perfectly. Always she is the beautiful Queen. At no time does she suggest the star playing a daring rôle.

Historians might find much to criticize in this production—there may be discrepancies, there may be multiple flaws, but certainly they are not obtruding.

As a spectacle, it is undoubtedly an achievement.

THE OATH—FIRST NATIONAL

An introductory title in "The Oath" explains that in producing this picture R. A. Walsh has made no attempt to solve a problem—rather that he desires to present one. And it goes further, to say that the problem deals with intermarriage between people of different faiths.

Undoubtedly this phase is touched upon, but not centrally. It is far more a side issue. Whether or not an oath should be binding, even when human life hangs in the balance, or whether or not secret marriages are wise in so far as they are pregnant of happiness, either of these is far more to the point.

The story deals with Israel Hart, a wealthy Hebrew, and his daughter, Minna, who loves Hugh Colman, a Gentile. Because of her father's deeply-rooted objections to intermarriage, Minna and Hugh are secretly married, only to find that happiness does not find its birth in secrecy. Without cause, Minna is tormented by a thousand suspicions concerning everything Hugh does—and, strangely enough, she pins, many of these on her best friend, Irene Lansing. Distrust grows until, finally, after a series of dramatic incidents, she forces Hugh to take an oath, which would have cost him his life but for a noble perjury on the part of Irene.

Many will undoubtedly declare that the actions and reactions, suspicions and distrust of the wife are overdone—unreal—yet we think them true to feminine psychology under the given circumstances. Undoubtedly the husband who is the victim of this psychology is to be pitied. Always he is misunderstood and censored. But at the same time a pity for the girl-wife, torn between tradition and a great love, is not amiss.

And a word of praise for the titles. They number among the finest we have ever seen flashed on the screen.

The cast is excellent. Miriam Cooper gives Minna Hart a real personality, complex and at times human enough to be difficult, while Anna Q. Nilsson is capable as usual in the rôle of Irene Lansing. Conway Tearle is seen as the distraught husband, Hugh Colman, while Robert Fisher typifies Israel Hart.

One thing, however: We wish R. A. Walsh wouldn't insist upon every character turning frantically about, their backs leaning against a table, whenever they felt any intense emotion.

"The Oath" is worth seeing and above the average. It deals with subjects upon which there will eternally be "pros and cons," and Mr. Walsh has kept a clear perspective.

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(*Continued from page 96*)

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

ALL SOULS' EVE—MD-5.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.

ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Julienne Scott—Paramount.

BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.

BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

BLACK BEAUTY—D-7.
Jean Paige—Vitagraph.

BLACKMAIL—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

BLACK PANTHER'S CUB, THE—D-8.
Florence Reed—Zeigfeld Films.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BODY AND SOUL—D-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.

BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

BRANDING IRON, THE—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.

BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Farce—7.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.

BROADWAY AND HOME—D-7.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS—D-9.
Leatrice Joy—Goldwyn.

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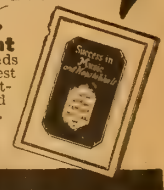

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Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

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All-Star—Goldwyn.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH—D-8.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

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DINTY—MD-8.
Wesley Barry—First National.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.

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Pauline Frederick—Robertson-Cole.

MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

MY LADY'S LATCHKEY—D-5.
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Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

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Mary Pickford—United Artists.

TESTING BLOCK, THE—MD-6.
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount.

TEXAN, THE—MD-7.
Tom Mix—Fox.

THE NUT—C-6.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

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Constance Binney—Realart.

TIGER'S CUB—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.

TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN—D-9.
Claire Windsor—Lois Weber Prod.

TOO WISE WIVES—D-8.
Lois Weber Prod—Paramount.

TWIN BEDS—F-6.
Carter De Havens—First National.

WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

WITHOUT LIMIT—MD-7.
George Baker Pro.—Metro.

WHAT WOMEN WILL DO—MD-5.
Anna Q. Nilsson—Pathé.

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BRANDING IRON, THE—MD-10.
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DAUGHTER PAYS, THE—D-8.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

DEVIL, THE—D-8.
George Arliss.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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LOVE'S REDEMPTION

With Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, supported by Edwin Markham, the great poet, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, Dorian Romero, the Cuban actor, Octavia Handworth, favorite screen star of a few years ago, and thirty other players, in a

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Look them over and see if you think the judges acted wisely in selecting Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray as the best.

Ramon, the Sailmaker

A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Rôle and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

This play abounds in pretty scenes, interesting situations and clever acting.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eilene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

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The Bachelor Hero

(Continued from page 23)

he nearly starved to death for a time, and that it probably had done him a world of good, but that he had no desire to nearly starve again. Had he remained in Colorado and finished his course at the University he would have been a physician like most of the other members of his family. However, he does not regret his choice, and he says that he is always happiest when he is among creative people, whether they be actors, painters, writers or sculptors——

But, when it comes to marrying, while he might prefer someone creative, he would not care to marry anyone of his own profession.

"That I think unwise," he said. "Oh, I know it is said to make for companionship, and there is, of course, nothing finer, but, on the other hand, it would make the little difficulties which are sure to arise in the mutual sharing of two lives even more difficult than they would otherwise be."

And he went on further to say that he does not laugh at the marriages wherein the two principal parties maintain separate establishments.

"That is carrying things to an unpleasant extreme," he admitted. "I do think, tho, that it is best to cherish illusions, and too great an intimacy is always destructive. Some people in their desire to protect the thing carry their precautions too far. However," he added, carefully straightening a rug with the heel of his boot, "however, I cant imagine wishing to see anyone before you have had your coffee."

Then we gave up all effort to make him take life seriously. He finds it difficult to maintain a serious vein for very long at a time.

Before we left he walked with us to the balcony. On the other side of the park the great skyline of Fifth Avenue with the east side of the city behind it, was growing indistinct in the dusk.

"It's the first thing I admire in the morning—that park," he said, "and the last thing at night. I wish you might see it at twilight. It broadens out seemingly—in the dark—and hosts of lights wink from the buildings over there. Behold then—my suburbs."

Undoubtedly he is living according to the theory of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think it was, who so wisely said "Life is a great bundle of little things."

It is because of his great realization of life that he has shadowed its greatest emotion so well upon the screen.

And he would, if I mistake not, part with those things he has acquired, which the world calls great, far sooner than he would part with the other things—the little things—his view, the friendly pigeons sharing his breakfast—his old pieces of furniture—the little things which compositely have come to make his life so infinitely worth while.

SAFE

By Robert D. Little

I've got to leave the speaking stage
  This very week;
Directors say it takes an age
  For me to speak;
And so I guess I'll try a spell
  Of silent drammer,
And then the people cannot tell
  How much I stammer.

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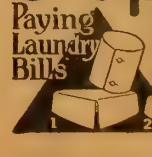

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The picturization of Love, Mystery and Inspiration.

The possession of the sixth sense may account for the fact that the girl artist paints her lover—not as others see him, a brutal caveman type—but with "a light that never was on land or sea" in his face.

You will see him and hate him and love him in

"Ramon, the Sailmaker"

The story of a society woman and a mysterious man. And you will applaud the girl who can see what the world cannot see, and who wins in spite of all obstacles.

You look at the monstrous form and hard face of the man and wonder, but hardly dare, to hope that beneath the rough exterior there is the real man, cultured, kind, worthy of the girl's enduring love.

See the girl who possesses the "eyes of the soul" in

"Ramon, the Sailmaker"

A Clark Cornelius Release

117 West 46th Street
New York City

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page* 108)

Devil's Garden, The—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.

Devil's Passkey, The—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Production—Universal.

Dinty—MD-7.
Wesley Barry—First National.

Flying Pat—CD-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

Forbidden Fruit—SD-9.
Agnes Ayres—Cecil B. de Mille Prod.

Forbidden Woman, The—D-10.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.

Furnace, The—SD-9.
Agnes Ayres—Paramount.

45 Minutes from Broadway—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National.

Gilded Lily, The—D-8.
Mae Murray—Famous Players.

Girl With a Jazz Heart, The—CD-8.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.

Good References—CD-7
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Heliotrope—D-11.
All-Star—Paramount.

Hush—D-9.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

Jack Knife Man, The—D-12.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.

Kid, The—CD-5.
Charles Chaplin-Jackie Coogan—
First National.

Kismet—D-11.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.

Ladder of Lies—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Last of the Mohicans—D-7.
All Star—Tourneur Prod.

Life of the Party—C-6.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.

Little Miss Rebellion—C-10.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

Love Expert, The—CD-10.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Love Madness—MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.

Love Light, The—D-6.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

Madam X—MD-10.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

Man Who Lost Himself, The—D-8.
William Faversham—Selznick.

Mark of Zorro, The—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

Midchannel—D-7.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.

Midsummer Madness—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.

Mollycoddle, The—10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

Nineteen and Phyllis—C-7.
Charles Ray—First National.

Oh, Lady, Lady!—C-7.
Bebe Daniels—Realart.

Old Dad—D-5.
Mildred Harris—First National.

Once to Every Woman—D-7.
Dorothy Phillips—Universal.

Off-Shore Pirate, The—CD-8.
Viola Dana—Metro.

Officer 666—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

Passion—TD-12.
Pola Negri—First National.

Paying the Piper—D-6.
Dorothy Dickson—Lasky.

Perfect Crime, The—CD-9.
Monte Blue-Allan Dwan—
Associated Producers.

Plunger, The—D-5.
George Walsh—Fox.

Prince Chap, The—D-9.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

Rookies' Return, The—F-8.
Douglas McLean—Famous Players.

Ruth of the Rockies—MD-10.
Ruth Roland—Pathé Serial.

Round-Up, The—CD-5.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.

Romantic Adventuress, A—SD-5.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

Something to Think About—D-11.
Swanson and Dexter—Paramount.

Suds—CD-8.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

Suitor, The—F-5.
Larry Semon—Vitagraph.

Thief, The—MD-4.
Pearl White—Fox.

39 East—D-10.
Constance Binney—Realart.

Twin Beds—CD-5.
Carter de Havens—First National.

Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—Paramount.

'Way Down East—D-11.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

What Happened to Rosa—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

Woman Game, The—SD-6.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

Woman in His House, The—D-10.
Mildred Harris—First National.

Yellow Typhoon, The—MD-10.
Anita Stewart—First National.

Yes or No—D-10.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

MOVIE LAND

By Florence C. White

A weary week of ceaseless toil is mine,
There are no pleasant pastures by the way;
But always just ahead is Saturday,
And on that night Aladdin's lamp to shine.

From eight o'clock for three, long, perfect hours,
I live enchanted in a land of dreams;
Life has no roughened edges, cracks or seams,
These lie deephidden under beds of flowers.

O, Movie Land, until my eyesight dims,
And on Life's screen is softly flashed 'The End,'
I'll find my greatest profit, pleasure, friend,
In rapturous enjoyment of the films.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 97*)

Holliday was Jim in "The Love Expert." Irene Boyle, in "The Deadline." I dont know why, but I was cut down to three columns and a half last month, so naturally I cannot answer all the letters I receive. Cheer up, but dont give up.

UKOLAXON.—Well, it is not necessary for a girl to pose in order to become a model woman. We had an interview with Lillian Gish in the April-May, 1920 issue. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. Yes, Blanche McGarity has her own company, called "Blanche McGarity Productions."

PH.G.—Thanks for the wonderful letter. I wish I could shake your hand.

CONNECTICUT.—Well! You say I know the art of stringing the girls. Really! I didn't know it. Yes, I live alone—my nest is loveless. Many of our great men (including myself) lived alone, or were addicted to seclusion, including Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau. Alone, but not lonesome. Not the least bit bored with yours.

COMELY AND HOMELY, FLATBUSH VAMP, BABE, KIT CARSON, BOB H., T. BEE HONEY, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, WALLY, FRANK F., HILDRED, MONTE BLUE FOREVER, A STATEN ISLANDER, LOUISE ZIEGNER, BELL P., M. P., BUDDIE WOOD, MISS TAKEN, H. M. S., JUST WE, B. Z., HAPPY HOME, IRENE, BEATRICE COLLIER, OUIJA, WINONA, IMA PEACH, FLORABELLE, S. W., CURLS, CORINNE SHARP, LADY BIRD, CHARLOTTE R., DENVER TILLIE, BILLIE BUMPUS, NORMA TALMADGE FAN, MA PETITE FLEUR, BROWN EYES, KENTUCKY BELLE, CHATTERBOX, LORETTA L., PUZZLE E., P. D. O., W-NO, THE BIG TWO, NAZIMOVA FAN, GEORGE E. G., PEGGY, FLORENCE.—Glad to hear from you again.

VIRGINIA FAIRE.—Address Blanche McGarity at Box 37, San Antonio, Texas.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—I fear that you are criticizing something that you know little about. But, since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise. Yes, that was Mary Pickford's niece. Mary Rupp, in "The Nut."

BESSIE M.—Thanks for sending me the souvenir book of Pike's Peak. You never forget me, do you?

MILDRED T.—The Raisin Jack Rhapsody verse you refer to is as follows:

'Twas a winter day in summer,
The rain was dry, alas!
The barefoot boy with his shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir.
While the sexton rang the dishrag,
Someone set the church on fire.

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a trolley-car in sight;
The skipper called a taxicab,
And rode all day that night.

PH. F., Buffalo.—Yes, "Bluebeard" was produced by Artcraft many years ago. I hardly think it is still being shown.

Here is a fair sample of the sort of letter the Answer Man receives. He tells us that life would not be worth living if he couldn't read a few hundred such every day.—

DEAR ANSWER MAN:—

Do you believe in reincarnation? I do. At least I think I do. At present I dont know a thing about it. That's not exactly true either, for I do know that it means a soul being born again in another body, and Webster confidentially assures me that it [illegible] embodiment, specif. in certain ancient and oriental religions or beliefs a rebirth of the soul in another body."

Reincarnation *is* interesting, dont you think so, old top? Just think, Answer Man, perhaps you were Dickens, or you may have even raised him. Who do you think you were. Please, please dont tell me that you were Lancelot. I'll stand for Galahad or even King Arthur, but if you, you long whiskered, buttermilk-imbibing, hallroom lizard, if you tell me you were Lancelot when *I* was Guinevere, you shall die a horrible death. I will smother you with your own whiskers. There!

What do you think of my name at the bottom? That's my motto. No matter what I'm after, and no matter what obstacles are in my way, I grit my teeth and say, "I'll get 'em yet," and I do.

But now for the question part of my letter. I have a most important question to ask thee, oh most wise one. It is a question of the deepest international importance. Until I receive thy answer, oh great wizard, I shall have neither rest nor peace. I shall be in torture. Oh no, 'taint is Eugene O'Brien married? I know he isn't, and I wouldn't care if he had a harem, the pie-faced simpleton. I want to know, I want to know, how to say SESSUE HAYAKAWA? There, I know how to spell it anyway.

And next for Emory Johnson, dont you like him? What's his next picture after "Polly of the Storm Country," how tall is he and what color eyes has he?

And then, Harrison Ford. Who was Beatrice Prentice, his ex-storm and strife? I just cant imagine anybody not getting along with him. He'd just have to put me inside of that library that the Lasky P. A. is using for such good publicity purposes, and then he could do what he darn pleased. I wouldn't know he existed. We'd get along all right. Especially if I didn't see him all day. Oh yes, to get back to Beatrice Prentice. Who got the divorce and when was it granted. Whee! he must be wild and woolly. Twenty-five and already divorced. Positively shocking, dont you think, old dear?

I heard a good joke today. Only it wasn't a joke. It was true. A minister announced to his congregation that there was a man among them who was not true to his wife and religion, and if that man would put a ten dollar bill in the plate he would accept it as a sign of repentance and say nothing more about the matter. If the man did not comply, he would announce his name before the entire church. When the plate was brought up, it contained eighty-five ten dollar bills and five notes asking him "Not to tell, for God's sake." A good egg, eh what, old top? Now, what would you have done had you been present with only $9.95 in your pocket.

Am I not good to thee to type my letter to thee, oh great One?

Farewell,

With many deep salaams to thee, Oh Answerer of the Faithful,

I am ever thy obedient Soivant, (Oh, yes)

"I'LL GET 'EM YET."
3836 Boulevard,
West Hoboken, N. J.

WALLY REID.—At the time you mention, the freedom of New York City was presented in a gold snuff box to the Mayor. All the freedom that New York has enjoyed for years might be given away in a box of the very smallest description. Yes, Bessie Love is to publish a boo[illegible] called

Wonderful Opportunities for Men and Women

Become His Private Secretary

Be a big man's right hand. Rich rewards in it. Important work. Big pay. "Inside track" for promotion to high executive positions paying $50 to $100 a week. Opportunities, too, for investments, and frequently for travel. Big demand for the competent private secretary. Openings everywhere for the man or woman of exceptional ability in shorthand and typewriting.

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Qualify for a high salaried private secretaryship. Train by mail in the Tulloss "New Way" in Stenography—or Typewriting alone. If you are already a stenographer, you nevertheless need "New Way" training in typewriting—for no matter how good you are in shorthand you can never expect the high salaried position until you get speed—real speed—and accuracy on the typewriter. Typewriting the Tulloss "New Way" you can **write 80 to 100 words a minute!** The most remarkable method for speed, accuracy and ease of operation. Quickly acquired in 10 easy lessons.

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How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

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Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. **If you, or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back** and we will return your deposit. But, if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

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FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

"Bessie Love's Good Night Stories." Send along the strawberries, please. I like them much.

MILDRED C.—But, Mildred, the man who is really great rules by love, truth, and the powers of a noble example, powerful in his gentleness and gentle in the exhibition of his power. He goes forth to meet the human world as Summer comes to the waiting earth. Just like me. I dont know about how Bebe Daniels got into pictures, but I'll try to find out.

FLORI.—You must sign your full name somewhere on your letter.

DARLING OLIE.—Words, words, words. Your letter is all words. You fail to say anything. Why not get a point and stick to it and on it. Concentrate your army on one point and endeavor to break thru. Clarine Seymour played in "Scarlet Days." You are still waiting for Ann Luther to send you her picture. Ann, Ann———. You say you have my picture framed in a white ivory frame on your library table. After reading that I'll take back what I said above, for you show excellent judgment and taste. Write me again.

POLLY TIES.—How can I describe romance? It's too big for me. Yes, we keep a "morgue" containing all the facts and news we can get about the players. Every up-to-date newspaper keeps up one concerning prominent citizens. You say you have just found Harold Goodwin and you worship him. I wont tell a soul.

DEVIL'S EYES.—Thanx for the sox. They will come in very handy. Let me here thank all of my many friends who so kindly remembered me during the holiday season. I only wish that I could thank them all in person. No, Viola Dana was not married to Lieut. Locklear. Yes, Lon Chaney in "Outside the Law." Call again. I remember one year we beat you at football.

HENRY A. W.—Guess I answered you above. Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives."

A CHINA READER.—Yung Lung! Greetings from the other side of the big ball. I thank you for calling this department the university of knowledge. Beatrice Michelena and Frederick Lewis in "The Lily of Poverty Flat." Hobart Bosworth and Bessie Eyton in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

AMO, Winnipeg.—You say with a pretty face and the freshness of twenty, a woman, however shallow she may be, makes many conquests, but does not retain them; with cleverness, thirty years, and a little beauty, a woman makes fewer conquests but more durable ones. No, child, you have the wrong idea. And besides, that only happens in pictures. We had an interview with Kenneth Harlan in December, 1919, MAGAZINE.

TUFFOLD KNUTT.—Shake, old boy. Yours was fine. I think, I know just what disease you are suffering from most, and probably it is the only one. In the long list of diseases that flesh is heir to, they omit the most prevalent of all, and the one that is easiest cured—worry, and that is the one you must watch for. Wyndham Standing is playing opposite Marion Davies in her next picture.

HELEN BLAZES.—Have no fear, the only dope I take is in the form of lettuce. The slight amount of opium therein contained, has little or no effect upon my mental equilibrium. However, I shall take your advice and stick to buttermilk.

BLOSSOM.—Thanks for your picture. Blanche Sweet in "Her Unwilling Husband." Didn't know there were any.

MRS. G. A. R.—You say you need sympathy also, because it is your sixth anniversary, and your husband spent the day without even remembering. Maybe he remembered it and didn't want to talk about it. Louise Fazenda left the Mack Sennett company to be featured in two-reel comedies. It is understood she took Teddy the dog with her.

HARALDO.—No, David Warfield has not played in a complete picture, but he portrayed Benjamin Franklin in a movie depicting the signing of the Declaration of Independence. You can reach Norma Talmadge, 318 E. 48th St., New York City.

GYPSY.—Glad to hear from you—write me again.

INDIANA.—That's always the case. Young folks tell what they do, old folks what they have done, fools what they intend to do. That's *autre chose*. You can reach Eliott Dexter, Los Angeles, Cal. Glad you liked the interview.

G. W. S.—I like to read your ramblings. You are so quaint. Did you see the "Tavern?" That's what I'd like to know—why folks are so curious to know about my personal habits?

BOBBY H.—Heap much thanks for the tiny bottle of perfume. It is a dainty, delicious odor. You just bet I like perfume. Did you know that the center of world's perfume industry is the town of Grasse, in the French Riviera. Practically every one in the locality is engaged in this picturesque vocation—cultivating the flowers, gathering the blossoms, or extracting the oil from which the scent is made. No, Rod La-Rocque is not married, so Charles Reed Jones, his right bower, tells us.

ANTONIDO.—You say that some of our New York girls dress as tho they are firm believers in the saying that figures cant lie. Some of them ought to, tho. You're right, Ruth Roland did stop at the Biltmore. I met her there myself. Jackie Coogan also stopped there. One night he donned his "Kid's" uniform and lead the orchestra for the dance.

A BERMUDA ONION.—Sorry I didn't see you while in Bermuda. Yes, I noticed the "lifeplant." It is a species of creeping moss and it is so called because of its powers of vitality. Why, they do say that Charles Murray is to leave the screen for vaudeville.

GASTON GLASS ADMIRER.—No, I didn't fall asleep reading your letter. Quite the contrary. Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid are to star in "Peter Ibbetson." Wont that be fine! Thanks.

RAY.—Glad to hear from you again, old man. Thank you for the clipping, but I do not agree with the authors. Persons of feeble memory, and those of unsusceptible imagination, are always prone to miscalculate the past, to exaggerate the present, and therefore to mis-see the future. Yes, I saw Conway Tearle and Miriam Cooper in "The Oath." I think Miriam Cooper did clever work, but Conway wasn't his best, and Anna Nilsson, whom I have always admired, was much better than she was in the last picture I saw her in.

CHARLES A. W.—Why dont you join one of the correspondent clubs. You can exchange letters with the fans.

BABY JACK.—You can reach Mary McAlister at 1625 Hudson Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She turned the first shovel of earth for the new Pathé studio. She has been in to see me, you know. Why didn't you write to me before? I hope to hear from you every month now.

FLUFF.—No, child, there is no way you can get a pass to the studios. Cant be done. Too many applicants have spoiled that privilege.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Yes, but every man thinks that a woman shows frightfully bad taste in loving him one minute longer than he loves her, and extreme cruelty in loving him one minute less. The animal called man is a queer creature. Why G[illegible] friend,

[illegible]s.

Hughes is 24 years old. He played Shylock at the age of 16, and Lord Mount Severn in "East Lynne" when he was 15 years old. I think if you wrap it and send it direct to Lasky studio he will get it.

NERVY.—So you say you were blessed with nine brothers! And no sisters? Poor child! Keep at it and you will at last succeed, altho practice makes some people perfect, and other perfectly ridiculous, as I have said before. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Stillman.

RUTH.—You ought to be encouraged. Keep it up. Mme. Olga Petrova will return to the stage in the Fall. She is in Europe at this writing. Valeska Suratt is playing in vaudeville.

IMA GOODWON.—Thanks for the picture. No, I dont mind this warm weather after our rainy spring. Well, we usually yearn for only that with which we are unacquainted. Haven't heard of Ann Schaeffer for some time.

MRS. ROBINSON.—U bet I read every word of your letter, and I am going to tell you I dont mind listening to your troubles, but please dont tell me about the neighbor. We all have our little share of troubles in this world, and each person thinks his troubles the greatest of all. You will find that most people love you for what you have and not for what you are. We have a lunchroom right here in the building and that's where I eat at 1 P. M.

CLASSY.—Why, you're only an infant! If you write such long ones, and in such bad penmanship, I shall have to get an interpreter or an assistant. Have a heart! Yes, I saw the "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It is a fantastic story of murder and madness, reminding you of Edgar Allan Poe's works. Doris Kenyon and Thomas Meighan are playing in "The Conquest of Canaan."

RED HEAD.—No, I'm not angry. I never get angry, nor impatient. Patience is the tool of art, the symbol of wisdom and the weapon of fortune, which accounts for my being so artistic, wise and wealthy. But you should see some of the letters that come in here! Ough!

DIMPLES.—Yes, Cullen Landis is married. You make me laugh. Ha ha, he he, and likewise, ho ho! How do you expect me to mind my own business when it takes all my time attending to yours? No, I hardly think an airplane could ever go to Mars. If an airplane traveled at the rate of 100 miles an hour and going day and night it would take about forty years to reach Mars. Very few people would care to spend eighty years of their life going to Mars and back. You know, it is 35,000,000 miles from the earth. Yes, Charles Richman opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Sign on the Door."

EVELYN M. A.—Why, just now I am reading "Psychoanalysis, Sleep and Dreams," by Andre Tridon. May McAvoy is 19 years old. Her characterization in "Sentimental Tommy" is excellent, and Gareth Hughes is fine opposite her. Walter McGrail is playing opposite Anita Stewart in "The Price of Happiness." They are in California. So you dont care a bit for the Joe Martin comedies. You also think it isn't right for this monkey to misuse kittens and other animals the way he does. I agree with you.

DOT K.—You think it would be a fine idea for me to send you the letters from my readers when I finish with them. You have a collosal nerve, to say the least. That wouldn't be fair. What would my readers think if I should thus betray their confidence? What would *you* think if a friend should peddle your letters?

BROWN EYED DIXIE.—"The Old Swimmin' Hole" is 6,000 feet long and it has no [illegible] Yes, I read every word of your letter. It took fifteen minutes. Let me see, fifteen minutes for each letter to read—four fifteens in every hour—eight hours—thirty-two letters—about two hundred letters a day—what's the answer?

MRS. SCOTT.—How do you do? So you like Zazu Pitts. Write me again.

DUTCH.—Well, pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth. Yes, Eric Von Stroheim is married. That is his real name. Did you think it was his nom de plume? He could have picked a better name than that if he were picking.

HAPPY ROSE.—No, I have not fallen in love. It's a hard fall. Some women in love are philanthropists who yearn to share their happiness, and some are misers who hug their gold. Your letter was, indeed, interestingly chatty, and I hope you will write me again.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—You say a copy of our magazine isn't perfect without a picture of Mary. That's what I say. You also would like to see Katherine MacDonald on the cover. Yes, Virginia Faire Brown is playing in "Without Benefit of Clergy" (Pathé), and I am anxious to see her, and she was a 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winner.

DOT A.—I have more Dots in my big family. Thank you, my beard is growing nicely, and my head is just as bald as ever. Oh, I hear pretty well, and I am able to see very well these days. Spring suits, grey stockings, 'n everything. What makes you think that Alice Joyce cares for Robert Gordon? Dont breathe it to her husband! Anyway, I dont believe it.

MARY R. MC.—You say the man who never changes his mind usually fails to fertilize the little he has. I shall remember that. Well, most players will send their picture for 25 cents. Dustin Farnum is older than William. No, I didn't care near as much for "Dream Street" as I did for "Broken Blossoms." Carol Dempster is just fair, and I fear she lacks winsomeness and grace.

A SUB DEB.—Of course, I like all my readers. The more the merrier.

ANN VIOLET.—Why, Myldred Bowling, 26 North Potomac Street, Baltimore, Md., is starting the Corliss Palmer Club. Write her for particulars. Alice Brady is 29; Douglas MacLean 28; Harold Lloyd 28; Charlie Chaplin 32; Lillian Gish 24; and Dorothy Gish 23. Alice Joyce and Agnes Ayres are not related.

DAPHNE.—H. B. Warner is married to Rita Stanwood. They have two children. Yes, I thought "Jim the Penman" was one of Lionel Barrymore's best pictures. He is an artist. Hedda Nova is married to Paul Hurst. She was born in Odessa, Russia, 24 years ago. Her real name is Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski. Katherine MacDonald is not married.

DOPPY PUSS.—So you think I am 80. My word! Yes, and I am a man, too. Thanks for yours. If you dont believe it, come here and view me in my cage. I am the oldest Answer Man in captivity, and I was also the first in the business. They all copied from me and I am very proud of it. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

MR. KEITH.—After a scenario story is written it is put into what is known as "continuity" form, as the working basis for the director and actors. Scenes and subtitles are numbered and arranged in their proper sequence in the continuity. You refer to Sam De Grasse in "Blind Husbands." Oh yes, Marshall Neilan played for the Kalem Company years ago. He is a popular director now.

GLADYS B.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful letter in poetry. I shall always treasure it.

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Examine ring FIRST then if you decide to keep it pay only $2.00. Buying direct assures you the Rock Bottom Price. A perfectly cut blue-white Diamond in ladies' solid gold setting at only $2.80 a month!

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FORTUNATE is the woman who can answer "yes." But many a woman, if she is honest with herself, is forced to be in doubt—after that she pays stricter attention to her personal attractions.

A radiant skin, glowing and healthy, is more than a "sign" of youth. It *is* youth. And any woman can enjoy it.

Beauty's basis

is pure, mild, soothing soap. Never go to sleep without using it. Women should never overlook this all-important fact. The basis of beauty is a thoroughly clean skin. And the only way to it is soap.

There is no harm in cosmetics, or in powder or rouge, if you frequently remove them. Never leave them on overnight.

The skin contains countless glands and pores. These clog with oil, with dirt, with perspiration—with refuse from within and without.

The first requirement is to cleanse those pores. And soap alone can do that.

A costly mistake

Harsh, irritating soaps have led many women to omit soap. That is a costly mistake. A healthy, rosy, clear, smooth skin is a clean skin, first of all. There is no need for using a soap which irritates. Palmolive soothes and softens while it cleans. It contains palm and olive oils.

Force the lather into the pores by a gentle massage. Every touch is balmy. Then all the foreign matter comes out in the rinsing.

If your skin is very dry, use cold cream before and after washing.

No medicaments

Palmolive is just a soothing, cleansing soap. Its blandness comes through blending palm and olive oils. Nothing since the world began has proved so suitable for delicate complexions.

All its beneficial effects come through gentle, thorough cleaning. There are no medicaments. No drugs can do what Nature does when you aid her with this scientific Palmolive cleansing.

Millions of women get their envied complexions through the use of Palmolive soap.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Palm and olive oils were royal cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt

RD-130.

Volume and efficiency enable us to sell Palmolive for

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